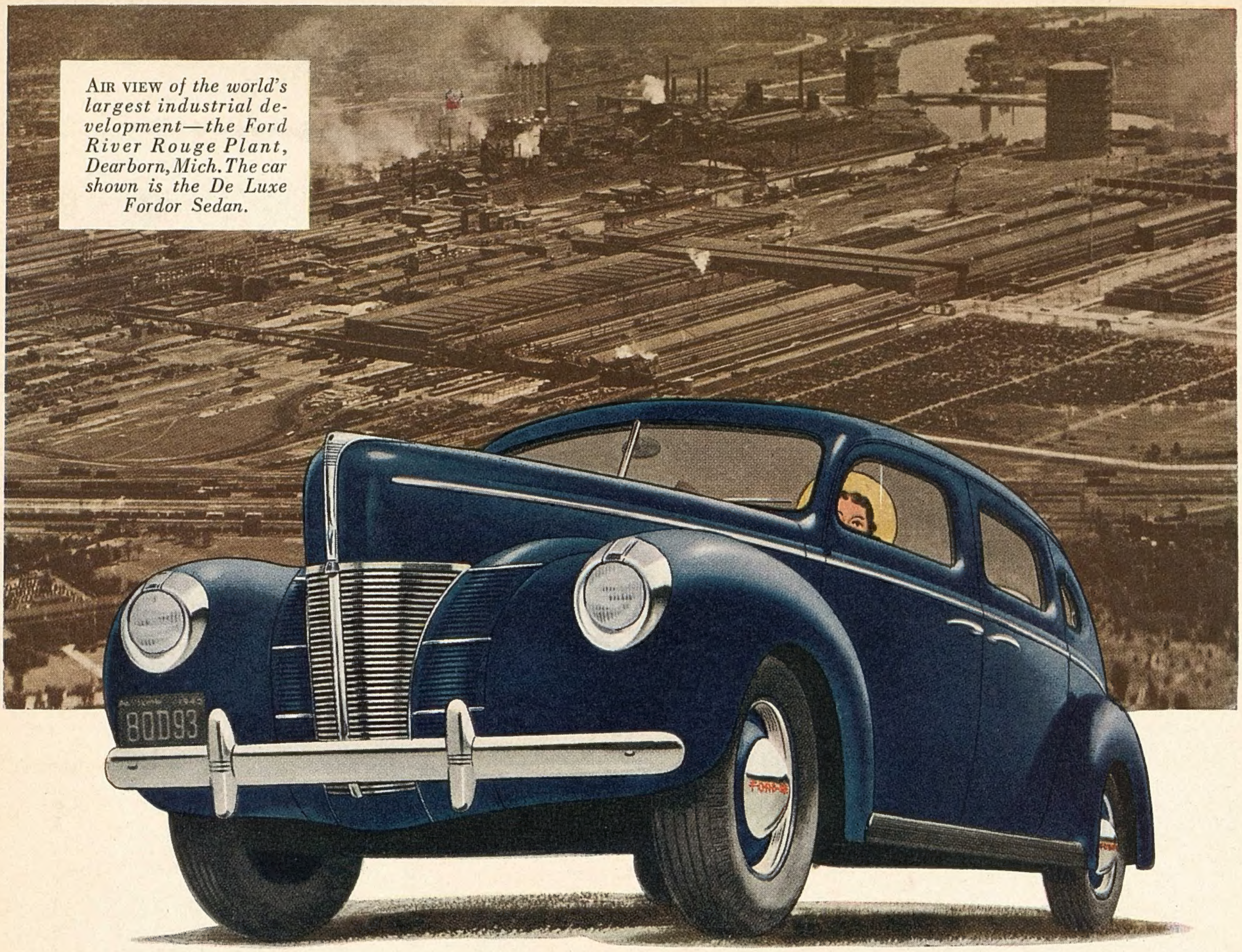
WILL GERMANY HAVE A REVOLUTION? By Vincent Sheean

NOV. 4,
1939

Liberty 5¢

HOW TO RETIRE ON $500

THE STRANGE PAST OF CHARLES BOYER



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Out of the World's Greatest Plant
THE NEW FORD CARS ARE ROLLING!

They're roomier, quieter, more comfortable cars. They're soundly engineered. And they include 22 important improvements.

- Some of these contribute to your comfort and convenience . . . Finger-Tip Gearshift, Controlled Ventilation, improved spring suspension.* Some bring greater safety and silence . . . Sealed-Beam Headlamps, curved disc wheels, improved soundproofing.

Underlying these 22 improvements are many fundamental Ford advantages. . . . The only V-type 8-cylinder engine in any low-price car — for smooth, satisfying performance. Big, powerful hydraulic brakes — for smooth, straight stops. The all-around economy enjoyed by millions of Ford V-8 owners.

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22 IMPORTANT FORD IMPROVEMENTS

FOR COMFORT

1. More room inside
2. New Controlled Ventilation
3. New torsion bar ride-stabilizer*
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5. "Self-sealing" shock absorbers
6. Two-way adjustable driver's seat
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10. Engine more accessible
11. Two-spoke steering wheel

FOR STYLE

12. New exterior beauty
13. New interior luxury
14. New instrument panel

FOR SILENCE

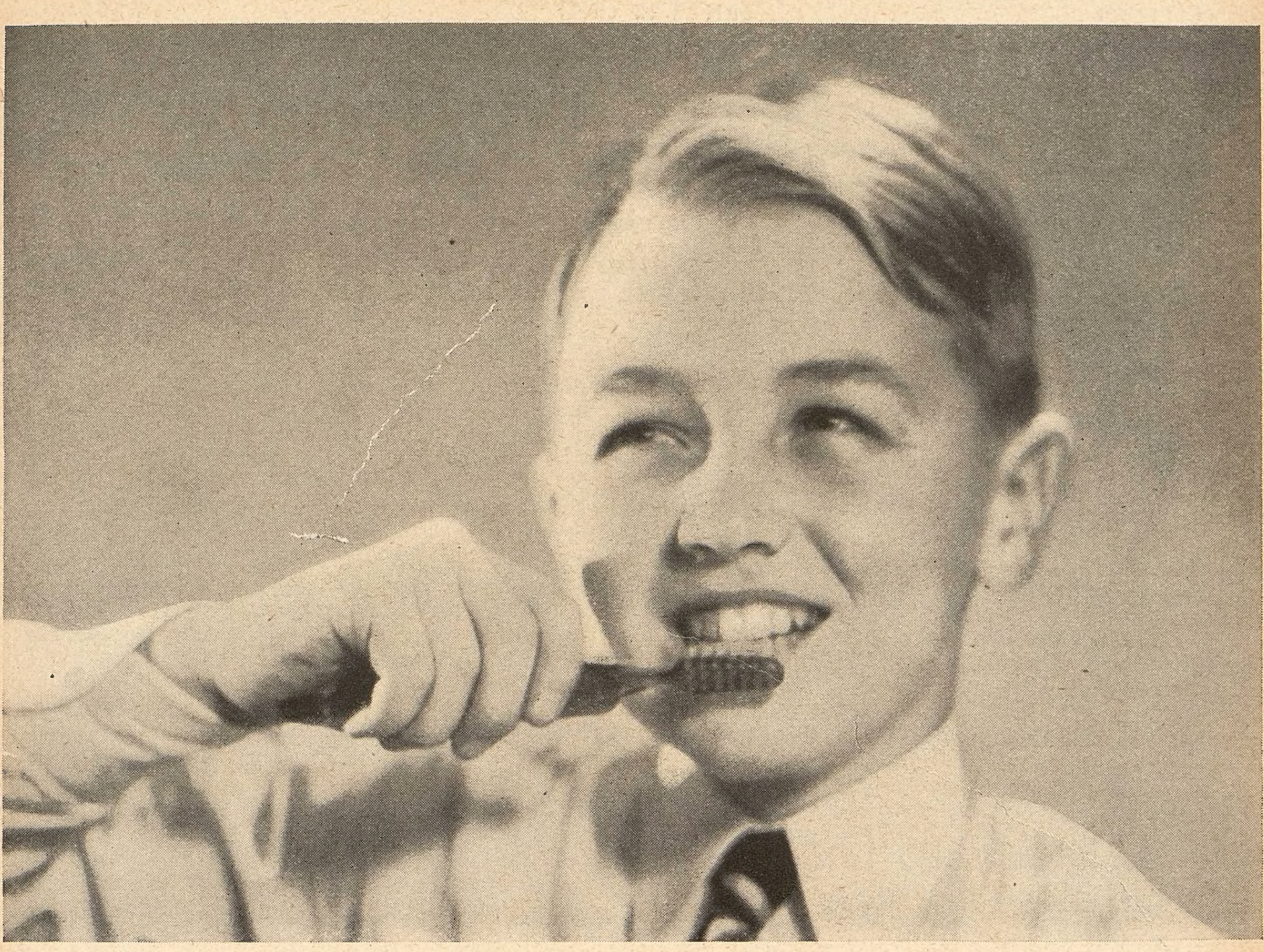
15. Improved soundproofing
16. "Easy-shift" transmission
17. Curved disc wheels

FOR SAFETY

18. Sealed-Beam Headlamps
19. Improved drums for big Ford hydraulic brakes
20. Dual windshield wipers at base of windshield
21. Larger battery and generator
22. Battery Condition Indicator on all models

**On 85-hp models only*

Still in Grade School—but he knows Gum Massage helps guard a Bright Smile!



Don't let "Pink Tooth Brush" threaten your bright smile! Help guard your gums with Ipana and Massage.

This modern dental knowledge put young Ed away out front—ahead of most grown-ups!

For he has learned a lesson in dental hygiene that many adults have still to learn. Already he knows the importance of *massage* to healthy gums and sound, sparkling teeth. He knows enough not to ignore the warning of "pink tooth brush," too, with its threat to a bright smile.

And he's only one of the thousands of lucky children who are being taught the danger of today's soft foods. Because creamy foods deprive our gums of the vigorous chewing they need for health, gums all too often tend to grow flabby and weak—to flash a warning tinge of "pink."

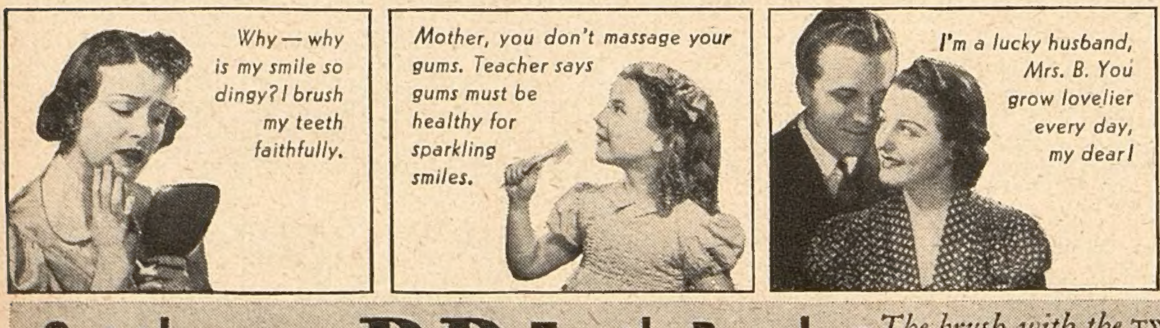
Don't Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If *your* tooth brush "shows pink," *see your dentist.* It may not mean serious trouble, but only your dentist should decide that. Very often, he'll tell you it's another case of gums grown lazy from lack of exercise—gums that, as many dentists suggest, will benefit from "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help the gums as well as to clean teeth thoroughly. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation wakens in the gum walls. Gums tend to become firmer, stronger.

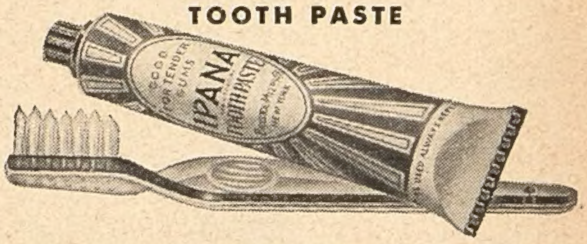
Take a sensible dental health hint from this smart young man. Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Help to keep teeth brighter, gums firmer, for a smile of winning charm.

Try the Ipana Way to a More Attractive Smile!


Why—why is my smile so dingy? I brush my teeth faithfully.
Mother, you don't massage your gums. Teacher says gums must be healthy for sparkling smiles.
I'm a lucky husband, Mrs. B. You grow lovelier every day, my dear!

Ipana

TOOTH PASTE


IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

Get the new D.D. (DOUBLE DUTY) Tooth Brush —*The brush with the* TWISTED HANDLE (*see above*). *Designed with the aid of 1000 dentists to clean teeth clean and make gum massage easy.*

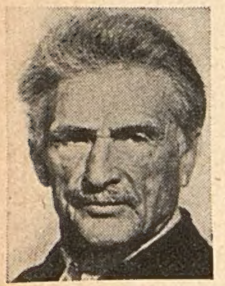
NOVEMBER 4, 1939 Liberty VOL. 16, NO. 44

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

TO BE AN AMERICAN— MY, WHAT A PRIVILEGE!!!



BERNARR MACFADDEN

The advocates of various "isms," who are mostly unwelcome visitors in this country and who present their cause sometimes with such maniacal enthusiasm, should now be hanging their heads in shame. All Europe is contemplating the bloody struggle of a terrific war—shambles of a bloody conflict.

Never before has the privilege of living in this democracy been valued so highly. Here we are safe, for the time being at least. There are no bombs dropping from the sky on our cities. We don't have to wear gas masks. We are not herded together like a lot of sheep. Our children are not separated from their parents and sent into the country away from thickly settled communities.

And we can buy what we have the money to pay for. No food cards are distributed to us as they are in Germany, where you are allowed but a few ounces a week of many staple articles.

We are still free men! The American flag that stands for liberty first, last, and all the time is still floating in the breeze throughout our entire country—in spite of the attempt to stuff the United States Supreme Court and to change what has been called our "horse-and-buggy" Constitution.

That Constitution has made us what we are because of the fundamental principle it advocates. It has often been repeated that Gladstone, one of England's greatest statesmen, maintained that it was so wisely constructed that it must have been guided by the Divinity.

Don't forget we have monopolized the genius of the world. Every improvement that has helped to revolutionize modern life has been brought to life in this country. We are the richest, the most powerful nation in the world. And surely we are not such fools as to think that all these advantages have come to us by accident. They are the result of the intelligence displayed in forming our governmental system. George Washington was so popular that he could easily have been a dictator. Many of our citizens at that time wanted him to be a king, and his nearest kin would then have been members of a royal family. But he had seen enough of a dictatorial government. Persecution and prosecution had been the fate of his people. He had seen enough of kings and their tyrannical methods.

He was a real statesman and he wanted to see this country enjoy the freedom that comes from a real democracy. And he helped form the Constitution that has guided us most rigidly through our entire history—until the Brain Trust of the present administration began to operate in August, 1933. But we don't want to change the procedure from which we have profited to such a miraculous degree.

This country is rolling in wealth, notwithstanding our appalling national debt. Billions and billions of dollars stored away in gold. Billions and billions in the hands of investors throughout the country. But they are all afraid. And if the officials of this government will ever realize that the one cause of all our financial troubles is the foolish restrictions wound around business, and will take appropriate action, legal or otherwise, to annul these hindrances, we can soon climb on the band wagon of prosperity. We have really floods of money and there are innumerable enterprises that could be started and innumerable others that need capital. And if this flood of money now dammed up by governmental foolishness could be loosened, our unemployment evil would be over in less than a year and we would be on our way to a business boom greater than we have ever experienced.

But, in spite of all our difficulties, America, "the land of the free and the home of the brave," is still the safest place to live in this crazy world. We are envied by the citizens of every country throughout Europe. They would all like to move here. The only exceptions are those favored by the dictators—the aristocrats of the totalitarian governments.

Bernarr Macfadden

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Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5c a copy, $2.00 a year. In U. S. territories, possessions, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $4.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription for Liberty please allow thirty (30) days from the time you send us the subscription and the time when you can expect the first copy. A request for change of address must also reach us at least thirty (30) days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

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WILL GERMANY HAVE A REVOLUTION?

Berliner Konzerthaus
Bunter Abend

Here are facts from behind the scenes and a famed observer's eye-opening prophecy

BY VINCENT SHEEAN

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THE answer I give to this question is an unhesitating yes. Revolution in Germany is as certain as tomorrow's sunrise. Unfortunately for Hitler's opponents, it will take a good deal longer to arrive.

The main factors in the situation are well known by now. A small minority party governs Germany, with iron control of the press, radio, and all other media of information, with an unlimited police power and with a uniformed private army distinct from the army of the nation. (These are the S. A. and S. S. troops, devoted to the Nazi Party's service.) All opposition was crushed between 1933 and 1935 except a small illegal agitation, the so-called "underground" movement, which attempted to spread information and anti-Nazi propaganda secretly among the people by means of pamphlets, word of mouth, and an outlawed radio broadcaster. I have had occasion to know something about the "underground" movement and do not believe it has been or is now very effective. In brief, it can be said that there is no opposition to the Nazi dictatorship except in the most secret hearts and minds of the people.

This being so—and I am sparing you any reiteration of the familiar details of how it came about, how the Nazi engine of repression plus propaganda was built up and how every elementary right of the people has been crushed—we see at once the simple fact which dominates the present situation. That is, that Hitler is invincible internally so long as he is invincible externally — that victory will make his regime more permanent, and defeat will destroy it. He cannot possibly afford to lose this war or any part of this war on any front. This is why he could say with such utter conviction in his speech to the Reichstag on September 1 that "November, 1918" (i. e., the defeat) would never come again for Germany. He has strained every resource of a mighty nation to build the unequaled war machine which is his today; and he must win if he or the system he has built up is to survive. Victory will make him more than ever the idol of a very proud and nationalistic people; but defeat will open the eyes of that people with dramatic suddenness to the extent of their ruin and the true authors of it.

The revolution in Germany will take place when Hitler is defeated in the war he has made. If no defeat is possible, or if the western allies —by some catastrophic error in judgment like that which produced the fatal agreement at Munich in

Scenes in Germany during the revolution of November, 1918: The upper picture shows revolutionary troops; the lower, police and loyal troops behind a barricade during street fighting in Berlin.

September, 1938—should accept an indecisive peace, Hitler will survive to make war again soon afterward with even better chances of victory. The realization of this fact is responsible for the declaration of Mr. Neville Chamberlain on September 13 that this is "a war to the finish." We who have seen Hitler's program being put into execution like clockwork, year after year, have no doubt whatever that his final aim is the domination of Europe and the world. When I say "we" I mean the journalists, politicians, diplomats, and others who have followed the development of this process as a profession for the past few years.

I know of no disagreement among these people on the essential point of what Hitler ultimately wants.

Can he get it?

His attack is made in two complementary operations, the military and the diplomatic. In the military operation he has vanquished Poland by means of very rapid actions in motorized divisions—a field in which Germany has unique strength—and by the use of about 90 per cent of the whole German air force, the largest in the world. On the western front his strategy appears to be defense only, until the eastern operations are completed, at which time he will declare that he has "no more territorial ambitions in Europe" and wishes peace. He will not get it; and it is from that point onward that the war enters its phase of life-and-death struggle with all weapons used.

In the diplomatic operation, having decided with ruthless realism that he could not get on without Russia, he negotiated the Soviet-German nonaggression pact of August 23, and by means of it threatened all the Balkan States with a mightily augmented German power so that they would not maintain their alliances with France and Great Britain.

The aims of the Soviet-German pact, from the German point of view, are obvious: Russian wheat and oil, to be paid for by means of German machinery and technical aid; and Russian neutrality in the conflict. From the Russian point of view, the advantages of peace are also obvious *for the moment.* When Hitler is ready to start carving up the Soviet Union these advantages will disappear. It is for this reason that I put no faith in the permanence of the Soviet-German pact of non-aggression, which seems to me a tactical maneuver on both sides, to be abandoned as soon as circumstances make it advantageous to do so.

Russia's action in Poland, although a clear abandonment of Stalin's most frequently reiterated principle of foreign policy ("not an inch of foreign territory"), seems to me to have been dictated by fear and distrust of Hitler, the new "friend" of the Bolshevik regime. I put no faith whatever in the "threat of Red and Brown Bolshevism," the "Hitler-Stalin attack on western civilization," or other bugaboos of that kind which have been trotted out by such authoritative commentators as Mr. Walter Lippmann and Father Coughlin. I believe the present relations between Russia and Germany are purely tactical and temporary; that there is profound distrust and hatred between them; and that their fundamental antagonism has not even been touched by this series of profoundly realistic (not to say unprincipled) maneuvers.

VINCENT SHEEAN

was born in Illinois in 1899, went to the University of Chicago, and became a foreign correspondent when he was twenty-one, working in Europe, China, and North Africa. He has written novels, stories, travel books, and a widely read autobiography, Personal History.

If what I have stated is in the main true, then Hitler has gained immediate victories in both the military and diplomatic operations. He seems at the moment to bestride Europe in truly Napoleonic fashion. The dead and the maimed mark the path he has taken toward this dangerous supremacy, and millions of refugees (five million in western Poland alone, it has been said) have fled before him. These are the signs of a great temporary advantage. I do not believe they are the signs of a permanent victory.

And why? Because the Hitler system contains in itself enough germs of decay to ensure dissolution whenever the French and British can obtain a military victory. There is a great bottled-up opposition to Hitler, and there is enough unexpressed suspicion and uncertainty among non-Nazi Germans to be transformed into opposition when the time comes.

I AM not suggesting that an anti-Hitler revolutionary movement is at all possible just now, when the Nazis are in the full tide of victory. But experience of talking with ordinary Germans inside Germany has convinced me that most of them could be and will be swung away from allegiance to the Nazi dictatorship whenever full information and a full understanding can be brought to them. The *organized* opposition does not amount to much. Its organization is secret, its numbers very limited, the dangers of its work excessive. It consists of Communists, Socialists, Liberals, and Republicans, all of whom put together do not amount to more than 25,000 or so. (This is the "underground movement.")

Among the former German Communists, a fairly large number has, I am told, succeeded in entering the Nazi Party in recent years and has conducted disruptive anti-Nazi work from that position of vantage. Other political parties—being hampered by old-fashioned principles—have not pursued this tactical course. And of course the immense majority of actively anti-Nazi Germans have been either exiled or jailed or robbed of all political rights and interests by the regime. Under the circumstances, nothing much can be looked for from the "underground movement," a great deal of whose activity may be, and probably is, perfectly well known to the Nazi authorities.

But there are two kinds of unorganized and hitherto unexpressed opposition from which a revolutionary anti-Hitler movement may come. The first is of an aristocratic nature, with its strength among Prussian squires (the Junkers) and the army officers. The second is of a democratic or Leftist nature, and would be supported by those non-Nazi elements in the laboring and middle classes which are at present quiescent but would turn against the regime in defeat.

If an anti-Hitler movement rose to the surface early in the war (within the first year) my guess is that it would be of the first kind: i. e., that it would take its origin among the Junkers and be put into effect by the army. If no insurrectionary movement occurs until the end of a long, exhausting, and disastrous war, it seems to me that it must be of a Left democratic nature—not Communist, since the German Communists are so few, so weak, and have lost practically all influence, but Social Democratic in some form reminiscent of the Weimar Republic.

The question of the army's disaffection has been much debated. We know that obscure movements of sympathy have reached responsible persons in England from what purported to be the German General Staff. This occurred in March, 1936, when Hitler occupied the Rhineland, and again in September, 1938, when he was about to take the Sudeten regions of Czechoslovakia. On these occasions, I have been told on good authority, intimations reached England to the effect that the army was not in favor of these dangerous decisions, and that in case of war the army might even take some steps to get rid of Hitler. How much trust can be placed in such obscure assurances is doubtful. The whole thing may have been a Nazi maneuver to obtain information on England's plans; or it may have been a mere mystification; or it may even have been a plain statement of the true state of mind of the German General Staff.

More specifically, the army officers have been cold toward the "Nazification" of the army which began tentatively three years ago and was pushed ahead after the "bloodless purge" of February, 1938. The "Nazification" consists in the introduction of Nazi officers and men who exercise the functions of political commissar and make reports to Nazi Party headquarters on the conduct and sentiments of the regular army. This system—frankly denounced by some officers as a kind of party espionage—is, like so many bits of Nazi technique, borrowed from the Russian Communists. Its effect would be in time to give Hitler a much more dependable control of the whole army, but at first (1938-39) it has been the cause of considerable discontent. This discontent is, by all accounts, simply technical—a disagreement about the efficiency of such a system—but it might become political if the war starts to go against Germany.

The army officers, particularly in certain aristocratic regiments, are far more devoted to German traditions than are the Nazis, and the so-called Left-Nazi tendency has been much criticized among them. Such elements are monarchist in feeling, dislike the masses, distrust Nazi mob technique, and have failed to exhibit any enthusiasm for the general line of National Socialist philosophy.

Those persons who think the German army will some day turn against Hitler were impressed by one detail in General Walther von Brauchitsch's speech to the troops on the day they entered Poland. In the old Prussian armies such speeches ended with the words: "For God and King and Prussia." In the Imperial German army the words used were: "For God and Kaiser and Reich." In the contemporary Nazi army the words ought to be: "For God and Führer and Reich." The commander in chief, on that momentous day, ended his address with the simple words: "For God and Germany." A few days later, in another message to the troops, he was made to introduce a sentence pointing to the Führer as the example for each German soldier to follow; but on the great day itself he said not a word about Hitler. To Germans, familiar since childhood with these traditional phrases, the omission certainly seemed strange.

I do not think there can be much doubt that the regular army officers are actually cold toward a great deal of the Nazi system. And yet they are patriotic with that extreme and unquestioning patriotism which is a German characteristic. For them to turn against Hitler and actually take steps about reconstructing the regime, they would have to be convinced—thoroughly convinced—that he was a grave danger to Germany. They may suspect something of the kind already, but they will scarcely be convinced that Hitler is or has been or might be Germany's ruin so long as everything he attempts continues to succeed. In his success is the answer to every argument that would normally arise in a German army officer's mind, trained as he is to obedience and distrustful of dissent. I think, on the whole, that a good deal of wishful thinking has been done on this subject, and that in reality it would take some very grave event—a crushing military defeat or a gross error in military judgment by the Führer—to make the army move against Hitler.

The second revolutionary possibility is the one which, however remote it may seem today, I believe will come into being at the end of the war. The democratic forces in Germany are scattered, unorganized, repressed, or exiled; but they still exist. Their terrible weakness in the face of Hitlerism may have taught them something. Whether it did or not, they will be the only hope for the Reich at the end of a long, desperately exhausting, and ultimately unsuccessful war. They will be the only political forces with which France and England would willingly negotiate a peace. All Germans (even the Nazis) will soon know that, if they do not know it already.

If, as I believe, the French and British will fight this war through to an ultimate although possibly long delayed victory, then the heirs of the Weimar Republic will inherit the ruin of the German Reich. They may even be able, if public feeling supports them earlier, to bring about some revolutionary change in the regime by means of coalition either with parts of the army or with parts of the Nazi Party. Their revolution is the one which will, I believe, end the war. But I am unable to see any sign of it in these early days when the war in the west has scarcely begun and the war in the east has brilliantly fulfilled every Nazi plan. Before such a movement can arise, Europe and the whole world have a period of sheer agony to traverse; and the German people will not be the least of the sufferers.

THE END

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK IN LIBERTY

THE LID OFF LOS ANGELES

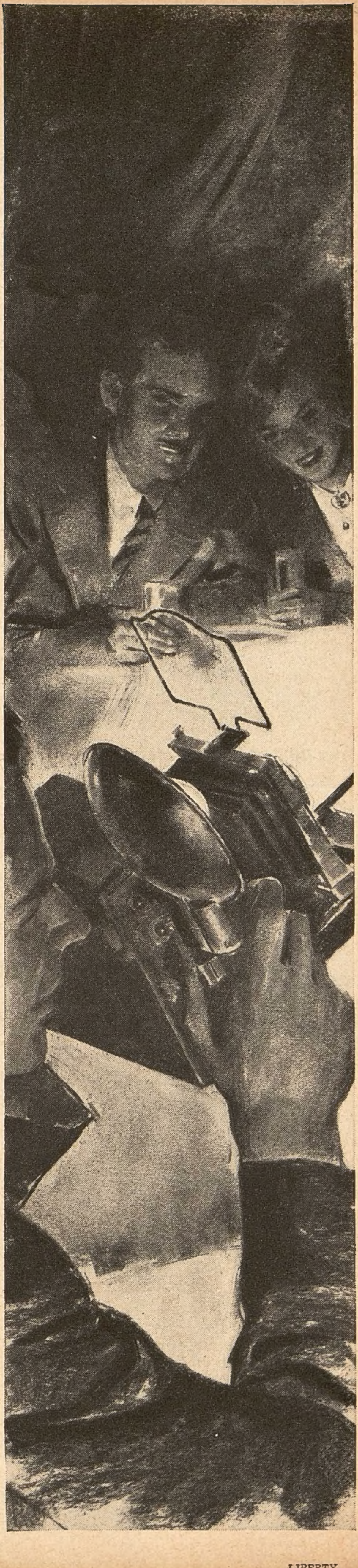
An astounding story of corruption and vice deep-rooted in a City Hall—a revelation of the shocking fate of citizens who dared protest too loudly—and the inspiring record of how an indomitable handful of men finally "threw the rascals out." To the almost legendary career of Boss Tweed in New York, the shame of San Francisco under Abe Reuf, the more recent exposé of the Kansas City plunderbund's methods revealed in this magazine, Liberty now adds the complete picture of what happened in Los Angeles when "the organization" took over—and what happened to "the organization" when the city was finally reclaimed for its people.

BY DWIGHT F. McKINNEY and FRED ALLHOFF

THIS IS WHERE I CAME IN

Girl meets star! . . A glowing tale of romance in Manhattan

BY EILEEN TIGHE



READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 32 SECONDS

HE was the outstanding young romantic actor of the screen that year. He was tall and sandy-haired and shy and he had an ingratiating air of innocence. His voice was pleasant, he had nice eyes and a quick smile, and his feet shuffled the minute he heard music. His name was Jefferson Drew.

She was the fairest debutante of the season. Her oval face was designed for remembrance. Not so much because of the striking contrast of clear white skin and dark bright eyes as because of the sensitiveness of her features. She was like quicksilver. Her hair was dark and trailing and her figure was well formed. She was the daughter of one of the most charming couples in New York. Her name was Holly Baker.

They met at Julio's one late afternoon in autumn. They had been sitting at adjacent tables. It was cocktail time and the place was crowded. All the nicest people in town practically lived at Julio's.

Holly was on her way out when the incident occurred. She was dressed in brown with a vivid scarf of orange. Her eyes were wide and unhappy, but she held her head high. She had just said good-by to Tony Reynolds at the table, and she was trying to keep the tears back until she reached the street. A young photographer whom she knew came up to her and said, " Hello, Miss Baker. Do me a favor? Let me snap you with Jefferson Drew. He's just come in from Hollywood."

" But I don't know him, Bill," she protested.

" He's a good kid," said the photographer, " and you're both swell copy. Be a sport, Miss Baker."

She knew the value of a friendly press, so she smiled. The young man was brought over.

" Boy meets girl," he said softly when they had been introduced. " Bei mir bist du schoen."

" Thank you," she replied.

They smiled and a flash bulb exploded in their faces.

Holly pulled on her gloves. " See you in the movies," she said.

" Don't go," said the young man. " Please."

" I must."

" Why? " he asked.

" Well, you see, I work."

" Honest? "

" Cross my heart," she said. " I do window displays. Tonight I have two to do. That's why I'm getting an early start."

" Gosh! " he said. He looked bewildered. " Please, Miss Baker," he continued, " couldn't we have one dance? Then I'll take you to work in a taxi. And I'll wait for you and take you home, too. I've been thinking about dancing with you for a year," he hurried on. " Ever since that picture of you sitting at a table at Julio's. Remember? That's why I'm here."

She smiled. He was much too nice to be picked up for a moment's pleasure and then discarded. " Sorry, mister movie star," she said, " but this is where I came in." Her voice was low and warm and slightly husky. " Some other time, if we should meet."

Color flooded his cheeks. After a second he said, " Boy loses girl. Try not to forget me, will you? "

She left him without speaking, because all of a sudden the tears had begun to stream down her face.

SHE walked up the avenue against the wind in the cool starry autumn dusk. Something inside of her ached so badly that she wished she could stand quite still on the street until the pain subsided. But that was silly, because there was no hope of it subsiding. It would only grow worse. Tony Reynolds was to be married in the spring.

It was the end of everything.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASALLE

She was in front of a shiny marble building now and she turned in quickly off the street. There were two young men waiting in the salon to work with her. They announced that Madame had gone home—which was fortunate, for Madame had a disconcerting habit of dropping her smooth daytime manner and indulging in exhausting harangues over the window displays. Madame had made her million in cosmetics but she had not acquired the assurance that usually accompanies such security. And tonight Holly had planned a rather daring display with a long sylphlike nude as the pivot. The young men had executed her plans beautifully and they all felt that the window would be breath-taking.

Holly was in the center of the window, giving each piece a final glance.

" I'm terribly tired, boys," she said. " Will one of you go out for sidewalk inspection and the other please work the curtain? Pull it back slowly, or it may fall down as it did last time."

A pyramid of bottles teetered as she passed on her way out of the window. As she stooped to steady them she was conscious of a crowd of strange eyes boring into her back. She turned around sharply. The sidewalk was overflowing with people. Her obvious embarrassment brought forth smiles and cries of, " Hello, baby," and " What's your name, little girl? "

Holly called to the boys to draw the curtain, and then she stepped out of the window, trembling with temper. " Well," she said icily, " whose idea was this? "

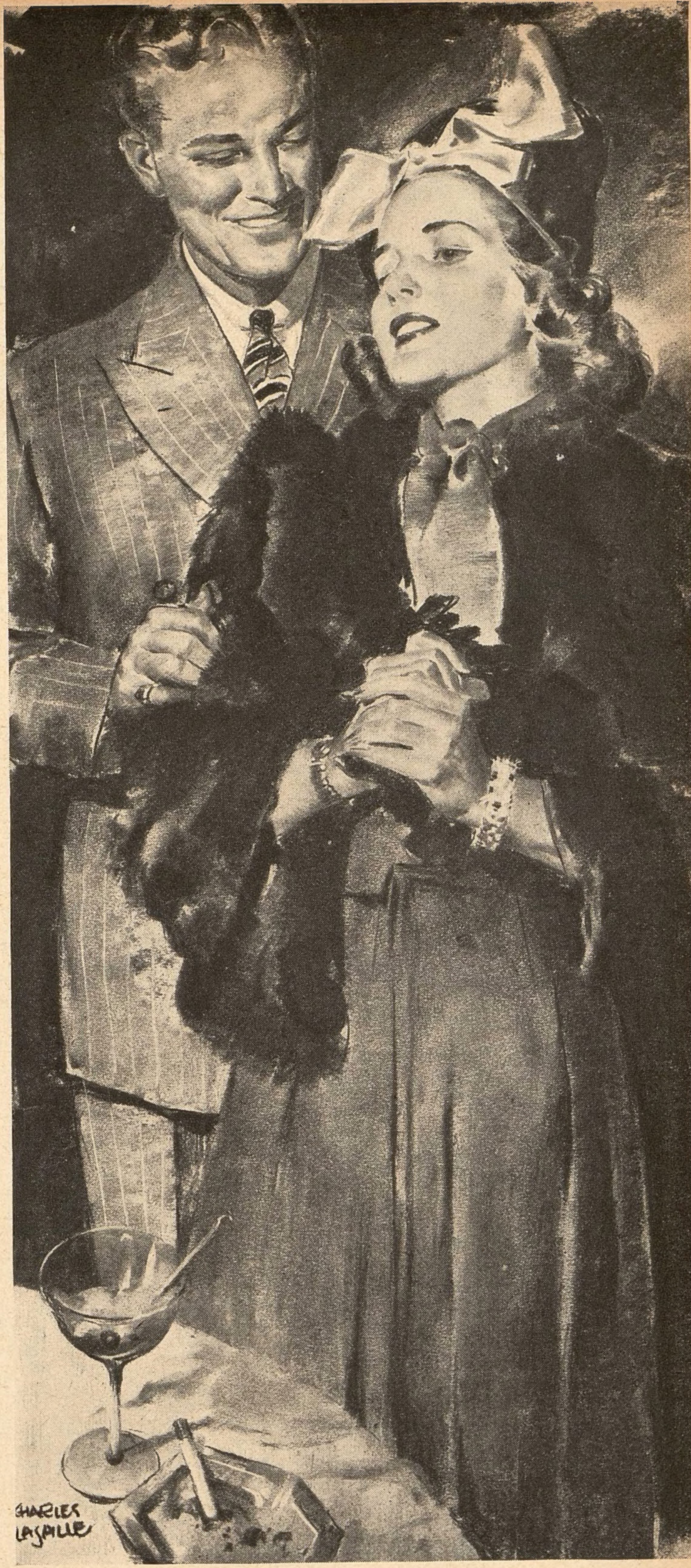
The young man who had been stationed on the sidewalk spoke up: " I don't know whose idea it is, Miss Baker," he said. " At first, when I saw the crowd, I thought it might be some scheme of Madame's for publicity. But then I heard some one say that Jefferson Drew, the movie star, is asleep in a car that's right in front of our window. So I hurried back in to tell you. I think we ought to douse the lights," the young man continued. " That crowd is liable to push right through the window, and if that happens we'll all be fired."

" It's all right, Ray," she said hurriedly. " I'll go out and persuade Mr. Drew to park some place else. You boys wait here until the excitement blows over, and then you can light up the window and leave."

SHE had to push her way through the crowd on the sidewalk. Her hat was on the back of her head and her coat was almost torn off. The crowd saluted her in friendly fashion with scattered cheers and a barrage of cracks.

A tall bulky figure, with shoulders of incredible width, stood before the car.

" Hello, Holly," he said. His tone



They smiled and a flash bulb exploded in their faces. " See you in the movies," Holly said.

of voice was that of a friend of many years. "I'm Spooky. I look after Jeff. Some dame just offered me fifty bucks if I'd let her kiss him. Can y'imagine?"

"What's our hero doing?"

"He's sleepin'. We rode in on a plane that had the jitters and the kid was scared stiff. Then we went to Julio's to look for you, so we haven't had a chance to catch up."

Holly stepped into the car, amid cheers from the crowd, and ordered Spooky to drive on.

"Hello, mister movie man," she said.

Jefferson stirred in his sleep. "Boy finds girl," he said happily.

"Boy finds girl, all right," she said. "I'll be lucky if my rear end isn't in all the tabloids tomorrow."

He sat up straight. "Gosh," he said, "it *is* you. I thought I was dreaming."

They drove up the avenue in the theater traffic.

"I GUESS you think I'm pretty corny," he said. "I wanted to ask you to have dinner with me, but I've spoiled everything. Would you like me to take you home?"

She leaned back against his shoulder. "No," she said. "It isn't you. You're sweet. It's me. Tonight my mood is tragedy. Get it?"

"I get it," he said. "I heard you tell that fellow good-by."

Holly shivered. It sounded so final, that word good-by. She had said it to Tony. Tony, whom she adored. She tried not to cry, but the tears came when she thought of him. She had met him at Meadowbrook the year he was playing such sensational polo. She was only sixteen and he must have been in his middle twenties at the time and he was quite a hero all over Long Island. Lean and hard and a trifle bitter. But when he smiled his face turned sunny and his eyes lightened magically.

"Please don't cry, honey," said Jefferson.

"My feet hurt," she said between sobs.

Jefferson made Spooky stop the car.

"Holly's feet hurt," said Jefferson. "What did I do for my feet that time—d'ye remember?"

Spooky thought. "You wore slippers," he said finally. "They stretched. And they didn't have any heels."

"Shove on, Spooky," said Jefferson. "Let's find a pair of slippers that stretch. We'll all get a pair. How much money have we?"

"Plenty," said Spooky. "If you ask me, it's a hazard."

They zigzagged across town from First Avenue to Broadway, and their progress was punctuated by stop lights and Spooky's constant query, "Know where there's a high-class shoe store, buddy?"

Holly was crying softly again, so Jefferson sat back in the seat and held her hand. "We'll have you all fixed up in an hour, honey," he said.

"Maybe she's hungry," said Spooky. "I know for sure I am."

"Are you hungry, honey?"

"Yes," said Holly.

"Then we'll eat," said Jeff. "Turn her around, Spooky, and head for the Pig and Whistle."

They found the slippers that stretched, on their way downtown, in a shop on Times Square. Spooky brought out several pairs with a triumphant smile, and they each tried them on and selected a pair that suited. A rather red-faced policeman threatened to give them a ticket for parking too long, but when Jefferson explained about Holly's feet the policeman was very sympathetic. So Jefferson bought another pair, and the policeman thanked him and asked him to autograph the box. After every one had shaken hands with every one else they started off for the Pig and Whistle.

"Feeling better, honey?"

"Much," said Holly. She managed a smile.

"I knew you'd be nice," said Jefferson.

"How did you know?"

"It was the picture that did it. I liked your eyes right away, and that's important. Then, when you spoke to me at Julio's, I liked your voice. I hope you'll like your dinner," he added.

She was silent.

"The chap who owns the place used to carry me on the cuff," said Jefferson. "Before I arrived. I pretty nearly starved in this cozy little town. This is the first time I've been back. Are you sure we've got enough money, Spooky?"

"Plenty, boss."

They gave the impression of a sprinting team in training when they walked into the restaurant. They all had on the slippers that stretched, and Holly was holding on to Jefferson's hand. The floor was immaculately scrubbed and carefully covered with sawdust, so they did a great deal of sliding over the smooth surface. But finally a rotund man of middle age with the manner of a true boniface came up to greet them. He was so excited when he saw Jefferson that he kissed him on both cheeks.

Some of the clients rallied round and shook hands and others waved their welcome. Jefferson introduced Holly to his benefactor, Papa Marino, and asked for a table in the stalls and the best dinner that mama could cook. "This is my girl," said Jefferson. "We just became engaged. So please give us a real party."

Papa Marino wiped a tear from his eye. "Already you get married," he moaned. "Soon you have bambino. Why don't you wait, Jeffry? You're young. Some one always feed you but not feed your wife."

"All right, papa," Jefferson said seriously. "I wait. Now do me a favor. I want you to take Spooky out in the kitchen and lock him up with the chef. But be sure you feed him. I've got to tell my girl I've decided not to marry her, and I don't want any one to interfere."

They had a splendid dinner. And afterward Papa Marino sent them a bottle of betrothal wine and every one was very affable.

"You know," said Jefferson, "I've really enjoyed being engaged to you."

"It's been fun for me, too," said Holly. "You're really a lovely fiancé."

"You wouldn't consider taking me seriously?"

She looked at him across the table and smiled. He had a most appealing way about him.

"No," she said softly, "I wouldn't. But it's nice to know that whenever I'm blue I can go to the movies and have a visit with you."

"Are you very blue now?"

"I'd rather not think about it."

"Sorry," he said. "How are your feet?"

She laughed. "They're very comfortable. And some day I shall tell my grandchildren about them and about a sleepy young man whom all the girls wanted to kiss."

Jefferson blushed. "Not all the girls," he said.

Holly held out her hand. "How can I thank you, Jeff?" she asked.

He raised his eyes and studied her. "By not crying any more," he said.

"I can't promise. I wish I could."

"Can you tell me about it?"

She hesitated. Then she said swiftly, "There isn't much to tell. I've been in love with him since I was a scant sixteen. For a year we've had several dates a week. Mostly at Julio's. This afternoon he told me he was to be married in the spring. And now, if you don't mind, I think I should like to go home."

THEY walked. It was too nice a night to ride the short mile to the Square. Spooky was still locked up in the kitchen of the Pig and Whistle, so Jefferson left a note on the windshield of the car while Holly telephoned. She felt as though she couldn't possibly tackle another window tonight.

There was nothing left for her to do except forget Tony. She had never been able to forget him before. Hobey and Eve had been very amused at her devotion until the night of her debut. That night they stopped laughing and started to carry on like a pair of parents in a Thackeray novel.

It was funny, because they had never acted like parents before. And Tony was their friend. They thought he was too old for her, but she remembered how they had all smiled when he came down the line at her debut party. He looked like an heir apparent in tails. Even Great-aunt Amelia had loosened up a bit, and that was unusual, because she had so much money it was impossible to make an impression on her.

Her debut party had been small and haughty. It was held in the family home on Washington Square and Great-aunt Amelia had come on from Boston to receive. Hobey had inherited the house from his grandfather. It had tradition and a haphazard charm, and some day Great-aunt Amelia would leave her money to Hobey, at least some of it, and then they would restore its former splendor.

As it was now, Hobey had a hard time paying the taxes and there was never anything left over for repairs or decoration. But it was home and they all loved it, and when the roof leaked on stormy nights Hobey swore loudly and ran for pans, and placed them where the water fell the hardest. If they had a house guest, Hobey tried not to swear and they all acted very surprised. And of course they tried not to invite the same people to stay twice. But sometimes they got mixed up, and then they all laughed and the guest was put on the rain list and shared their secret.

The night of her debut was a slice of heaven. From the moment Tony arrived until the party was over, she was in his arms. She wouldn't let any one cut, not because she was afraid she wouldn't get him back, but because it was her one big chance to make him conscious of her feeling for him. There was one moment when he bent his dark head toward her and she raised her face and their lips touched. He had said, “You're very sweet, youngster.” And she had replied, “I've loved you so long, Tony.”

There had never been another moment quite as breathless as the night of her debut when his lips first touched hers. It made her tremble every time she thought of it. Now Tony was rather weary of women who looked as though they loved him.

YOU'RE crying again, honey,” said the young man who walked by Holly's side.

“Oh, Jeffry,” she said. “it's the end of everything!”

He put his arms around her and she clung to him. “I wish I knew what to say,” said Jefferson softly; “but I've never been a girl in love, so I don't know how it feels.”

His face was very white. She realized suddenly that she was making him share her misery. Deliberately, and with a shy quivering smile, she put her mouth on his. He returned her kiss hotly; but when she stirred he released her self-consciously.

He took her hand and they walked on slowly.

“I wish you were crying for me,” he said shakily. “We could have a time for ourselves. The whole world's just waiting for people like us.”

“I'll remember that, Jeffry,” she said. “I'll remember lots of things about this night. That's my house across the street.”

It was a square red brick house with shutters and trim of white, a high stone stoop and a wide friendly front door on which a light shone. The windows on the first floor were so long that you wondered if perhaps they were intended to lead on to a terrace. But there was no terrace, only an abbreviated bit of green lawn that was bordered on all sides by a stone coping and a dark spoke fence.

“Won't you come in?” said Holly.

“No,” said Jefferson. “I'd rather say good-by here.”

A window opened and threw a shaft of light. “Is that you, pie?” said a pleasant masculine voice.

“Yes, Hobey,” she said. “Come on out and meet my friend.”

“Who is he?”

“Jefferson Drew. You know. The movie star.”

“Oh,” said Hobey. “Nice. Bring him in, pie. Eve's been terribly upset about you.”

Holly turned to her companion. “Please come in,” she said.

THE room they entered was bright with light and warm with the glow of a great untidy fire. It was an overlarge room, long and high-ceilinged, and it told its tale of long lost splendor. But it had a certain charm still, in the simplicity of its color scheme and in the grace and goodness of its rather worn furnishings. On a sofa in front of the fire sat a very striking dark slim woman.

EILEEN TIGHE

started writing because Liberty had a short story contest. She didn't win, but got such a “nice letter of encouragement” that she tried the story on another magazine and sold it. She was born in New England and now lives in Tarrytown, New York, with her mother and a wire-haired terrier.

“Holly darling,” she said, “are you all right?”

“Yes, of course,” said Holly. “Eve, this is Jefferson Drew.”

“He's terribly cute,” said Eve. “Where did you find him? Come in, won't you, Jefferson? We've been worried about our child.”

“Why?” asked Holly.

“What are you sliding around for?” said Hobey.

“Oh,” said Holly, “it's a lovely story, but first tell me why you're so worried.”

“You'll *scream*, pumpkin,” said Eve. “Won't she, Hobey? Well, it seems we passed the beauty palace on our way up to the Winthrops' to dine, and all we could see was the most *amazing* litter of people staring into the window. So we stopped for a second. And there in the window was a *glorious* nude, and I blush, darling, but there also was a spotlight shining on your little behind.”

“What happened?” said Hobey. “We don't know yet what happened.”

Holly smiled. “It was Jefferson,” she said. “He fell asleep in front of the window, and all the pretty girls wanted to kiss him.”

Jefferson blushed. “All except the prettiest girl,” he said.

“I expect you get plenty of kissing in your work,” said Eve, “let alone taking on strangers. *Well!* We got up to the Winthrops', and Hobey told the story, and every one went into *gales*. Lucky you have such a thoroughly nice rear, darling. And then Tony Reynolds came in looking like *death*, and he said you two had parted or something; so we told him the story, and he *simply* went to pieces. Didn't he, Hobey? Stalked out of the house, and has been calling here on the hour ever since.”

“Guess I'll go,” said Jefferson.

“No,” said Eve; “you mustn't. I'll be all finished in a minute, and then we'll talk about Hollywood. I have a *million* questions to ask you about people I know out there who are supposed to be *simply* rolling. Hobey, how about some beer and that terribly strong cheese? Where was I? Oh, yes. *Well!* About an hour ago Tony brought in a man who wouldn't take his hat off, and the man turned out to be a detective, and it seems Tony hired him to look for you, darling. So of course we began to simply worry our heads off. But now tell me about this *good*-looking boy and those *dreadful* slippers you're wearing.”

HOLLY told her story, with Jefferson's help, and then they all went downstairs and ate strong cheese. They were sitting around the old oak table in the dining room when Tony came. He stood in the doorway looking very handsome and bitter, until Holly said, “Tony, hello. Please come in and join us.”

“Are you all right, angel?” he asked.

“Of course,” she said. “I'm sorry if I've upset you. This is Jefferson Drew. He's been very kind to me.”

“Hello, Drew,” said Tony. He walked around the table slowly, and when he reached Jeffry he extended his hand. “Your face looks very familiar,” he said.

“He's in the movies,” said Eve. “Isn't it exciting?”

“I was sitting next to you in Julio's today,” said Jefferson.

“That's it,” said Tony. “A chap took your picture with Holly. Funny I didn't think of it until now. I went into a very large worry.”

“Silly,” said Hobey. “Holly has a head on her shoulders.”

“She also has a heart,” said Eve—“a very tender heart that's been wrapped around Tony for years. I confess I was a trifle panicky. I thought you might elope with a wrestler, or take to drink, or almost anything.”

“Then you told them, Tony,” said Holly.

“No, I didn't,” he replied. He walked around the table and sat down at her side. “Only that we'd parted.”

“High time,” said Hobey. “I hate putting on the father act, but I'm hanged if I want my daughter tied to a man ten years her senior.”

“Hobey thinks you're shopworn, Tony,” said Eve. “Pass Tony the cheese, some one.”

“Really,” said Holly, “this is all quite unnecessary. Tony's being married in the spring to a girl from Tennessee.”

“Married?” said Hobey. “That is *news*.”

“I'm terribly sorry, pie,” said

Eve; " but you'll get over it, and it'll make Hobey so happy."

Holly's eyes were extraordinarily bright and her lower lip was beginning to tremble. " Do you like Southern girls, Jeffry? " she said.

" No," said Jefferson. " They're full of soft soap. And besides they're crybabies. Northern girls don't cry, do they, Holly? "

" No," she said. " Thanks for reminding me, Jeff."

" It seems to me," said Tony, " that you two have taken a remarkable fancy to each other in one short evening."

" We're engaged," said Jefferson.

" He picked me up the minute you dropped me," said Holly. " He just moved right in."

" Nice going," said Tony. " And I've been tramping the streets."

" What I can't understand," said Hobey, " is why all this fuss about Holly when you're going to marry another girl in the spring? "

" I'm not going to marry another girl," said Tony crossly. " I thought Holly was taking things too seriously and I decided to crawl out. Then I found out I was in love with her. And whether you like it or not, Hobey, I've made up my mind to marry her."

There was a long moment of silence at the table. Then Holly said, " Tony, how could you hurt me like that? "

" I don't know," he said. " But I've paid for it, angel. I've been nearly crazy all night. Forgive me? "

" Of course," she said; " of course I forgive you."

Jefferson stood up and smiled shyly. " Isn't this where I came in, Holly? " he asked.

" I guess it is, Jeff," she replied. " Say good-by to every one and I'll walk upstairs with you."

" You *will* come back sometime? " said Eve.

" How about dinner? " said Hobey. " Any evening at eight."

" Thanks," said Jefferson. " I should like to see you all again. Good-by, Reynolds. Fellows like you have all the luck."

Tony smiled. " Fellows like you don't need luck."

ARE you happy now, Holly? " said Jefferson.

" Yes," she replied.

" What do you think of kissing me good-by? "

She smiled. " I think kissing you could get to be a habit."

He sighed. " I've enjoyed our engagement."

" So have I."

" Too bad it couldn't have lasted a little longer. So many things I think you've missed. Like struggling in a parked car and truckin' and double chocolate ice-cream sodas on a hot summer night."

" You're very sweet, Jeffry," she said. " Kiss me and say good-by quickly. I think I'm going to cry again."

It was about ten days later, one morning at breakfast, that Hobey looked up from his newspaper and said, " I see Jefferson Drew is going back to Hollywood."

" When? " said Holly.

" Tomorrow on the Century."

" Too bad," said Eve. " I wish we might have had him for dinner. Myra Phillips had him on a party and every one thought he was charming."

" It says here," said Hobey, " that he's been mobbed all over town. They had to let him out through the kitchen last night at Julio's."

" Julio's? " said Holly.

" He's making an appearance at the Tivoli. I expect he's busy now with last-minute plans."

" Too bad," said Eve. " Myra was telling me that he definitely has umph."

" Must you go on and on and on? " said Holly, with a sigh.

Eve raised her eyebrows. " Really, darling," she said, " you're becoming faintly antisocial. It's a bad sign. Were you at Julio's last night? "

" No," said Holly.

" Now, don't block," said Eve. " Get it out of your system. What *is* the trouble? "

" I don't know," said Holly. " Really I don't. Do you mind if I just disappear? If Tony calls, tell him I'll see him tomorrow."

It was a flaming autumn day—the sort of day that made you feel the sadness of the dying season. Holly took a bus and rode up the avenue. She was restless and vaguely unhappy, and it bothered her, because she felt that she should be bursting with joy. After almost five years of anguish she had at last won her way into Tony's heart. The awful uncertainty was all over.

The bus crawled up the avenue. It wasn't until it stopped before the beauty palace that Holly made up her mind. The nude was still in the window, and so were all the bottles and jars and reducing paraphernalia. The window had been a great success. Madame had even mentioned a bonus.

It was the window that did it. Holly got off and walked west. A long line of people stood in front of the Tivoli and Holly took her turn patiently. It had occurred to her that a visit with Jefferson might put her mind at ease. There had been no word from him since the night he had said good-by in the hall of her house.

The theater was dark and still when she entered, and she sought a seat at the back of the house. She had never seen Jefferson on the screen, and when the picture finally came on it was something of a shock. He seemed so alien to her remembrance of him. He was a stranger. A very pretty girl played opposite him, and they danced together divinely, and one love song they sang convinced you that they were absolutely mad about each other.

✰ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ✰

by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **ABRAHAM LINCOLN** by Agnes Rogers. Little, Brown & Co.

A biography in pictures with accompanying text, which makes you a spectator at a pageant of the life of Lincoln.

When the picture was over, she closed her eyes and thought about the ride across town, and Jefferson holding her hand, and the red-faced policeman and the slippers that stretched. And then she heard his voice, and she looked up, and there he was on the stage, smiling his shy smile.

The crowd applauded and whistled and stamped.

" Thank you for your kindness," he said into a tall black microphone. " I wasn't scheduled to appear this afternoon, but a change in plans makes it necessary for me to leave for Hollywood tonight. I hope you enjoyed the picture. We had a lot of fun making it. I was very glad to be able to come to New York, but somehow it didn't work out as I had planned, so now I'm glad to go back. New York gives you a perspective. I had almost lost mine. Out in Hollywood you always get the girl in the end. In New York some other chap gets her. So remember how lucky you are the next time you envy the hero in a supercolossal film special. Thank you all. And good-by."

The theater was in an uproar. Holly managed to make her way to the stage entrance, but it was thick with people, so she turned away. She would try Julio's. There was just a chance that he might turn up there. But he wasn't at Julio's when she arrived. She waited for quite a while, dancing with several chaps who came up to chat, and then it suddenly occurred to her—the Pig and Whistle!

HE was sitting by himself in the same stall they had shared on that night that seemed so long ago. He looked up at her and said, " Hello, honey."

" Hello, Jeffry," she said.

" I went all over town looking for you," he said. " But you weren't in any of the windows."

" Why were you looking for me? "

He grinned. " Well," he said, " I thought I might kiss you again and see if it made an impression."

" It made quite an impression the first time. It's got me all mixed up. What did you mean when you said there were so many things I had missed? "

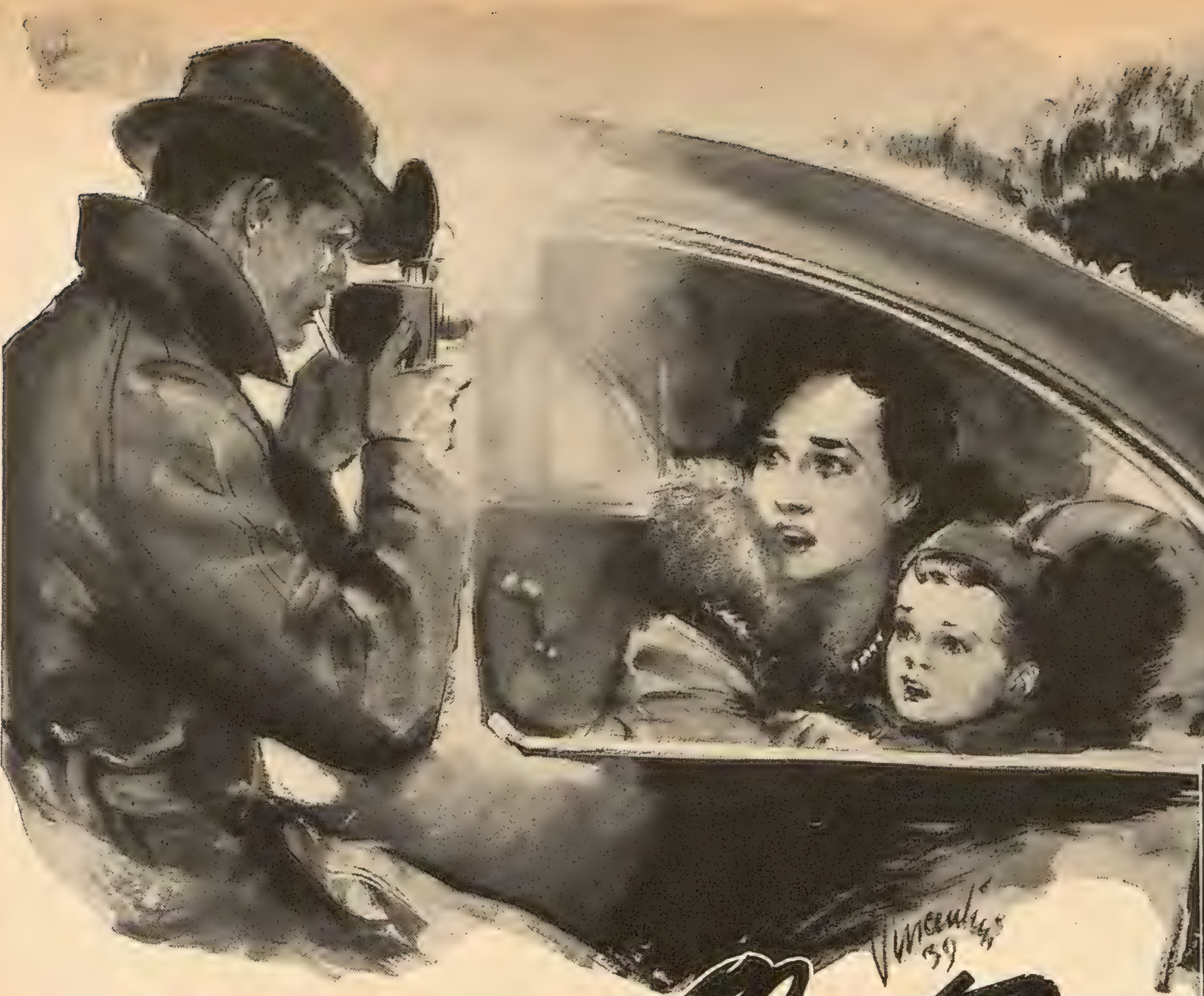
He hesitated. " What's the use, honey? " he said. " Don't make me look like a poor loser."

" I want to know."

" Well," he said, " you're playing around with some one who did the things ten years ago that he should be doing now with you, only he's tired of them." He reached for his hat. " Exit Jefferson Drew," he said. " This is where I came in."

She looked up at him with eyes that were stars. " Darling," she said, " this is where I came in, too."

THE END



Inked Out

And they might have lived! . . A plea and a challenge to certain newspapers of America

BY FULTON OURSLER

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

SOME weeks ago we published in Liberty an article telling how newspapers in San Francisco had co-operated with the police in suppressing temporarily news that would have aided a kidnaper. This was a shining example of how most American newspapers behave when faced with such a situation. There remains a small percentage which fail to co-operate with the authorities and whose antics at times are very much against the public interest. There is, for example, the classic case of Arthur Fried.

A MAN stood in front of Kelly's Bar and Grill in New York City and set fire to an envelope. He held forth the burning paper with studied ostentation, nor did he let go until flame consumed the paper and the winter wind scattered the ashes. Then the man walked rapidly away.

Although the police tried to withhold the facts until it was safe to print them, newspapers in New York City and in Westchester County soon printed the explanation of this curious episode. A man called Arthur Fried had been abducted; his family received instructions how to pay the tribute money, but the criminals first specified that the ransom note must be burned publicly, in front of Kelly's Bar and Grill.

Clearly, this revelation was against the interests of the police and the

America would be chaotic indeed were it not for the freedom of the press and the fearlessness of editors and their staffs who dare to print facts as they find them. Theirs is a great public service—theirs is a great responsibility in the public interest. To them, the debt of law enforcement is great. In law enforcement they have allies in a common cause—the protection of society. That sections of the press at times have handicapped law-enforcement officers in the discharge of their duties cannot be denied, and, though in a small minority, they cast a shadow upon the sincere civic-spirited members of the press. The usual forceful and fluent pen of Fulton Oursler has hit at some of the abuses of the freedom of the press that no civic-spirited editor or member of his staff would tolerate. His article recites instances that made me sad when they occurred, and I look to the day when all law enforcement and all of the press will constitute an "invisible partnership."

J. Edgar Hoover

family. But certain newspapers printed it—even worse, they disclosed the fact that, while the envelope had been burned, the ransom note itself was still in the hands of the police.

The kidnapers sent no further word. Instead, they murdered Arthur Fried and burned his body in a furnace. Later they declared under oath that publicity about the case had thrown them into panic and goaded them to kill their captive.

Unfortunately, this is not an isolated instance of journalistic irresponsibility.

As a former newspaperman, I am astonished at the indifference of decent newspapers, which are in the majority, to offenses of a scallywag minority. The American press has both helped and hindered law enforcement. We do not have to hark back to the early days of the New York Times, when, against threats and bribes, it battled until it broke the Tweed gang. Within the memory of all, campaigns of New York newspapers set off the cleansing explosion of the Seabury investigation and prepared the way for the racket-smashing war of Thomas E. Dewey.

Here we have not only the brighter but by far the larger part. What remains is smaller but full of sorrow. A minority of socially irresponsible newspapers reveal strategic movements of detectives in advance. Criminals thus warned, escape. Also, through premature publicity in abduction cases, as in the Fried affair, human lives are frequently endangered and sometimes lost.

WHAT happened, for example, in the Levine kidnaping, is probably the most shocking blot on the record of journalistic decency. The Levine child was stolen in February, 1938. The police were standing by, giving the family its chance to deal with the criminals, pay the money, and get back their little boy. At 7.50 P. M. on February 26, the telephone rang. " Do you know where your son is? " asked an unknown voice. " What will you do to get your son? "

Mr. Levine demanded the stranger's identity. " Call me Mr. X," was the reply. When Mr. Levine said this was not sufficient, the voice asked: " Will you pay? " When Mr. Levine said he would, the line went dead.

Seven minutes later the following call was received by Mr. Levine:

OUTSIDE: Hello. Mr. Levine?

MR. LEVINE: Yes.

OUTSIDE: This is the guy that talked to you a minute ago. Mr. X I called myself. Do you hear me?

MR. LEVINE: Yup.

OUTSIDE: I don't want to arouse any foolish ideas in your mind. I wanted to get some information that we couldn't get any way at all, so I asked you some questions.

MR. LEVINE: Are you a reporter?

OUTSIDE: Yes.

Through influential friends, Mr. Levine tried to prevent the publication of this news. The request was denied. The first news concerning the case appeared the next evening. Later the torso of the little boy was found floating in Long Island Sound.

There were heartbreaking instances of interference with police plans to capture murderers in the Bremer kidnaping case. A Chicago newspaper prematurely disclosed the arrest of William E. Vidler, who had some of the ransom money. The police were just closing in on the Barker-Karpis gang. The news story of the Vidler arrest warned the gang. All immediately fled from their hide-out.

Another Chicago newspaper, the following autumn, revealed that detectives seeking the same criminals had located and searched a safe-deposit box belonging to the abominable Ma Barker. This disclosure was disastrous because detectives were waiting to seize any one who might call to open the box. Of course, no one ever called. Two weeks later, a Cleveland paper reported the arrest of several women members of the Barker-Karpis crowd. The police wanted no publicity, but there it was—and the men of the gang promptly fled from Cleveland.

I could cite chapter and verse in many crimes of national importance, including the Mattson, the Urschel, and the Weyerhaeuser kidnapings. Let the mishap of the Dillinger trap stand as an example; it is most obnoxious of all.

ON April 14, 1934, detectives learned that John Dillinger, then America's Public Enemy No. 1, had called on a doctor in Louisville, Kentucky, demanding treatment for a bullet wound in his leg. The physician induced Dillinger to delay, and made an appointment for him to return the following Tuesday. Then the doctor turned to the law. At once plans were made to trap Dillinger.

Unfortunately, news of the trap leaked to newspaper reporters. In spite of the pleas of the police, the reporters insisted that they would " break the story " if Dillinger were not caught by 2 P. M. The detectives appealed to the editors. They all promised they would not publish the story, but one broke his word; one afternoon edition carried large headlines: U. S. LAYS DILLINGER TRAP AROUND STARKS BUILDING.

So John Dillinger did not keep his appointment with the physician. Not until three months later was he caught; in that extra quarter of a year he committed desperate crimes.

During an extortion case in Chicago, newspaper photographers and reporters in large numbers actually gathered at the spot of a contemplated " pay-off." Thus they ruined any possibility of ransom money being paid and the victim released. No news, no pictures can possibly be worth such interference with the police in the performance of their duty.

The evil influence of unethical journalism is illustrated at its worst in what happened after the kidnaping of Charles Mattson. The little boy was abducted on the night of December 27, 1936. Soon the Mattson house was surrounded and picketed by newspaper representatives. Persons entering and leaving the house were approached by reporters. Special wires were rigged up at or near the place for their use. Bonfires were lit in the vicinity of the Mattson home to keep the reporters warm. The scene resembled a carnival.

Dr. Mattson, the boy's father, issued an urgent plea for privacy. Then reporters warned him that when the time came for the kidnap pay-off to be made, he would be followed by newspapermen, unless he was willing to bargain. The reporters would agree not to follow, if the father would permit them to interview the kidnaped boy at length upon his return. He refused. More, he issued a public statement requesting that all newspapermen withdraw. Within about twelve hours they complied.

Certain newspapers rose in protest at all this, notably the West Seattle Herald, which, on January 14, 1937, in an editorial, stated: " Vicious, yellow journalism that trampled ruthlessly over the body of an innocent boy and flaunted the efforts of a frantic father to save the life of his beloved son was, in the opinion of this humble editor, one of the chief contributing causes to a degenerate murder which shocked the nation."

Later, members of the Tacoma Chamber of Commerce passed a resolution denouncing the news-covering technique employed in the Mattson case.

One of the most vicious aspects of this kind of journalistic malpractice is that it influences the minds of potential jurors. From that point of view, it is, so I am told, contempt of court, and under American law can be prevented by judges who are not afraid of the local press.

ALL these and other offenses are charged not against American newspapers as a whole but strictly against the ten-per-cent don't-give-a-damn class. What is the way to deal with this problem? The answer lies first in the aroused purpose of newspapermen themselves to change these conditions. They can come to an agreement in and out of their guilds, and with the police. They can devise a code of practice and fair play that would make impossible the repetition of every sordid example I have recited here. Few publishers would oppose it; none could stand out long against it. I believe, too, as I have suggested elsewhere, that the time has come for a new public official—a public relations officer in the Police Department — who can deal with newspapermen through a central bureau of news distribution. With such a code and such a bureau, these problems would settle themselves.

Above all, newspapermen must come to realize that crime means that our society is engaged in a civil war. In that war there can be no neutrality.

THE END

The Strange Past of CHARLES BOYER

BY HOWARD SHARPE

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

CHARLES BOYER is a strange man. Hollywood and Paris will inform you, on inquiry, that no one knows him well and that no one ever will. That's excepting his wife, pretty Pat Paterson, of course, and there are some doubts as to her intellectual intimacy with what makes him tick.

By diligent research you may discover a number of external facts about him which will puzzle you more than ever: that his marriage to Miss Paterson four years ago was his first, although his eleven years of Paris were romantic years; that his friendships are limited, sincere, based only on his personal reaction in a town where most friendships are political; that he lives with dignity the life of a rich professional man, taking little or no part in the phantasmagoria that is publicly Hollywood. His appeal is to women, and it is based on the mystery of his personality, on his caressing voice, on his insinuating glance, on the hint of a past that shows in the lines of his face—and it has been somewhat of a past.

Of course there is enchantment in any personality when it is known of him, however vaguely, that for years he has been synonymous with everything Paris means in terms of gaiety, high life, and paper-back-novel atmosphere. What about that 3,000,000 francs or more he lost in two or three years at gaming tables? He lived at night and slumbered by day, didn't he? Paris toasted him. What were his tragedies? Did he ever really love? Can any man smoke two hundred cigarettes a night, and scorn most of the accepted dogmas about diet, sleep, exercise, and overwork, and still stay at the top professionally? Well, Charles Boyer did. How can he, on the verge of forty, make a success of a marriage to a normal English girl after such a life, after claiming that no man can mix career with marriage?

But to know him, even to discuss him, you must take that history of his at the beginning; because the origins of what he is, of his romantically morose character and his highly sophisticated mentality and his adult, personalized, purely foreign philosophy about life are way back in the little town of Figeac, France, where he was born thirty-nine years ago. Figeac is and was in 1900 a very old town, and a very small one. Charles' parents, the Boyer family who manufactured *machinerie agricole*—plows and things—observed all the prewar French traditions; they brought their son up to be an introvert and a mild neurotic, therefore.

Boyer père died when Charles was ten, leaving him alone with mother, and she seized upon her offspring as an outlet for her emotions. She was happiest when the boy was within her sight, quietly reading.

So Charles read—and dreamed. He learned how to dream as only the lonely, the shut-in, invalids dream. He is still at it. Thus the origin of his distant nature, his mysterious silence, his supposed brooding. He's not hiding any current tragedy. It's just that reality, particularly Hollywood reality, is not as amusing to

A revealing close-up of the private life of Hollywood's most romantic man of mystery

him as the existence his imagination contrives.

His attitude toward women is another thing. It is peculiarly foreign, and not amazingly so. He is somewhat surprised, not appalled, at the modern American woman and her manners. He thinks she's swell but he doesn't understand her. It's not his fault, but the fault of France, which separates the sexes at the age of six. "In Figeac," he told me, "we not only had separate schools for boys and for girls, but the schools were miles from each other."

When he grew older (he lived in Figeac until he was almost eighteen) he picnicked and bicycled with the nice girls of the town, always with attendant relatives in the offing, for *nice* girls never, never saw boys without chaperonage.

Wherefore Paris nearly knocked him for a loop when he went there. Charles' mother wanted him to be a professor, and Charles was determined to be an actor. He agreed to study at the Sorbonne and be graduated; then he should be allowed to choose his own career.

WHILE going to the university, Charles had a flat in Paris, an allowance, and he had eighteen years of loneliness and frustration to catch up with. It was easy.

He was glad then for the French method of child education, "because, to me, women had great mystery," he explained. "I did not take women, nor romance, for granted. I do not now take them for granted. No Frenchman does. In France, a man makes a date with a woman only if she has *trouble* for him—we call it *trouble,* the stirring of a special emotion, of love."

He won his license at the Sorbonne, and, being equipped to be a professor, entered the Conservatoire de Drame in order to become an actor. He got second prize there. Within a year he was the stage idol of Paris, making about as much money as is possible in the French theater.

It was all sudden, hectic, too lush, coming upon the quiet early life he had known. A movie would describe the period in *montages,* scene superimposing scene with outsized glasses of champagne floating about, and the bright chic faces of actresses, and the chic restrained faces of society ladies, and the neon names of expensive clubs, and mouths laughing.

He had modeled his stage technique, almost his life, on that of Sacha Guitry, whom he had deified. Guitry, foremost thespian of France, was under contract to Henri Bernstein, foremost playwright of France. These are necessary data because of what followed—an evolution of circumstances that was to bring Charles Boyer his greatest triumph and his greatest unhappiness. . . .

Guitry died in Henri's esteem, and in 1924 Bernstein visited Charles backstage one night, fixed the young man with compelling eyes, and offered him the chance to take Guitry's place as the Bernstein star, on a five-year contract. It was the ultimate victory. Boyer accepted, having no premonition that he was sentencing himself to five years of subjection to the whims, the fierce jealousy of one of the strangest personalities in Paris.

Boyer's private life was no longer his own. He could not go to bed without knowing that Bernstein would phone him at three in the morning to discuss a change in one line. He must spend evening after evening with Henri, exchanging confidences, only to discover those confidences later written into the next script.

Then, during a production called The Poison, he learned just how far Bernstein was prepared to go in order to ensure the artistic integrity of play and performance. The Poison was about jealousy, and since Charles was blissfully in love with a beautiful Parisienne when the show opened, Bernstein felt he was in no condition to play such a neurotic role. Whereupon the older man nosed into Charles' affair and made trouble. The girl left Charles. His performance became magnificent. The Poison ran two years, during which he was alternately miserable and elated, always emotionally ragged.

It was the same with every play, year after year.

He had always gambled a little; but at this point roulette became a form of escape. He began spending every free moment in casinos. Of course he lost.

A year before his contract was up, Charles began plotting complete escape from Bernstein. He secretly signed for a long tour to Egypt, Turkey, Rumania, Syria, Belgium, and Switzerland. On the day his contract expired he said a quick farewell, made himself deaf to the maestro's reproaches, and left.

Charles was tired. He was almost thirty; he had had what amounted to a nervous breakdown during the last play; he had lived too much in too short a time. Bernstein had crowded a century of sophistication into Charles' last five years. The young man wanted peace and renascence of self-possession once again.

ON his return to Paris, Hollywood asked him to come to California and make films in French. Boyer felt that perhaps in America he might find that which he sought, and sailed for New York.

His first picture, Caravan, was a dismal failure, Hollywood a disappointment.

He went to Berlin to make a picture; and one afternoon a bus boy at his hotel came to tell him Bernstein was on the telephone. He wanted Charles as his star again.

Here, then, was climax. Escape from Bernstein had netted him only failure, the ruin of his hopes. After one week, and forty hours of long-distance conversation with the playwright, Charles said wearily, "Very well. I will do the play for you."

But this time he did not sign a long-term contract. He had the conviction that in some manner he could accomplish his own destiny and his own success and his own personal happiness alone.

WHEN he was thirty-five, and had come once more to Hollywood, he met Pat Paterson. In America he had known several women (as was his custom anywhere). They were charming. But they had no *trouble.*

Pat, a blonde English actress, spilled over with *trouble.* He saw it at once. Ten days after their first meeting they were married.

With marriage Boyer came to the realization that his escape at last was final and complete. Pat decided to give up her career and toss all her great vitality into the one task of being a perfect wife to this complicated man. Together they built the structure of what they felt would be an ideal marriage and home life. And Charles, the tangle of his several neuroses unraveled, tore furiously into the business of showing Bernstein he could be a success in films.

Private Worlds was released, and he was a star; Garden of Allah hurt him, but his English was improving; Conquest dispelled any doubts America had about him.

Love Affair nudged him right up to the high seat.

THUS has been evolved the Charles Boyer of today, adult, adjusted—even regenerated, if that's your viewpoint. He is not overpopular with his co-workers, because he doesn't follow the Hollywood pattern of being friendly with just everybody. He has not the patience for hypocrisy. "Work is work," he said once. "It is not to be trifled with." Nor does he trifle with anything else while on the job.

He has one professional goal. It is that when audiences view his pictures they should forget his identity and remember only the character. "That is Napoleon, not Charles Boyer playing Napoleon."

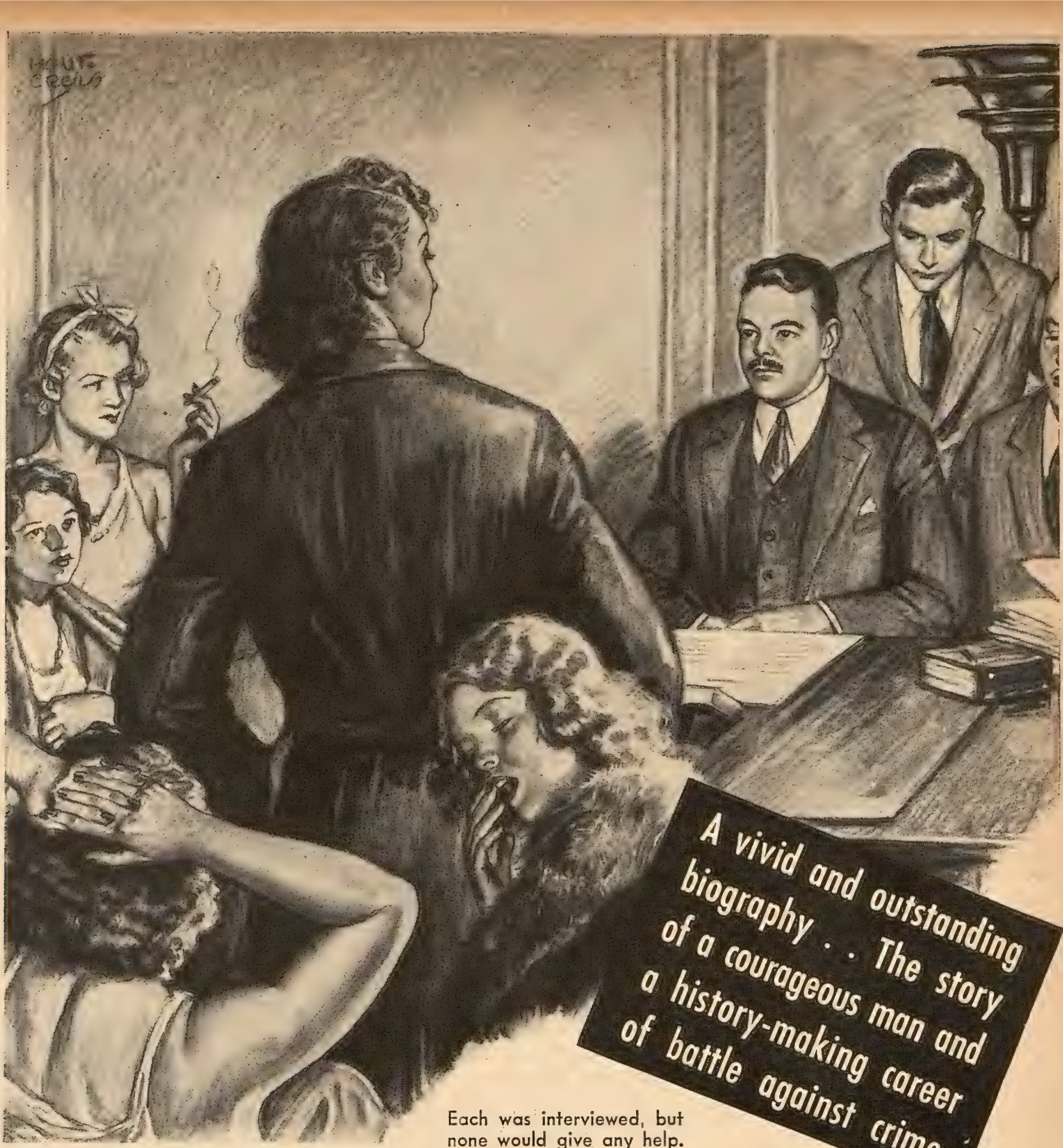
Off screen he is not at first glance a killer-diller to look at. He dresses most casually; his forehead is getting higher. But when you look closely you see the properties that photograph so well: the intelligent, encyclopedic eyes (they know *too* much) and the sensitive mouth.

Boyer lives well. He likes superlative food; his cellar is that of a connoisseur. His library is well stocked, catholic in content, and he uses it. His servants are French.

Being Charles Boyer, actor, is a full-time job. Being Pat Paterson's husband is a full-time pleasure. In order not to make a choice as to which comes before which, he must be brutal, professionally (Hollywood can't take it and complains), and Pat must be a model of understanding. She is.

He still feels the *trouble* she has for him, and always will. But the trouble in his heart is gone.

THE END



Each was interviewed, but none would give any help.

A vivid and outstanding biography . . The story of a courageous man and a history-making career of battle against crime

ATTORNEY *for the People*

THE LIFE STORY OF THOMAS E. DEWEY

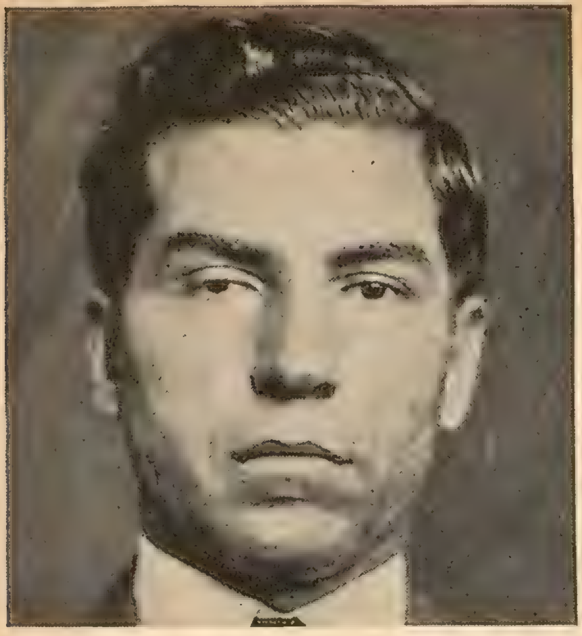
BY RUPERT HUGHES

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

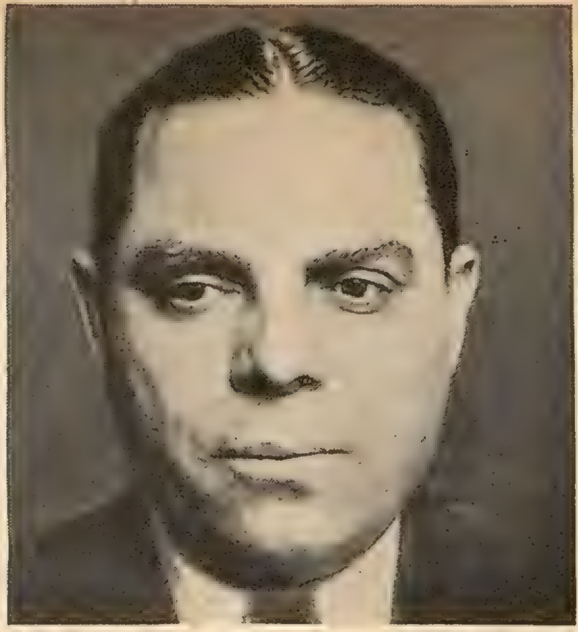
PART THREE—THE FIGHT BEGINS

A LIFELONG and ardent Republican, Dewey had been reluctantly designated by a Democratic Governor after a delay of sixty days. He had been appointed to the lowest rank in the office of a Democratic District Attorney who was a devoted member of the very Tammany Hall that Dewey was supposed to assail. For his money he must look to a Democratic Board of Estimate. It was common talk that he had been purposely framed so that he could never succeed.

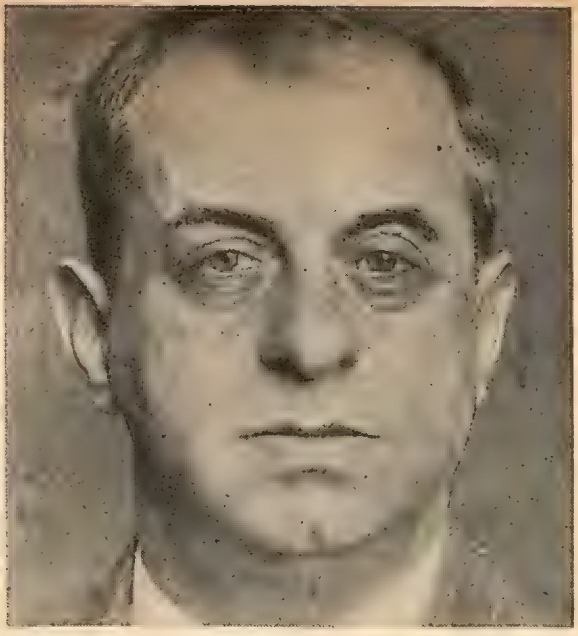
On the Fourth of July, 1935, Dewey



Charles Lucky Luciano, the big shot in New York's vice racket.



Jimmy Frederico, general manager of the Luciano interests.



Tommy "the Bull" Pennochio, who ranked above Jimmy Frederico.

was closeted with Justice McCook in a four-hour council of war.

A Special Grand Jury had been ordered for the Special Prosecutor. But Tammany Hall still ruled New York. Tammany officials selected a panel of fifty citizens from whom Dewey must select his jury. This was done while Dewey was in Washington asking for and securing the promise of aid from the investigating units of the Treasury Department.

He made a most careful investigation of every person on the panel. He made sure even of the court stenographer. He wanted to stop up every possible leak. Secrecy with Dewey means secrecy—hermetic secrecy.

The Property Owners Protective League protested to Governor Lehman that the investigation was a conspiracy against taxpayers' money. The President of Bronx Borough, James J. Lyons, declared that his borough (a paradise of the policy game) was pure beyond reproach. On July 13 a suit was filed to stop the investigation on a legal technicality. But Mayor LaGuardia publicly wrung Dewey's hand and urged that the Special Investigation be made a permanent bureau for the suppression of organized crime. Governor Lehman also wished Dewey well.

Six thousand persons asked for jobs on Dewey's staff. His selections began to appear: William J. Herlands, Murray I. Gurfein, Barent Ten Eyck, Sewell T. Tyng, J. J. Rosenblum.

Among Dewey's first concerns was to secure the services of his former collaborator, A. J. Gutreich, the expert accountant. Attorney Frank S. Hogan became one of his leading aides.

To assist him in probing the Harlem numbers game, Dewey added a Negro lawyer to his staff, a woman, Mrs. Eunice Carter. He persuaded two men of social prominence to accept salaries of a dollar a year. He selected Deputy Police Inspector John A. Lyons to head the police work of racket investigation and recruit a special squad of detectives. Dewey also acquired Captain Bernard A. Dowd and later Detective Sergeant William J. Grafenecker, who had done brilliant work on the Lindbergh kidnaping case and had arrested Bruno Hauptmann.

The Police Commissioner, Lewis J. Valentine, had pledged his complete support to the investigation, and on July 15, 1935, had ordered a grand census of the crooked.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Thomas Edmund Dewey was born in Owosso, Michigan, in 1902, attended the University of Michigan, and studied law at Columbia. In 1928 he married a young singer, Frances Eileen Hutt.

When, in 1931, George Z. Medalie, United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, offered Dewey the post of Chief Assistant United States Attorney, he accepted. In his new job he broke an international racket that had for years smuggled aliens into this country, supervised the trial of "Legs" Diamond, worked on the trial of Charles E. Mitchell, and learned how some politicians and police protected criminals.

Medalie resigned in November, 1933, and Dewey took his place. He secured the conviction of Waxey Gordon, the Beer Baron, for income-tax evasion. After Martin Conboy became United States Attorney, Dewey, at the request of the Bar Association, investigated misconduct on the part of a New York judge, Harold L. Kunstler. Kunstler was disbenched and disbarred.

Dewey was earning $50,000 a year in private practice, and taking active part in the Young Republican Club, when Governor Lehman—on public demand — appointed him Special Prosecutor in the office of the District Attorney of New York County. William C. Dodge was District Attorney, and the grand jury, not satisfied with the way he was prosecuting criminals, had complained. Dodge gave Dewey the lowest rank in his office, that of Deputy Assistant District Attorney.

On July 29, 1935, at the County Court House, Dewey was sworn in as Special Prosecutor by Supreme Court Justice Philip McCook.

One of Dewey's first steps was to invite to separate conferences the newspapermen and their publishers. He asked them to leave him out of the news; above all, not to pry into his work or publish what they might run across which would injure the investigation. They pledged their co-operation for a year, and kept the pledge.

From the Tammany-selected panel of fifty veniremen he accepted and rejected until he had his Special Grand Jury of twenty-three. Dewey said of them:

"I have never seen a finer group of men."

They stood by him faithfully through prolonged days, nights, and months, at great sacrifice to their business and their pleasure, and no personal profit or glory except the comfort of their civic consciences.

Dewey took space in the skyscraping Woolworth Building. Here there were innumerable entrances and exits, passenger and freight elevators too many for the spies of the racketeers to cover completely, and such throngs rushing to and fro that it was all but impossible to spot individuals. He posted a twenty-four-hour guard of police in the building. Only one policeman ever betrayed Dewey's trust, a policeman who had strangely been able to bank $83,000 on a salary of $2,800. But this was at a later crisis.

Dewey spoke on the radio over three stations on his second evening in office. Having described the intolerable degradation he had been called in to bring to an end, he made an eloquent appeal for help.

"This is the first and, I hope, the last time I shall make a public address during the course of the criminal investigation which yesterday commenced. It is my belief that a talking

Little Davie Betillo, who was one step below the big shot.

Dewey and his aids (left to right) Barent Ten Eyck and Murray Gurfein.

prosecutor is not a working prosecutor, and that a promising prosecutor rarely performs. I think it is proper, however, that I should state at this time the purpose and aims of this investigation.

"Modern racketeering may be defined as the business of successful intimidation for the purpose of regularly extorting money. It is conducted by organized gangs of low-grade outlaws who lack either the courage or the intelligence to earn an honest living. They succeed only so long as they can prey upon the fear or weakness of disorganized or timid victims. They fail and run to cover when business and the public, awakened to their own strength, stand up and fight.

"In some industries in New York, organized crime has actually been invited by certain groups of business men to 'organize,' as they call it, in the industry. Some merchants find they cannot make as much profit as they would like. They decide to 'organize' the industry to raise prices, at the expense of the public. Legitimate trade associations cannot and will not serve their purpose. These business men promptly discover, however, that the underworld is always ready to serve any master for a price. The result has been the organization in many industries in this city of pretended trade associations which are in fact nothing but cloaks for racketeers. Sometimes the greedy business man starts the association; sometimes the racketeers start it for their own purposes and force it on the industry. The result is always the same. The business man and the public pay, and the racketeers take the profits.

"No intelligent man, whether he be employer or employee, can fail to support enthusiastically the cause of organized labor. Neither business nor labor can prosper unless business is fair to organized labor, and labor, by collective bargaining, can enforce its demands for decent living conditions and a fair wage. It would indeed be a calamity if a few gangs of thugs, masquerading as labor-union delegates, should discredit the cause of organized labor in this country. The public must not be allowed to believe that organized labor is represented by those few unions in which union delegates have become criminals, or criminals have been made into union delegates. Unless they are purged, labor unions which have been thus taken over by criminals will, just as certainly as night follows day, wreck the cause of organized labor in this country and set back its progress many years. The officers of these unions are all too frequently the willing tools of professional criminals who direct their activities and keep them in office by means of force and fear.

"I want to say to labor-union members who have been betrayed, that you can save yourselves. . . . If you will come to my offices in the Woolworth Building you will be seen by a responsible member of my staff. He will welcome your help. He will respect your confidence. He will protect you.

"You will not read your testimony in the newspapers, nor will the heads of your union learn you have been in the office.

"To the wholesale food merchants, the restaurant owners, the racketeer trade association victims and the other business men of New York I want to say this: In my opinion, you can be freed from organized racketeering in this city. Those of you who have knowledge of criminal conditions owe it to yourselves and the people of this city to give this investigation your co-operation. It is not only your privilege but your duty to bring that information to my office. . . . A prosecutor's strongest weapon is complete secrecy and the protection of his witnesses. I will use that weapon to the fullest measure."

But not one victim came forward with concrete testimony. He sent out and brought in the witnesses by subpoenas. He conscripted the sufferers. Some of them were so recalcitrant that the first persons he prosecuted were not the racketeers but their victims.

The appointment of the Special Prosecutor had been, of course, a direct slap at District Attorney Dodge of Tammany Hall. He resented it enough to begin a vice inquiry of his own.

This plainly advertised an open break with Dewey, and a contest in place of co-operation. The Dodge effort was futile and stillborn.

Dewey's first arrest evoked a howl of contemptuous laughter. He seized a nineteen-year-old boy for breaking windows! This lad—his name was Dominick Tossoni—had a little habit of throwing stones through plate glass and then offering to protect the shopkeepers for a price. He was watched, and when he extorted thirty dollars in marked money he was arrested. He confessed.

Complaint had been made of the window racketeerlet, and Dewey had to accept the complaint to keep his pledge to the public. He had promised to punish minor offenses as well as grave where he found them.

About this time the great gangster of gangsters, Dutch Schultz, was acquitted on his second trial for income-tax violation charges by a jury in Malone, New York. The United States Attorney who prosecuted the case with so little success was Dewey's successor, Martin Conboy.

Meanwhile, in an amazingly unbroken secrecy, Dewey and his staff had induced or subpoenaed 3,000 witnesses into the mazes of the Woolworth Building and questioned them—all in the first three months of the investigation.

On September 26 Dutch Schultz had been arrested by the police of Newark, New Jersey, and released on bail. He was carefully staying out of New York and directing his New York mobs from New Jersey. But on October 23, while Dutch was sitting in a Newark saloon going over his accounts, three men entered and riddled him and two of his aides with bullets. Two of his aides were instantly killed and two others wounded almost at the same moment in a New York barbershop.

Horribly wounded, but refusing to name his destroyers, Schultz poured out curses on the Unione Siciliano and the gangster known as "Lucky Luciano." Then he reaffirmed his early piety, embraced the Catholic faith, and died like a frightened child, sobbing, "Mama, mama, mama!" At his bedside was a New York detective, assigned to Dewey's office.

On the day of the funeral there was further slaughter, and in the next five days five racketeers were killed and five wounded. These were perilous and anxious days for Dewey. His career was in the balance. People were shouting at him to do something.

His staff had learned that the mobs had offered a reward of $25,000 to anybody who would murder Dewey. So Dewey consented to have a bodyguard.

ON October 18, 1935, Dewey's second son, John Martin, as they named him, was born. He and his three-year-old elder brother did their best to keep their beautiful mother from having nothing else to do but wait and wonder if their father would come home alive or at all. He could spare her little time from preparations for his first great coup.

It was in a field no one had suspected him of even investigating. In a sudden swoop twenty-two loan sharks were arrested. They were held on 252 counts on 126 indictments. Lawyers swarmed to their defense, but they could not beat down Dewey's demand of bail totaling $174,500. He issued a warning that if they tried to intimidate his witnesses he would see that their clients were sentenced to prison for life.

Tammany Hall had always protested its love of the poor and downtrodden, each of whom had, of course, as many votes as the much fewer people of means. But the powers that misruled New York had connived at the loan sharks' extortions and shared their blood money. Desperate people, in terror of starvation and of brutal treatment, had run to the District Attorney's offices and been turned away. When, two years later, Dewey was urged to become District Attorney himself, he spoke of this in the course of his campaign:

"Sometimes, when some poor victim was brave enough to bring the District Attorney a case which he couldn't possibly neglect, he would get a conviction. But the loan-shark racket was so well organized that for every man sent to jail two others were ready to step in and take his place. A District Attorney who sat back and waited for the evidence to be handed to him was no match for the underworld gangs that kept swindling the public right under his nose. . . ."

Three Dewey assistants, who conducted his cases on trial, won convictions of thirty-six before they stopped.

Dewey now went back into the silences. Three quarters of his staff were working day and night on investigations that only reached the public eye by arrests when the cases were completed, months and in some cases years later. But meanwhile the nation was startled by something new—his ghastly exposure of the recently organized trust the racketeers had made of the oldest profession in the world, prostitution. He brought down from the heights of his dark tower of luxury the strange and morbid medieval figure of "Lucky Luciano."

AS soon as Dewey was appointed Special Prosecutor, the Amsterdam News, a newspaper published by and for Negroes, urged that a Negro lawyer be included among his aides. Dewey accepted the suggestion, and, feeling that it was important to have at least one woman lawyer on his staff, combined the two in the person of Mrs. Carter, a graduate of Smith College, who had also studied abroad before taking law courses in Columbia and Fordham Universities. Appointed on a mayor's committee to investigate riots that had raged in Harlem, she had felt that they were at least partly due to bad housing conditions, and she had been active in writing and securing the passage in Albany of several bills to reform the evils. Her knowledge of Harlem would help Dewey in the attack he planned on the enormous numbers racket.

In the course of her investigation she encountered various prostitutes who told her that their primordial industry had been mysteriously collected under one government; but its upper officers were unknown and shrouded in an awful secrecy.

Mrs. Carter interested Murray Gurfein, one of Dewey's four chief assistants. They persuaded Dewey that here was a racket aching for his attention. He hated to touch the hopeless filth, but authorized Mrs. Carter and Gurfein to go on with their investigation.

They found that four official bookers acted as agents for girls and routed them through large chains of houses scattered throughout the city. And they paid tribute and rendered obedience to three men known as Joe Levine, the Strong-arm; Benny Spiller, the Shylock; and Ralph Liguori, the Stick-up. Above these was a general manager, Jimmy Frederico, sometimes known as Fredericks. Above him was a duo, Tommy, or "Bull," Pennochio, and Abie Wahrman. Above them was a director general, "Little Davie" Betillo. In the lower ranks were also bondsmen, telephone men, lawyers, collectors, and others totaling about twenty-five.

Everybody had a vague feeling that there was a still higher power above Little Davie.

At first the four official bookers found their pickings enormous, and cheated a little. But bookkeeping was strict and inspection minute. They were reviled and threatened and finally reduced to the petty salary of fifty dollars a week. When one of the bookers fell ill and was sore put to it to provide medicine for his sick daughter, he decided to resign. His resignation was rejected. His wife appealed to the great unknown direct to release her husband. Her prayer was refused with ominous scorn. He even spit in her face. But that scorned woman eventually had her revenge.

The madams, too, were regulated. They could not book except through the booker assigned to them. And they had to collect ten dollars in cash every week as bond fee from every girl in the house.

All of these girls were arrested, of course, more or less regularly; for the moral element must always be convinced that the city government is "repressing vice"—or at least punishing somebody. When a girl was taken to prison, a bondsman put up her bail of from $150 to $300. She was coached in a good story to tell the judge. If the evidence against her was too strong, she was told to forfeit bail and vanish temporarily. Otherwise the girl was released and her bail bond restored, the combination keeping her contribution, of course.

DEWEY'S investigators took one year for a sample test. They were able to unearth the records of 175 girls bonded by the combination, not one of whom had been sentenced to prison.

Evidence was secured by every device. But "the Boss" could never be identified or found.

When he had made everything as ready as he could, Dewey launched a raid that broke over New York like a sudden thunderstorm.

First, he engaged the whole thirteenth floor of the Woolworth Building and made it ready for lodging and feeding a swarm of guests. Then he told his staff of lawyers and others to cancel their week-end engagements.

He had his detectives find and shadow the twenty-five men who headed the racket. As one detective put it, "We tailed the gorillas for thirty-six hours before we closed in." On the last stroke of midnight of January, 1936, the ghostly escorts of the twenty-five leaders began to gather them up.

Little Davie Betillo, Tommy the Bull Pennochio, and Benny Spiller walked out of Jimmy Frederico's flat into the arms of New York detectives, who then went up and collected the host. One booker, Dave Marcus, who was with his wife for once, stopped his car for a red light, and was taken to the green light in front of the Greenwich Street Station. Twenty-four were so delicately extracted from their surroundings that nobody missed them.

When the detectives carried off Jack Eller, a booker, two detectives remained in his office to carry on his business. They found a card index of madams and touring girls, and when the regular calls were made, they sent the girls to houses that were to be "knocked over" in the second raid. None of the girls or madams suspected that their bookers were now in jail.

THE police force of New York had long been the leakiest of sieves. So Dewey did not inform them that they were working for him. High officials of the Police Department collected all the plain-clothes men available, one hundred and fifty in number. They grouped them in pairs, and at eight o'clock gave each couple a sealed envelope carrying the address of an apartment house. Inside were instructions not to be looked at until eight fifty-five.

The instructions were that a certain apartment was to be surrounded and raided, and all inmates except patrons hurried just as they were to "19 Barclay Street." To the surprise of the detectives and the women, this turned out to be the freight entrance to the Woolworth Building.

Previously, as soon as one house was raided, word was sent round and all the other houses snapped shut. But this time the men were instructed that when they stepped in nobody was to touch a telephone or make a getaway.

All night long the Woolworth freight elevators carried to the thirteenth floor a throng of madams and prostitutes. They and their captors marched in line past Mrs. Eunice Carter's desk. With each girl's name was registered the address at which she had been taken, and the name of the arresting officer.

They were treated rather as guests than as prostitutes. They were made as comfortable as possible, offered coffee and sandwiches, and assured that they were witnesses, not defendants. Each of them was interviewed by Dewey's staff. But none of them would give any help.

Late Sunday afternoon Judge McCook opened court in the Woolworth Building, and set the bail for each of the girls and madams at $10,000 apiece. It was the highest compliment any of them had ever had, but it threw the bail-bondsmen into shivers of helplessness. To release that convention would have meant the laying down of a million dollars in cash.

After the girls were arraigned they

Catching COLD?

Sal Hepatica helps 2 ways

BUD: Gee, Sis, my name must be Jinx. With the South's cutest girl coming 300 miles to see me play football, I'm catching cold. I'll probably spend Saturday at the Infirmary instead of on the field!

SIS: Then it's time for quick action—with Sal Hepatica.

BUD: What do you mean—quick action?

SIS: I mean Sal Hepatica helps fast two ways. First, it's a quick yet gentle laxative. And speed is important in fighting off a cold. Second, it helps Nature counteract the acidity that so often accompanies a cold.

SEVERAL DAYS LATER

SIS: Buddy, you were marvelous! I . . . she . . . everyone's cheered till they're hoarse.

BUD: The cheering ought to be for you, Sis, for I might be in bed this minute, if you hadn't helped me ward off that cold with Sal Hepatica. But here she comes, Sis, and a wise little gal like you knows when to scram.

SAL HEPATICA

Get a bottle at your druggist's today

TUNE IN! Big new Fred Allen Show—Wednesdays at 9 to 10 P. M., E. S. T.

were made comfortable in the House of Detention. While they were being questioned, the members of the combination were also under inquisition. After a long night with Dewey's staff, the booker Dave Marcus, whose wife had been arrested with him, finally offered to exchange information for his wife's liberty.

The assistant assured him that Mrs. Marcus could secure immunity by frankness, and that Dave could secure consideration. So Marcus told of his vain efforts to get a living out of the booking game. He told of his heart disease, and of the rough treatment given to his wife and himself, of machine-gun bullets that riddled his car, of his journey to California, where he was such a failure as an operator of a filling station that he had to come back and resume the only trade he knew. He had made peace with Frederico, who had promised to save him from being sent to the penitentiary to join Nick Montana and Cockeyed Louis. Marcus said that Frederico had named as guaranties "Davie, Abie, and Charlie."

"Charlie"!

That was the forbidden name. Charlie "Lucky" Luciano! It startled the assistants who heard it. It startled Marcus as he heard it on the air. But he could not call it back. Dewey sent him to a hospital instead of to a cell.

Since Al Capone had been dethroned and jailed and Dutch Schultz killed, Luciano was Public Enemy Number One—so great a man in his field that Dewey had never suspected him of dabbling in a minor industry like prostitution. His record was horrible, his conviction believed impossible. He had paid his income tax.

BUT Dewey found another weapon. He had secured the passage of a new bill, since known as the Dewey Law, though it was merely the acceptance by the state of a device long used in the federal courts. It authorized the "joinder" of connected or similar offenses in one single indictment, with appropriate sentence on conviction. The conquest of Luciano was the law's first workout.

Such power as Luciano's could never be gained or maintained without the toleration or co-operation of political powers.

Luciano had important friends. He attended the Democratic convention that nominated President Roosevelt. His companion was his friend Albert Marinelli, one of the greatest political powers in Tammany until Dewey exposed him. Political leaders being a part of Luciano's army, somehow he ceased to be arrested in New York, and only out-of-town policemen sometimes stupidly picked him up for various offenses.

His connections grew stronger with such archcriminals as Dutch Schultz, and with Lepke and Gurrah. But he dominated them all. His organizing genius was linking more and more groups into a chain of appalling possibilities. To stop him now was a patriotic duty which, if quickly done, would save the nation from incalculable evil and intolerable tyranny.

But first he must be caught.

Specially assigned members of Dewey's staff dug out and documented Luciano's record. Meanwhile Dewey had instructed Barent Ten Eyck and others of his aides to "break the witnesses" he had captured in his raid and had been feeding so long. Six men spent six weeks persuading the girls and madams that it would not be fatal to tell what they knew. Part of the inducement was comfort, respectful and considerate treatment. A vast mass of testimony was secured at last. The staff laid this before the imprisoned bookers and convinced them that the jig was up. Three of them were overawed into joining the confessional.

Eventually Dewey's staff laid before him evidence enough for him to take to his grand jury. It indicted the leaders. At Dewey's request, Judge McCook fixed their bail at $100,000 each.

One of the prostitutes whom Luciano consorted with, when his health permitted, finally broke. Bellboys and chambermaids confirmed his activities. So much evidence was marshaled against him that the jury added to its other indictments an indictment against Luciano on ninety separate counts.

But Luciano had left Miami, where he had been last seen. When Dewey finally extracted him from Hot Springs, Arkansas, long-distance telephones and airplanes played their part in a seesaw of "Hands up!" and "Foiled again!" Luciano spent $100,000 in attempting to escape. He even offered the Attorney General of Arkansas $50,000 to keep his hands off, in vain. But at last he confronted justice before the bar of Justice McCook.

At Dewey's request, his bail was fixed at $350,000. Luciano and his lieutenants under the newfangled joinder indictment were now held in a total bail of $1,175,000. His aide Ralph Liguori had meanwhile been captured and added to the eleven first arrested. So there were thirteen—an unlucky number for Lucky.

Now he was cartooned as a rat in a trap. The only kind words said of him were uttered by a very pretty blonde who had discarded a millionaire for him. She said:

"Lucky's a perfect gentleman. He's a dear and I don't see why they say such mean things about him."

Her darling was held under indictments enough to give him a theoretical prison term of 1,950 years. But he secured the best lawyers money could engage, and they used all their science to keep him from trial.

On May 11, 1936, however, in a heavily guarded courtroom, the sessions opened, with a special panel of jurymen.

Dewey opened the case:

"The age-old institution of prostitution is one which I should be mad to think I could stop. However, it is only in the last few years that the institution has been organized.

"Frankly, my witnesses are prostitutes, madams, heels, pimps, and ex-convicts.

"I wish to call to your attention that these are the only witnesses we could possibly have brought here. We can't get bishops to testify in a case involving prostitution. And this combination was not run under arc lights in Madison Square Garden. We have to use the testimony of bad men to convict other bad men."

Dewey set up a big chart showing the dynasty of Luciano—twenty-five men in all. Luciano said he had never heard of any of them, except possibly "Little Davie," whose name sounded slightly familiar.

THIS was Luciano's fatal blunder. He not only denied his guilt—he denied his friends.

What he did not know was the long array of respectable citizens whom Dewey was to call tying Luciano in with every member of his mob in conference day after day in his hotel tower. But this was later.

First, a hideous procession of witnesses came up from an inferno to tell of life in hell.

Yet thus far Luciano had been connected with the case only vaguely.

Dewey had counted especially on five witnesses to tie him into the racket. Of these, three were women, and one of them was a narcotic addict in no condition to testify. Two were men, Joe Bendix and "Good-Time Charlie," and the latter played Dewey false.

And then out of a very murky sky a very dirty angel appeared. She was sent from heaven, but she did not look it. She was known to ill fame as Cokey Flo. Barent Ten Eyck received a letter from her, offering help and saying that she had been for three years the sweetheart of Jimmy Frederico.

While she languished in the House of Detention she reviewed auld lang syne with some of the girls who were being held as witnesses. They told her how good Dewey was; Cokey Flo was so cynical that she would not even trust another prostitute.

When the trial began, she read the long stories in the newspapers and began to brood. Frederico had sent her neither money nor flowers when she was "in jail, sick and broke." She decided he had forfeited all claim to her respect or loyalty.

Ten Eyck, Dewey's chief assistant, talked with her. He listened to her many hours that night—in the City Prison. And he made page after page of longhand notes of her story—notes which later became very important indeed. But for the moment it was only her testimony which was important. Was she a "plant"? Had agents of the defense sent her to tell a story and then blow up on the witness stand? Was her testimony true? Did other known facts corroborate or destroy it? These were urgent questions and for twenty-four hours detectives scurried many places checking every detail that could be checked. The answers came in. The story checked.

But Dewey was still cautious. He wanted to see the witness himself—take her statement—and with others present who could add their judgments as to its verity. She told of long conversations with Luciano in which he exposed the inside of the racket and his command over all. She stood up in every detail. It was unanimously agreed—she was telling the truth, and the whole truth.

The next day she appeared on the stand, to the stupefaction of the defense. She was miserably sick, but she got through her story fully and well. In two days she endured hours of direct examination and then nine hours of brutal cross-examination. And she fastened Luciano to the racket completely.

Other witnesses followed, and at last, after two weeks, suddenly, at six thirty on the afternoon of May 29, Dewey rested his case.

Quite as suddenly the lawyer of Jack Eller, the only one of the four bookers to stand trial, announced that his client would plead guilty. To offset this, Luciano announced that he would take the stand.

THE defense began its parade with detectives, policemen, and others who gave testimony to prove that Dewey's witnesses were what he had admitted them to be from the start.

One uniformed officer who had been assigned to guard witnesses told how he had accompanied one of the girls to two night clubs. It was later proved that he had put $83,000 into his bank account. A succession of gamblers and bookmakers described Luciano as " a romantic soul and a roistering gambler."

It was Dewey's turn now to cross-examine, and he slashed the defense's witnesses to ribbons.

In his own defense Ralph Liguori took the stand, and swore that an assistant had offered him immunity if he would frame evidence against Luciano. But, as one reporter put it: " Dewey had Liguori stumbling before the cross-examination had gone five minutes."

With all his previous witnesses cut to ribbons—their credibility utterly destroyed—Luciano kept that steel-gray calm which the probation officer later described as the secret of his success in rising to the peak of national underworld power.

And, debonair in a cool gray suit, he said: " I'm ready for Dewey."

Now come dark days for the underworld. Read of the sensational trial of Lucky Luciano and " the most smashing blow ever dealt to organized iniquity in New York "; learn how the fighting prosecutor pursued Gurrah and Lepke and Dutch Schultz in a drive to break the rackets that preyed on legitimate industry. Next week in Liberty!

SO YOU'RE THE TOWN'S BEST "SITTER OUTER"
1. WHY IS IT, JIM? THEY SAY YOU'RE A SWELL DANCER; TOO!
OH! I JUST GET TIRED SO EASILY! THINK I'LL SHOVE OFF
2. PAH'DON ME, SUH! BUT DE YOUNG LADY SENT ME TO DE KITCHEN FOR DIS KELLOGG'S PEP. SAID YOU ALL MIGHT BE A LITTLE SHORT ON VITAMINS
Kellogg's PEP
3. NEXT MORNING
HELLO, ANNE! I CERTAINLY RATED THAT DIG LAST NIGHT. AND THANKS FOR THE PRESENT OF "VITAMIN-ENRICHED" PEP. BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME WHAT A SWELL-TASTING CEREAL IT IS! I COULD EAT IT EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK
IF YOU HAVE LACKED VITAMINS, DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU! AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT KELLOGG'S PEP. COOL, CRISP FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT, MARVELOUSLY FLAVORED AND ENRICHED WITH VITAMINS B AND D! EAT PEP EVERY DAY, AND SEE IF YOU DON'T HAVE MORE ZIP AND ZEST!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!*

**Pep contains vitamins B and D. Each ounce contains 1/5 of an adult's and 4/5 of a child's daily requirement of B, and about 1/2 the daily requirement of D.*

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

LEARNED from a cocktail talk with Nellie Payne, lady entomologist: "Japanese beetles are demure nibblers. Poison must be served to them in dainty tearoom portions; otherwise they won't bite. . . . House flies find the smell of ammonia irresistibly attractive, because all flies bred originally in stables. . . . Fruit flies adore alcohol. . . . The ancestral habits and tastes of insects betray their strength and weaknesses, showing us how we can best undertake to fight them."

Fighting insect pests is the unusual feminine career pursued by Nellie Payne, expert research worker for the American Cyanamid Company. In her laboratory she cultivates standardized bugs, on the theory that they can be killed off more reliably by standardized methods of insect massacre. . . . It isn't easy to prepare for a job such as hers. Born at Cheyenne Wells, Colorado, she studied progressively through American schools to the University of Vienna, then to Berlin, then to the Marine Station at Plymouth, England. I asked her what a girl needs to know in order to follow as interesting a life as her own. "More and more chemistry," said Miss Payne, "and more and more mathematics."

Two childhood recollections seem to establish her early aptitude for scientific skepticism. As a kid she refused to believe in the infallibility of the multiplication tables. No one could convince her that seven times seven made forty-nine until she had proved the summation out on the floor with buttons from her mother's button box. . . . Attempted her first insect-control idea at the age of eight, when she tried to line up ten caterpillars and make them march in step.

☆ Men are masterful. Tougher than women. I know a tough, masterful man from a suburb who took two dresses to a dry cleaner in the city. One dress belonged to his wife, the other to his mother-in-law. He was supposed to get them and bring them home when done. He got, but he didn't bring. Lost them somewhere around town. Strung wife and mother-in-law along for a week with a tale of the cleaner's delay. Finally desperate, he told them there'd been a burglary; both dresses stolen. Refused to let wife or mother-in-law phone the cleaner. Said: "I'll settle this. You girls aren't hard-boiled." They signed claims for five times the value of the dresses. He gave them the money, pretending he'd collected it from the cleaner. Men are masterful. Tougher than women. Oh, my, yes!

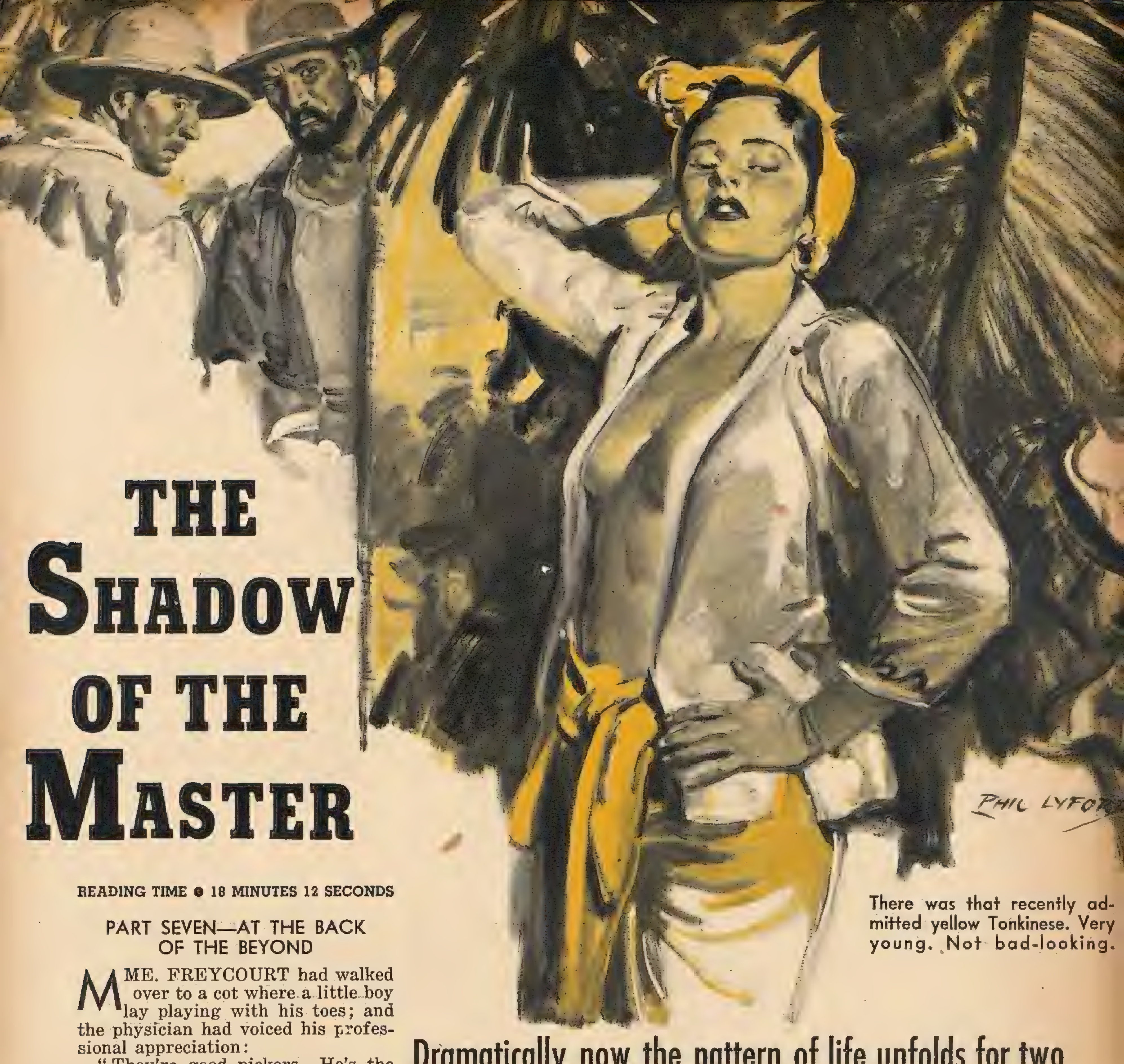
☆ In Louisiana an obscure soul has issued a volume of ten poems commemorating the late Jean Harlow. I shan't quote the verses, but I am interested in the reason why they were composed. Isn't it pitiful to think that any human being should devote rapt adoration to an unreality of the movie screen rather than to some cherished flesh and blood? Or is it a protective instinct called forth by our troubled times—a reflex guard against the danger of worshiping live personalities to our own destruction?

☆ Lovers of fine cakes and breads know that Edinburgh, Scotland, is one of the world's three cities specially famed for perfect baking. The other two are Vienna and Copenhagen. A Scottish friend has given me this delicious recipe for *Edinburgh Chocolate Cake:* . . . Cream ¾ cup sugar with ¾ cup butter. Add 4 eggs, one at a time, beating well as you stir them in. Now add 2 cups bread crumbs from a two-day-old loaf; now 6 squares unsweetened chocolate grated fine; now 1 teaspoon coffee essence. Put dough in square cake pan which has been buttered and floured lightly. Bake 30 minutes in moderate oven. Cut cake in half when cool. Make a spread of tart currant jelly mixed with chocolate-butter icing and a little coffee-essence flavoring. Glaze half the cake with this spread; cover with other half; then glaze top and sides.

☆ I've been visiting friends in a town where real-estate bargains are being snapped up under peculiar circumstances by knowing natives. Local gossip relates the inside story as follows: Three years ago the town's leading real-estate man married his secretary, who knew as much as if not more about his business than he did. Two years ago they divorced by mutual consent, both having more advantageous matches in mind. But his heiress jilted him, and her millionaire went broke and passed on within a year after the wedding, leaving her no resources except her knowledge of her first husband's business. Now she has opened a real-estate office directly across the street from that of her ex, and they are deadly rivals. Local shrewdsters are profiting by pitting the once married pair against each other in real-estate deals. And every one says it serves them both right.

☆ Letters from various states indicate widespread disagreement as to what kind of radio programs women prefer to listen to while knitting or sewing. I started the inquiry a few weeks ago. North Carolina knitters seem to want opera but no symphonies. Wisconsin women say they like dramatic stories; dislike popular music. Illinois needle pushers turn thumbs down on dramatics; demand singing and cultural lectures. This is merely a cross-section fragment of my mail on the subject to date. More later.

"Heads you kiss me; tails you don't."



There was that recently admitted yellow Tonkinese. Very young. Not bad-looking.

THE SHADOW OF THE MASTER

Dramatically now the pattern of life unfolds for two hearts strangely swept by torment and hope and love

BY ACHMED ABDULLAH and ANTHONY ABBOT

Authors of Flower of the Gods, etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL LYFORD

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

PART SEVEN—AT THE BACK OF THE BEYOND

MME. FREYCOURT had walked over to a cot where a little boy lay playing with his toes; and the physician had voiced his professional appreciation:

"They're good pickers. He's the sturdiest brat we have in stock."

"He'll need all his sturdiness—where they're going."

"Oh . . . ?"

"Indo-China. Malaria belt." The supervisor had looked about for a nurse; had seen none. "Lazy sluts," she had grumbled. "Never around when one wants them." She had caught sight of Yvonne busy with pail and broom. "Know where the linen closet is, girl?"

"Yes, madame."

"Get me some fresh diapers. And a baby's robe and coat and cap. And don't take all day!"

Yvonne had hurried off. She had come back with the things; and suddenly she had stopped, trembling, almost fainting. For in the meantime the other had undressed the boy—and there, on his left shoulder, was the birthmark. . . .

Mme. Freycourt had stared at her.

"What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing, nothing!"

"Then don't stand there gaping like a dead haddock! Lend me a hand with the baby!"

Yvonne had pulled herself together.

"Somebody going to adopt him?" she had inquired, trying to sound casual.

"Yes. Colonel and Mme. Anatole de Lubersac. Rich, aristocratic people. Pah!" with an old spinster's harsh frustration—"some of those little devil's spawn have all the luck." She had tied the last bow and fastened the last safety pin. "Know how to carry a baby without dropping it?"

"Yes, madame."

"All right. Come with me!"

So, holding the boy against her heart, Yvonne had followed the supervisor to the front office where a man in uniform and a woman were waiting. Instinctively Yvonne had recoiled when the latter had reached out her hands to take the child—and the woman had smiled.

"You love him, too—*hein?*" she had demanded. "I do not blame you. He's so adorably, preciously sweet. Let me have him, won't you?"

Yvonne had complied, while Mme. de Lubersac had asked the supervisor:

"Any idea when the adoption papers will be ready?"

"We'll hurry all we can. Perhaps day after tomorrow."

"That's fine!" Colonel de Lubersac had exclaimed. "Because we're sailing next Saturday." He had poked a stout red finger at the boy. "Cunning young rascal! We'll make a French soldier out of you!"

"Indeed not!" his wife had declared. "He's going to be a university professor."

"Not if I know it, Marie!"

So they argued. In jest. But Yvonne had felt a sharp pain at her heart. It was her son—hers—of whose future they were talking. . . .

Mme. de Lubersac had turned to the supervisor.

"The native *amahs* in Indo-China," she had said, "are so dreadfully careless. Do you happen to know of a good French nursemaid?"

"I'm afraid I don't. You see, it's war. And there are plenty of well paying jobs to be had. Home jobs. In munitions factories and government departments."

Then Yvonne had seen her chance. "I" — she had stammered — "I'd like to . . ."

"You would?" Mme. de Lubersac had looked at her. She had seen a pretty young face with frank open eyes, a determined chin, a broad honest forehead; had seen capable hands. Trustworthy, she had decided. Besides, the girl seemed to be fond of children. "Very well," she had announced; for it had always been her habit to make up her mind on the spur of the moment. "I'll be glad to engage you. What is your name, my dear?"

"Yvonne. Yvonne Boissard."

Boissard. Not Durand. The family name which she had used some weeks earlier, when she had applied for employment at the infant asylum; since she had known that had she used her real name, which was on the records of the Bon Secours, she would not have got the job.

Mme. de Lubersac had shaken hands with her.

"All right, Yvonne. We are staying at the Crillon. Call there early tomorrow morning, and we'll have a talk about wages and things."

And when the supervisor had made dour mention of references and proper investigation as to Yvonne's character and antecedents, the other had replied, a little impatiently, that France was at war, wasn't it? She had not the time to bother about such details, chiefly considering that the troopship was sailing this coming Saturday. And, anyway, she was accustomed to rely on her personal judgment.

She had turned to her husband.

"Isn't that so, Anatole?"

"To my sorrow be it said, darling," he had agreed, a smile curling his lips. . . .

THERE had been from the very first genuine mutual liking between Yvonne and her employers—the colonel with his good-humored make-believe martial gruffness and his wife so decisive yet so kindly, and—Yvonne reflected now, with a sharp pang of jealousy, as she rocked the cradle with her foot—so utterly devoted to little Jean, as if he were their own flesh and blood. . . .

The door opened, Mme. de Lubersac came in, approached on tiptoe. She looked at her adopted son.

"Precious, precious angel!" she whispered. "Tell me, Yvonne, have you ever seen more adorable dimples?" She paused. "Funny," she continued, "but he looks like me, doesn't he? He has my eyes."

Yvonne Boissard swallowed hard.

"Yes, madame."

"That's what great love does. It makes people look like each other." She sat down. The wind fluttered the curtains. "Nice and cool now. Better go for a walk. I'll stay here. You must be tired."

"I'm not. Really."

"Of course you are. You work too much. And you're not having enough fun. There's the regimental hop next week. I've already talked to Sergeant Legnadier—ah—semiofficially, being the colonel's wife." Oh, yes, Mme. de Lubersac was a decisive woman who passed through life like a high wind. "You will be the sergeant's guest."

"I'd rather not go."

"Absolutely ridiculous, my dear! You're young and pretty. You *will* go!"

"But if I don't feel like it . . ."

"What's that? Don't feel like dancing—enjoying yourself—sipping a glass or two of decent champagne—having a little flirtation . . .?"

"No, madame."

A silence.

Then the older woman laughed slyly.

"I see it all!" she exclaimed. "Another man, eh? Back home. . . ."

Yes—Yvonne had echoed in her mind—another man. The only man.

But—*was* he back home? Had he returned to America? Had he forgotten her?

No, no, no! He couldn't have! He must be searching for her. Must, in the end, come to her!

And she wondered, Where is he? as he wondered, Where is she? . . .

COULD she be in savage distant Dou Van because a Paris gangster's moll had had a dream, and because an old nun had great faith in the Lord?

Gordon's brain shrank from belief. But he tried to find out.

So he communicated with the Saigon authorities. He stated what he wished to know; and a Eurasian clerk, tak- (Continued on page 28)

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

A YOUTH tries to shoot Captain Gordon McArdle while the latter is exhorting a vast throng in the New York Yankee Stadium on "Jesus the Lord of Peace." The would-be assassin is felled by an invisible power. Two writers present immediately sense a big story, and they meet a mysterious woman who discloses the vivid past of the evangelist.

Gordon McArdle ran away from his home in Virginia, lived by his wits, and became a captain in the World War. Serving in France, he fell in love with a pretty nurse, Yvonne Durand, and doubted her constancy. But she adored him.

After a decimating direct hit by the enemy, Gordon, crazed by horror, killed a German prisoner and took his heavy seal ring. Subsequently, when captured himself, this ring was identified by the slain man's father, Prince von Wittenberg-Kaisersmarck, who in terrific rage severed Gordon's finger.

The American was then sent to the worst of detention camps from which he was released at the armistice. While interned, a spiritual regeneration had begun in him. Freed, he sped to Paris to find his Yvonne, but discovered that she had had a baby—his child—and that both had vanished. Whither? In desperation, he decided to accept the clue of a dream that came to a girl—that Yvonne was in Dou Van in the remotest region of Indo-China.

Signing on as an A. B., he sailed for his goal halfway around the world and reached Saigon. While trekking into the interior he is bitten by a fugitive leper. The authorities told him he had to remain in an isolation hospital for at least sixteen months for observation, but he stays on for a period of ten years as Dr. Boulanger's helper with the leper patients. But his heart was with Yvonne. Repeatedly he wondered where she really was. Did she ever think of him?

Meanwhile Yvonne had been a scrubwoman in a Paris infant asylum so as to be near her little boy. No one knew her identity. Nor did she know which baby in the asylum was hers, but she remembered his strawberry-shaped birthmark. Then one morning she overheard Mme. Freycourt, the general supervisor, say of certain visitors:

"They have seen the lot and they insist on No. 357."

"I DROVE THE NEW PLYMOUTH —and that LUXURY RIDE is Simply Marvelous!"

PEOPLE BY THE THOUSANDS are getting excited about Plymouth's great *Luxury Ride*...and about its stunning new beauty and spaciousness!

This 1940 Plymouth is longer, wider...4 inches more seat width in front...10 cubic feet more interior space!

Notice the luxurious new feel in Plymouth's big Floating Power engine. Learn what new chassis engineering has done to riding smoothness and comfort.

See this great car...and take the Luxury Ride today!

SEE THE LOW-PRICED 1940 COMMERCIAL PICK-UP AND PANEL DELIVERY

NEW LUXURY EVERYWHERE

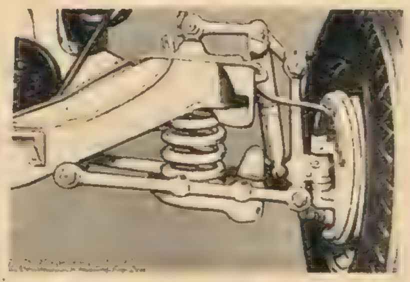
1. **Magnificent Styling**—new grace, luxury, distinction.
2. **Bigger Car** throughout—117" wheelbase, wider seats.
3. **Increased Vision** through larger safety glass windows and windshield.
4. **The Luxury Ride**—incredibly smooth, soft, restful.
5. **Superfinish** of vital parts assures longer life to the big Floating Power engine.
6. **Steering Post Gear Shift** standard on all models.

EASY TO BUY

Your present car will probably represent a large proportion of Plymouth's low delivered price...with the balance in surprisingly low monthly instalments.

MAJOR BOWES, C. B. S. NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9-10 P.M., E.S.T.

Steering Post Gear Shift at no extra cost on all models...plus new transmission and clutch.



Amola Steel Coil Springs are on even the lowest-priced Plymouth models at no extra cost.

1940 PLYMOUTH *The Low-Priced Beauty with the LUXURY RIDE*

CANAJOHARIE, N.Y.
FLAVOR-TOWN

"WE OUGHT TO TAKE THAT OLD SIGN DOWN AND CHANGE THE NAME TO FLAVOR-TOWN"

Seriously, though, Canajoharie, N. Y., can truly be called Flavor-Town. It is famous for the quality and flavor you'll find in Beech-Nut Gum. Try a package today. Your choice of six delicious varieties. Always refreshing and restful.

Beech-Nut

PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
BEECH-NUT BRAND CHEWING GUM
ALWAYS REFRESHING
TO OPEN USE TAB
BEECH-NUT GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVORED

One of America's GOOD habits

TRY ALL 6 OF OUR DELICIOUS FLAVORS

and see which you like the best. Besides the popular Peppermint, there are Beech-Nut Spearmint, Oralgum and 3 flavors of Beechies — Peppermint, Spearmint and Pepsin.

(Continued from page 26)

ing pity on Gordon, since he thought him a leper, made the necessary lengthy inquiries — it took weeks — and answered in detail. There was, he reported, only one French outpost in the border territory. A battalion of native infantry; its regular complement of commissioned and noncommissioned white officers; a dozen white women, the latter's wives—all but a maid, called Boissard, in the employment of Colonel and Mme. de Lubersac. Nobody by the name of Yvonne Durand.

Gordon wrote again. Was there, perhaps, a French trading station farther inland? Or a hospital that employed women nurses? The answer was in the negative. The other pointed out that Dou Van was at the back of the beyond, the jungle home of wild tribesmen where a step away from the protection of the Tricolor meant death. Yet Gordon's stubborn soul refused to give up. He tried the grapevine method.

But when he spoke to the native patients, they would shake their heads. Dou Van . . .? Oh, yes. They had heard of it. A terrible country, where demons roamed at will.

Nor were the French hospital attendants more helpful. The world, to them, was limited by the unclean brutality of their daily work, their hope of a pension and an old age spent happily in France, and an occasional furtive visit to a fetid Saigon dive. They knew nothing of Dou Van except that it was the stinking miasmic never-never land. But, since the American seemed to be anxious about a woman—listen, citizen!—there was that recently admitted yellow Tonkinese. Very young. Not bad looking. . . .

There was, finally, Gordon's good friend, Dr. Pierre Boulanger. One day, straight out, he told him what was on his mind, and the other asked:

"Didn't you say there was no woman in your case?"

"I lied. And—well—it was your fault that I did."

"Oh . . .?"

"Self-defense. You were so cocksure. So damned know-it-all."

"I do know—*almost* all. I ought to. I'm old enough."

"You talk as if you were Methuselah."

"Or, maybe, Judas—who can never die . . .?"

GORDON caught his breath. He stared at the other; saw a gray shadow fall away from him — the shadow of a man wearing sandals and long, loose robe—and heard, dimly, vaguely, the clink of silver coins.

Terror was at his throat. Then he pulled himself together. Touch of malaria. He'd take about twenty grains of quinine tonight. . . . He closed his eyes; opened them again. The physician was smiling at him; was asking:

"So you came here, to Indo-China, to look for a woman?"

"Like a fool. Hopeless task."

"Not at all." A short pause. "You'll find her."

"More of your blooming cocksureness, I take it? Tell me"—with a queer mingling of irony and eagerness — "when'll I find her? And where?"

"Where? I don't know. When? When the time comes. Not before."

Gordon gave a short harsh laugh.

"Trouble with you," was his ungracious comment, "is that you've spent too many years east of Suez. Got soaked in all this Oriental bilge. Salaaming to fate—eh . . .?"

"Yes and no. You see, the fate I believe in is of one's own doing, and one's own undoing."

"I suppose," sardonically, "you know what you mean?"

"I do. And so will you, my friend, in the course of the years. . . ."

THESE years went on while, gradually, the wonder in Gordon's heart —the nagging ticktock questions: "Where is Yvonne? How is she? Shall I ever see her again?" became less tense, less torturing.

Not that he was beginning to forget her. On the contrary, she was continuously in his mind.

But there came to him the conviction that he and she were at the mercy of a gigantic spiritual force that had a reason, a motivation. This spiritual force was like a wave. It swept them along on its crest. It brought keen anguish and pain, which—he was sure—were somehow necessary and which would inevitably bring joy and happiness as the ultimate result.

He was not always sure of it. There were moments when he was prey to his old dejection and despair.

But there were other moments—and they got to be more and more frequent—of far crystal-clear vision, when he seemed to gaze down upon his life, past, present, and future, as from a towering pinnacle. Moments when he understood that the wave of this spiritual force might fall indeed, might engulf Yvonne and him; but not forever; for it would flow on and carry them toward the calm mothering sea of eternity where balances were restored.

In the meantime his work—the decent, selfless work which he was doing in the isolation hospital—grew to be his entire worldly existence. It spread, in the course of the years, like a healing salve over his heart and soul and brain, as he noticed how the lepers, ignorant, superstitious, low-class Asiatics all, would look at him out of their doglike eyes when he came to them with food or drink or tobacco or medicine, or—since by now he had learned several of their dialects—with no more than a jest for the grouchy or a bit of highly spiced scandal for the ancient crones. And they would smile at him, would kowtow, would say that when he entered a room blithe happiness entered with him, and when he left, gray dullness returned. . . .

"Ah," mumbled an old peasant woman one morning, when Gordon was making the rounds with Dr. Boulanger—"the gods be between you and whatever harm!"

"*Hayah!*" cried a youth whose eyesight the disease had destroyed. "The eyes of my soul can see you! Can see your face—so beautiful and golden-clear!"

Dr. Boulanger laughed. He told the American:

"You've made quite a hit with the lad."

"One does what one can. So young—and blind—and never whines. Gosh, I feel sort of sorry for the poor doomed devil!"

"I guess," was the physician's comment, "that's what the good Samaritan remarked, 'the poor doomed devil,' in whatever language, Hebrew or Aramaic, he used."

Gordon frowned.

"Listen, Pierre!" he replied. "Mind cutting out the Sunday-school tripe?"

He turned to go. Then he stopped. Nor was it disgust which twisted his face, but embarrassment and self-consciousness, when a native patient—Cham Thang was his name, and once he had been a notorious Tonkinese river pirate—bowed deeply.

"By the Buddha of the Light without Measure!" exclaimed the old pirate. "But there lived never the like of you, O king! Neither in the East nor in the West! Neither in the South nor in the North! Neither on the seven blue waters nor on the seven brown hills!"

And again, to the American's annoyance, Dr. Boulanger laughed softly. . . .

IT was this same Cham Thang who, after a while, became Gordon's best friend among the patients. He was less bovine than the others, less earthbound and supine—perhaps thanks to his bygone murderous career.

For in former years, according to his own unvarnished and quite truthful account, the man had been guilty of practically every single last crime on the calendar. He had lived a life—so he put it—as full of wickedness as an old turban is of vermin and a Buddhist monk of wiles. He had enjoyed this life thoroughly and shamelessly. Yet today, an incurable leper in the worst stages of the disease, he was not unhappy, nor did he complain.

"*Wah,*" he demanded, "why should I? Must we not pay for everything—for the bread we eat, the wine we drink, the women we embrace, the men we kill? Eleven times I killed. . . ." He interrupted himself. "No, no! Twelve times! There was also that Japanese pearl diver whose nose I sliced off, for sufficient reason, and who afterward committed suicide because his wife laughed at him. I might," he asked seriously, "be permitted to include him?"

Gordon was amused in spite of himself.

"Shouldn't wonder," he agreed. "Seems perfectly fair to me."

"Be pleased, furthermore," the

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Better tobacco for both

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other continued, "to consider the women. The countless women who enjoyed my embraces. Some of them were willing, and some were not, though—I assure you upon my honor! —they were usually willing enough after the first. And consider, also, the houses and barns which I put to the torch, the river boats which I scuttled, the grand treasure to which I helped myself—and which I spent recklessly, gloriously, having always been famed for my splendid generosity. I can claim—nor is it an empty boast—that I have sinned every sin known to either men or demons. Mightily indeed have I sinned. And now, as mightily, must I pay for my sins. It is just and proper, O king. It is the wheel of life, the wheel of the gods. And I, for one, would not have it different."

Gordon looked at him.

The hoary old scoundrel, he reflected. Yet somehow the man had acquired a harmony of outlook; a sense, if a vicarious one, of the true values of life; an almost spiritual understanding expressed in his words:

"I must pay for my sins. It is just and proper."

Just and proper, Gordon echoed in his mind, in his own case too. Just and proper that he should atone for the evils which his heart and hands had wrought.

And there flashed through his brain the knowledge that all sins were forgiven if one paid, if one was willing and eager to pay, willing and eager to suffer, not for the sake of self-flagellation, which was no better than pride, but for the sake of eternal justice; and that only if one shrank from paying—or, rather, if one paid under compulsion, unwilling to admit that sin *was* sin and, as such, must be exculpated—was one guilty of the one terrible and unforgivable deed: blasphemy against the Holy Ghost.

NO doubt of it—Gordon paid in the course of the long years that he spent in the isolation hospital on the outskirts of Saigon.

Not by catching the disease. He was, as Dr. Boulanger's tests proved, immune. So here was one cross which he did not have to carry.

But in all else he trod the daily bloody road toward Gethsemane. Trod it of his own free will.

Part of his suffering was positive, part negative.

The latter part consisted in the things—the small, maybe petty, and so terribly important things—which he did not have. The American things, taken for granted by the millions in the United States, and, chiefly, the seeing of friendly home faces, the hearing of friendly home talk, plain salty American talk.

Perhaps the negative suffering was worse than the positive. Worse than the massive, enormous, brutish heat which dried tissue and marrow; the flying and crawling horrors that sucked and tainted the blood; the fetid noisome reek of tropical corruption that lay over everything like a sodden blanket.

Yet Gordon remained. He worked among the lepers, though never for a single moment was he able to overcome his repugnance, his utter sick loathing at the contact. Indeed, he cherished this loathing like a precious gift. It was to him a sign and reckoning, day by day, month by month, year by year, of his atonement.

Not that he expressed it to himself in precisely those terms. What he did feel was that whatever he did unselfishly for others, whatever he suffered without too much complaint, would in the end bring him nearer to his goal; nearer to Yvonne.

Yes. Some day he would find her. When the time came—as Dr. Pierre Boulanger had said—not before.

But when he did find her, or, at least, found trace of her, he discovered that he had already lost her—to the jungle, the coiling merciless Dou Van wilderness. And that was late one afternoon when one of the internes gave him a Saigon daily, and Gordon read the headlines; saw a blurred badly reproduced newspaper cut. . . .

What are in those headlines of the Saigon daily for Gordon to read? How has it come about that the pitiless jungle now holds Yvonne in its depths? Will he take her trail—find her? Or—? You must get next week's Liberty for thrilling answers.

WHO'S THE HERO OF EVERY GAME?

Not the man who makes the goal—not the boys who buck the line—but *energy*. In play or work everyone needs it. Baby Ruth, rich in Dextrose is a real source of food-energy. It's fine candy—and fine food for young and old. Have you had a bar lately?

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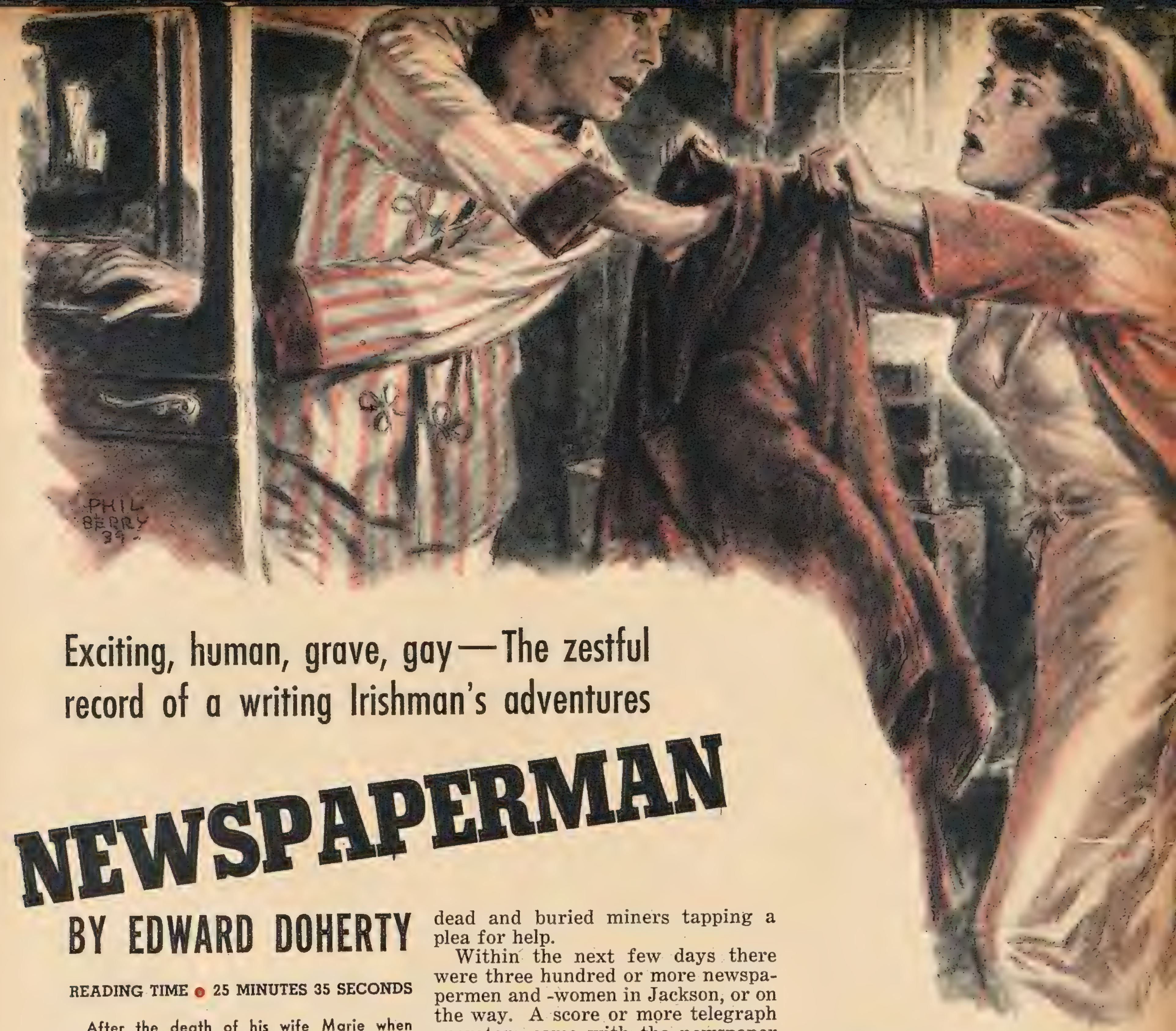


Exciting, human, grave, gay—The zestful record of a writing Irishman's adventures

NEWSPAPERMAN

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

After the death of his wife Marie when their son Eddie Junior was less than two years old, Eddie Senior married Mildred Frisby, a lovely young reporter. Soon after Mildred's baby—another boy—was born, he got a chance to go to Mexico and work on the Tampico Tribune. Mildred and the baby went down later, but when the child became ill, Eddie gave up his job and took his little family back to Chicago.

For a time he worked again on the Chicago Tribune. Then he was sent to California to attend the Arbuckle and Oberchain and Burch trials, to write articles exposing the lurid life of the movie colony, and to cover any other stories that broke on the West Coast.

PART NINE—SORROW . . AND SUCCESS

THE most dramatic story I covered during the three years I was with the Tribune's Western bureau, was the Argonaut mine disaster in Jackson, California. There had been an explosion. Forty-seven men were trapped a mile or more below the surface of the earth, buried in a gold-specked tomb. A week later the startling news was flashed throughout the state that somebody had heard those dead and buried miners tapping a plea for help.

Within the next few days there were three hundred or more newspapermen and -women in Jackson, or on the way. A score or more telegraph operators came with the newspaper army, and more photographers than I could count. The telegraphers set up their wires in the only locations available—the honky-tonks of the gold-rush days. Those dives looked exactly like movie sets—even to the walrus-mustached bartenders and the dancing girls in their high-low costumes. Here most of us wrote our stories while music played and men and women danced and whooped and drank. It was in the prohibition era, but Jackson had never heard of prohibition.

At the shaft of the Argonaut mine you'd find women and men standing all day, not weeping, not talking, scarcely moving, wives and mothers and brothers and fathers; people dead to every emotion but hope. Sometimes a woman would break, would scream and run away blindly.

There were picture-stories to write, so that newspaper readers might visualize the rescuers at work, inching their way through green rock and walls of gold, drilling, blasting, mucking out. Paragraphs like this:

I rushed out to the garage in my pajamas and bedroom slippers. Mildred brought me an overcoat.

> One of the shifts has just come up. They are battered and dirty and worn, some of them with not enough energy left to put out the lights in their lamps. Their overalls are soaking. Their bare chests glisten with sweat. They stumble out of the skip, but they smile. They have done good work, the best that could be done in six hours of terrible heat and powder fumes in a place where a man can scarcely stand erect. . . . See how their shoulders droop—as though they had been trying to push away the rock with them.

The greatest element in the story was the suspense that blessed it, the suspense that grew with the days. What would the rescuers find when

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BERRY

they came to the end of their tunnel?

I was selected to stay in the foreman's shack, get the news as it came up, write it in bulletin form, and read it aloud to the gang. I was chosen because I represented the paper farthest from the spot, and so might be adjudged the least likely to attempt any dirty work.

At the thirty-ninth hour of my vigil there was a call from the mine for stretchers and for rubber gloves. That was all. I read the news to the crowd. We realized that all the men were dead.

I sat at my typewriter and began to write.

Another reporter took up the post I'd deserted, and came running out to us.

"They've found forty-six bodies. They died of gas, a few minutes after the explosion. They did their best to keep the gas out. They huddled in a little niche, and made a door with their clothing. One of them, a guy named Fessel, wrote on the granite wall with the flame of his miner's lamp. Here's what he wrote. 'Gas is getting stronger. FESSEL.'"

"The other body wasn't found?"

"No."

Later we learned that Fessel's body was not among the forty-six. When they found Fessel he was a skeleton. On his finger was one of those rings that contain poison. You pull a catch. A segment of the ring opens. You spill the poison into your mouth and drop dead.

THE year 1924 started out with a rush of news to the headlines. In the morning of New Year's Day I covered the Rose Festival in Pasadena. In the afternoon I covered the East-West football game in the Rose Bowl. I drove home and went to bed early. At ten o'clock the night desk of the Times got me out of bed.

"Better get down here, Eddie. Mabel Normand's chauffeur just shot a guy named Cortland Dines, a big shot from Denver. He's at the Receiving Hospital. Mabel and Edna Purviance are being questioned."

I rushed out to the garage in my pajamas and bedroom slippers. Mildred brought me an overcoat.

I got to the hospital as the cops escorted Mabel and Edna to Dines' bedside. I listened for a time, asked the cops a few questions, and batted out a story in time to catch the final edition.

The next day I got a wire from E. S. Beck: "Your story was a scream. Your work has been good. You are hereby raised to $95 a week."

Shortly after Mabel's chauffeur was disposed of by the courts, Mabel went to a hospital. Her friend and attorney, Milton Cohen, asked if I wouldn't go to see her.

"So this is Eddie Doherty," Mabel said, when I went in. "I wouldn't have believed it. Come here and kiss me, to show you forgive me."

I kissed her first, then asked what she had done that I should forgive her. "If anybody should be forgiven," I said, "it's me. I've hurt you, Mabel, haven't I?"

"Yes, you hurt me. Eddie, I thought you were the devil himself, because you always quoted me exactly as I talked. Now I see you're a nice Irish Catholic boy; and I'll bet your mother makes you go to church when you're home, doesn't she? Like mine. Let's be friends."

We were friends until she died, and I had several opportunities to say nice things about her while she lived. So did Mildred, who was then writing a column called Hollywood Society. She wrote under the name of Mildred Spain.

We were walking down Hollywood Boulevard one afternoon when she saw the name of George E. Spain on a signboard. "That's the name I want," she said. "From now on I'm Mildred Spain to you, Mr. Doherty."

"A great name," I said. "It fits you. Sunny Spain. I am pleased to make your acquaintance, Mildred Spain."

Thereafter she was Spain to me—or Spanish—for the Spanish woman.

A BATCH of other good stories broke that year. One of them was the fact that Wally Reid, the idol of millions of movie fans, was in a sanitarium, a victim of morphine and alcohol—a story which only three papers in the country printed—the Los Angeles Times, the Chicago Tribune, and the New York News.

Closely following that was the murder of Alberta Meadows. Mrs. Clara Phillips killed her in a jealous rage, beating in her head with a hammer. Mrs. Phillips was jailed. She escaped and fled to Honduras, and might be there yet if she'd had money enough to finance her stay.

Shortly after the Clara Phillips story the managing editor of the Examiner offered me a job. He said that Victor Watson, head of the New York American, wanted me in the Hearst organization. He said I could get $125 a week.

"No, thanks," I said.

"One hundred and fifty."

"No, thanks."

"Then name your own salary."

"Huh?" Nobody had ever said that to me before.

"Two hundred. Anything you want. Look. Here's a wire from Watson. He says, 'Believe Doherty can become one of our stars.'"

"I could," I said. "But I won't. It means a lot to me to be a Tribune man."

The tragedy of Wally Reid's death convinced the doubters that I hadn't been faking when I said some movie stars were drunkards and dope fiends; it brought about the reformation Captain Patterson had predicted, and it put a period to my sentence in Los Angeles.

Will Hays, elected to clean up the movies, came to California. The news slumped. Months went by and I didn't write a line. I was on a shelf and getting dusty.

"Let's get out of here," I said to Mildred. "I'll write my friend Phil Payne and see if he can use me on the News in New York."

SPRING limped through southern California on dusty feet and trampled brown the winter green of the hills. The plague of idleness continued. There was no news from Phil Payne. I had begun to believe I was doomed to spend the rest of my life in Hollywood, when I got a wire from Beck, shifting me to New York.

"This is in no sense a demotion," Beck wired me. "Your salary will be $110 a week, and there will be opportunity for Mrs. Doherty to become the moving-picture critic."

I arrived in New York alone—as advance man for the family—late in May of 1924. Payne and I dined together in Whyte's, and he outlined the situation.

"We have a small staff. Our star reporters are Julie Harpman, wife of Westbrook Pegler, and Imogene Stanley. You'll be the star male reporter."

Curiously enough, we were speaking of Imogene Wilson, the most beautiful show girl in New York, and of Frank Tinney, Broadway's funniest comedian, as we walked back to the office after dinner. A few nights previously Imogene had thrown a suicide party for a group of her friends. She was going to die, she said, because Tinney didn't love her any more. She seated her beautiful body in a throne chair and swallowed something that might have been poison and might have been a bread pill.

Her friends carried her joyously to a hospital. A doctor with a stomach pump gave her back to a laughing world and the mercies of the New York press.

"All she got was a squib, even in the News," Payne said. "But she's worth more than that. There's a good story there, Eddie."

Phil's phone was ringing as we entered the office.

"You answer it, Eddie," he said. "You be the managing editor of the News for awhile."

He wanted to give me a thrill, bless him. As it turned out, I was the one who gave the thrill. What he heard was something like this:

"Hello. . . . Yes, yes, this is Payne. . . . Yes. Come right down. . . . Yes, immediately. . . . Yes, I'll have him here. . . . Oh, no. Money's no object. What's expense to the News?"

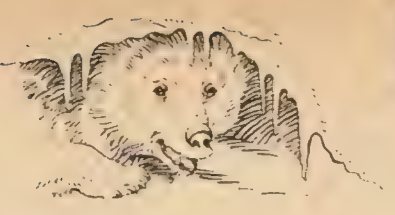
A look of grave concern, even of fear, wrinkled Payne's features. "Who is it, Eddie? What's this about money? You better let me talk."

"Yes, yes," I went on, "I'll have him here too. . . . Of course. I'll be expecting you." I hung up.

"Well?"

"That was Imogene Wilson. Tinney beat her. Then he got drunk and went to bed. She's dressed herself in his clothes. Her maid Carrie's with her, carrying Tinney's shoes. They're coming

(Continued on page 36)



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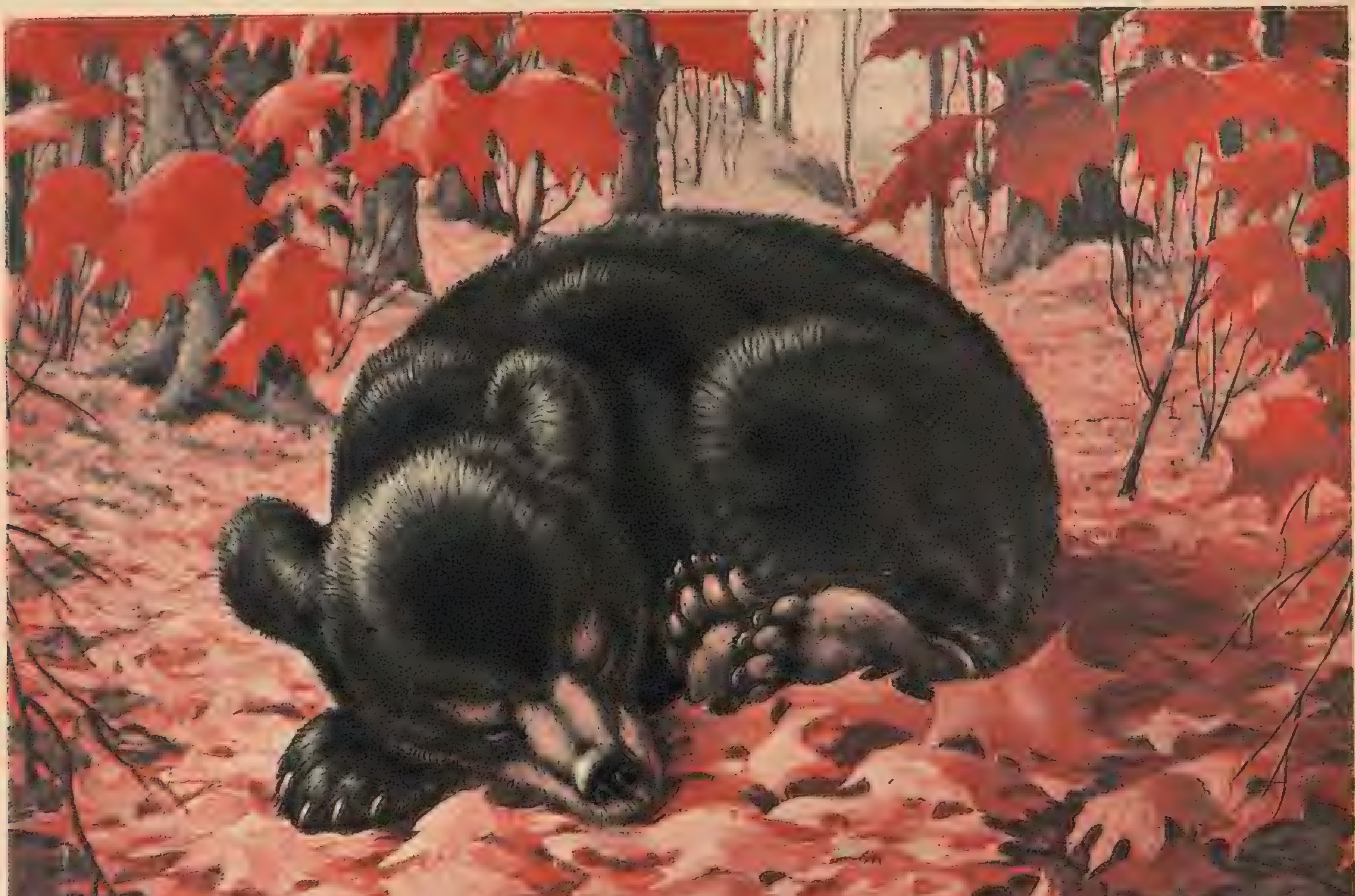

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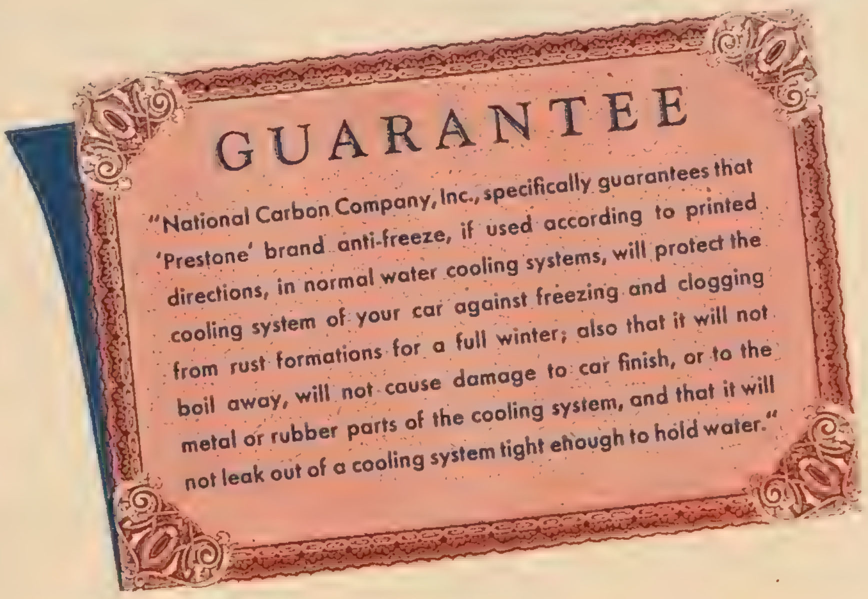

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AND FORGET WINTER WORRIES!

(Continued from page 32)

here. Imogene will talk. But she wants a doctor here. And she wants Mark Hellinger. Who's Hellinger? I promised he'd be here."

Imogene arrived. The doctor arrived. Hellinger arrived. Imogene talked. I wrote the story. And, after the paper had gone to press, Payne and I took the wilted lily home.

When we went in, Tinney, in his underwear, was sound asleep. I roused him. He came to life with a grin and a stream of wisecracks that made Payne and me hold our sides.

Imogene sat on the bureau and rested her feet on the edge of the bed. "Frank," she cooed, "you're the sweetest boy in the world, and I love you. But I've ruined you tonight."

Tinney dressed and left us after an hour or so. He returned soon with a man who seemed to be eight feet tall. I took him to be Tinney's bodyguard, and punched him in the stomach. He insisted he wasn't a fighter, just a friend. He had given Tinney two dollars. "Beat it," I said. "You bet I will," he answered. Then I told Tinney to beat it. But he wouldn't. So I picked him up and threw him down the stairs, an act that endeared me to Edna Tinney, his wife.

IT was great to have the Spanish woman in the office with me every day. And Jack Jim with her. It brought back memories of our first days together in the Chicago American city room, made us relive them. I courted her all over again. I pretended sometimes that she was a widow with a little boy. "Hard-to-Make Mildred," I called her. I sent her notes by Jack Jim—the youngest office boy the News ever had. And by Jack Jim she answered.

Yet I spent more time out of New York than in it. I was sent to Chicago to cover the trial of Leopold and Loeb for the kidnap and murder of little Bobby Franks. I was assigned to cover the funeral services for Calvin Coolidge, Jr., held in the White House, and his burial on the side of a sweet green hill in Vermont.

I was in Pennsylvania, covering a murder trial, when I learned Jack Jim was sick. It was infantile paralysis. It affected both his legs.

"It's my fault!" Mildred cried, when the doctor had made his diagnosis. "I didn't know. I've killed him. I've ruined his life. He'll never walk or run again. And it's my fault."

Terror and anguish distorted her face.

"The hand of God!" she screamed. "I knew God would curse me for letting you marry me. I knew it!"

She fell on her knees, weeping and praying.

"It's nobody's fault, Spanish," I said, trying to comfort her somehow. "I'll get the best doctors in the world, darling. I'll get nurses and masseurs. We'll make him walk, Spanish. We'll make him run. I know we will."

I stopped, remembering with a feeling of despair that I had said all this once before. I had promised to cure her shoulder and her back. I had sworn to relieve her of pain. And pain still rode her, had always ridden her.

"All we can do is pray," she said. But I could not pray.

I asked Payne for a raise. He shook his head sadly. He was sorry, he said, but he couldn't give me even five dollars more than I was getting. His budget wouldn't stand it.

I sat up late every night writing stories. Two or three I sold to McClure's Magazine. Ten or a dozen were bought by the Daily News, at twenty-five dollars apiece. I obtained a masseur, nurses, the best orthopedic surgeon I could find—Dr. John J. Nutt.

"What the child needs most," said Dr. Nutt, "is salt-water bathing. You ought to buy a house somewhere near Long Island Sound, so he can have the benefit of the water all summer long. He'll learn to use those legs again."

"O. K.," I said. "I'll get the house."

I realized I couldn't make enough money writing fiction. I wasn't any O. Henry. I was a newspaperman. "If that Hearst job is still open," I told Mildred, "I'll take it. A guy named Gene Fowler's managing editor of the American now. You remember Walter Howey? He's running the Mirror. He's Hearst's white-haired boy in New York. He put Fowler in."

"You're going to see Walter Howey?"

"No. You may get a job, asking for it. But you don't get any money. I'm going to ask Imogene Stanley to see Fowler and tell him that now is the time to grab Eddie Doherty, if Hearst still wants him."

FOWLER had a contract ready for me to sign when he sent for me. It was for $200 a week, and everything went black before my eyes.

"It's a straight contract for two years, and it makes you the battleship of the American," Gene said. "You'll love the shop, Eddie."

I was the battleship of the New York American perhaps, but I was in dry dock most of the time. I had only a few friends in the local room. The city editor was not one of them.

Most of the staff ignored me, or made remarks I was supposed to overhear: "Can you see why Fowler fired six guys to give that so-and-so a job?" "He must have something on Hearst." "Look, the great Eddie Doherty! Earning two hundred a week by keeping his feet on the desk. Can you beat it?" "Ten thousand bucks a year, and I'll bet he can't even spell petunia."

I was tough and I could take it. And I kept my feet on the desk, because there was nothing else to do. I was given no assignments. Ralph Fry, the assistant city editor, dumped a pile of Press Association copy on my desk every so often, and spoke a few gruff words: "Some more No. 3 heads, Mr. Doherty. At your leisure."

That crack about my leisure was supposed to be sarcasm.

"Thank you, Mr. Fry." I always smiled sweetly at him, trying to aggravate him. It was several weeks before I saw that the man was a fraud. That ill nature of his was pure sham. He was doing only what he was told to do.

What did it matter how I was treated in the office? The American was helping me to save my son's legs, and to fill his bedroom with toys, picture books, puzzles, and everything else I thought would amuse him.

He was walking at this time, his right leg in a heavy steel brace.

A SHORT time after I went on the American some bad news came from Chicago. Blanche had been taken to a hospital for an emergency operation, and was not expected to live. Blanche was Mildred's younger sister.

It was late when the news came. We bundled Jack Jim into his warmest clothes, took the subway downtown from our home in the Bronx, and caught a train for Chicago. The train was snowbound and got in seventeen hours late. Blanche had died during the night.

Months afterward Mildred woke out of a dream one morning and shook me awake. "Mrs. Ryan is dead," she said. "Marie told me. She came to me, all dressed in white. Oh, she was lovely, Eddie. I knew her. And I loved her as soon as I saw her."

An hour later my mother phoned. Mrs. Ryan had died of cancer.

So Eddie Junior came back to me. It was on his eighth birthday, July 11, 1925.

I was then city editor of the American. The change in my job—and in the attitude of some of the gang—occurred when Gene Fowler wearied of my duel with the city desk.

"Eddie," he said, "from now on you handle the staff."

"What's become of—"

"Your best pal and your severest critic? He's gone. You've got his job. That's the way it is on the Hearst papers. You get a man who can write, and you make an editor of him."

I didn't think I'd like being city editor, but I did. I let my assistants do most of the work, Ralph Fry, Bill Ryan, Johnny O'Donnell, and Pete Campbell. I came to the office at one o'clock in the afternoon, looked at the assignment book, asked a few questions, and went out to lunch for an hour or so. From three o'clock until five I read stories written, or rewritten, by the staff. At five o'clock I attended the make-up conference in Fowler's office. At six o'clock I went home. Frequently I rewrote somebody's story. I couldn't help it, I guess. I might be city editor, but I was still a rewrite man.

I didn't have to rewrite many stories. I had the best staff, I believe, that was ever assembled at one time in any local room; and they made the American the most interesting paper in the East.

It was a crazy, wonderful, joyous shop. There was such a lighthearted atmosphere in the local room that the boys and girls hated to leave it. Some of them came to work even when they were sick.

The circulation went up for the first time in years. Up, and up, and up. Gene shook his head as he looked at the figures.

" No good will come of this, Eddie," he warned me. " We're putting on circulation too fast. We're showing up the graybeards. They'll cut our throats yet."

One evening, as I was going home, Gene called me into his office.

" Better stick around, Ed," he said. " The old man's coming in tonight to see me and you. We should be honored. He hasn't paid a visit to this dump in eight thousand years. I have a hunch that all is lousy."

Mr. Hearst was genial. He praised us. He praised the paper. He liked everything about it, he asserted. It was the breeziest paper in all his chain of papers, the best written, the most interesting. He shook hands with us, congratulated us, and left.

" I'm going to Egypt, Eddie," Gene said. " Where are you going? "

" What do you mean? The old man's going to fire us? "

" He was too damn nice to us, don't you think? We're on the skids. The graybeards have won."

IT wasn't long until Hearst sent a newspaper doctor from San Francisco to take charge of the American. He kicked out most of our features. He made the paper over several times a night, aping all the other papers. The circulation started down, and down, and down.

I was sitting peacefully at my desk, my hat on, my feet on the blotter, when the doctor came to look me over.

" Mr. Doherty," he said, " a city editor shouldn't wear his hat in the office, he shouldn't put his feet on the desk. And he should wear spurs."

" Meaning I should ride this gang? "

" Meaning just that."

I took my feet off the desk but kept my hat on. " Will you excuse me a minute? " I asked. I went into Gene Fowler's office and resigned. Gene grinned.

" If I were you," he said, " I'd go to the Mirror. How do you stand with Payne? "

Payne had left the News and had succeeded Walter Howey as managing editor of the Mirror. I went to the Mirror. Fowler went to Egypt. Which of us had the more fun I can't say.

I worked only a year or so on the Mirror; but I acquired the reputation as a super-reporter and a Broadway authority. I broke the biggest stories of the day—the girl in the bathtub at the Earl Carroll party, the " Daddy " Browning series, the marriage of Irving Berlin and Ellin Mackay,

Oh Boy! Did we have Fun!

1 **What? Oh, yes,** it did *sprinkle* a bit! But what's a little rain when your old alma mater downs her traditional football rival for the first time in 6 years! It was the kind of game you read about—a tricky double-pass in the last 15 seconds resulted in the winning touchdown!

2 **"This is our night to howl!"** Don yells, as we're tearing down the enemy's goal posts. "Let's take these souvenirs over to the hotel and Double Our Enjoyment with a spot—or maybe *two*—of TEN HIGH."

3 **"Sounds like a football signal!"** I wisecrack, as that TEN HIGH makes a smooth touchdown! "It *is* the signal for the whiskey with No Rough Edges," says Don. "That's because it's distilled under doubly careful control. That's *another double play* that can't be beat!"

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WILL YOUR SCALP STAND THE FINGERNAIL TEST?

"Ah there, Bertram! Will your SCALP pass the FINGERNAIL TEST?"

I WAS NEVER so mortified in my life! There I sat in what I had been assured was a respectable restaurant, when this entertainer brazenly mussed up my hair!

"NO OFFENSE," she apologized, "but if you'd see your barber . . . and trade in that necktie . . . you could quit this solitary drinking!" Somewhat dazed, I ran my fingers through my hair . . . and was shocked at the condition of my scalp!

"DID YOU EVER," I asked my barber, "hear of the Fingernail Test?" "Sure!" he replied, "that's how you get wise to dandruff. If your fingernails show gummy scales, you got somethin' goin' on beneath your hair that hadn't ought to be there!"

"ALL YOU DO," he explained, "is use this 3-Action Wildroot-with-Oil! The old Wildroot formula that's been chasin' dandruff scales for 30 years, plus pure *vegetable* oils that keep hair well groomed but *can't* build up grease on your scalp!"

AMAZING what self-confidence a clean scalp and a well-groomed head inspire! The young lady at the night club actually condescends to sit and drink with me! All I am, I owe to Wildroot-with-Oil.

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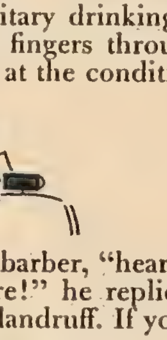

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IMPORTANT: *Wildroot Hair Tonic, original formula, used by millions who prefer a non-oily tonic, on sale everywhere!*

and the doings of Peggy Hopkins Joyce. After midnight I traveled through the night clubs with two other Broadway specialists, Walter Winchell and Mark Hellinger.

But my reputation was phony. I dug up none of the stories I wrote. Payne was the man with the hoe. My managing editor and friend was my leg man.

I returned to the News when my contract with Hearst expired. I worked on the paper only six months. My last stories were of Lindbergh's return to America after his flight to Paris. Miss Ethel Barrymore wrote Patterson about them. Patterson gave me a bonus of $250, and put me on the staff of Liberty Magazine.

AT last I had reached the top, I thought. The climbing was done. It had been a long climb, and I had loved it, every step of it. I'd never get a better job. There were no better jobs. I'd never get any more money. I was getting the limit.

I was wrong about one thing—the money. Mr. Patterson called up and asked what he was paying me. When I told him, he said, "Oh, I guess I forgot." He added, "How about $17,500 a year? That all right?"

Sidney McNeil Sutherland, Norman S. Hall, and I were the staff of Liberty when I reported, on July 5, 1927. Later Richard Carroll, Grace Robinson, and Irene Kuhn joined us. Ronald Millar was executive editor, an old friend of mine. He greeted me solemnly and spoke to me as though we'd never met before.

"Now, Mr. Doherty, I must say a word about expenses. We expect our young men to dress well. We expect them to rent a suite in the best hotel when they cover out-of-town assignments, to ride in nothing but limousines, and to buy a bottle or two of whisky for their friends. We expect them to entertain lavishly wherever they may be on Liberty's business. In the matter of expenses, Mr. Doherty, let your conscience be your guide. If you have no conscience, that's our tough luck."

It was impossible to tell whether Ronnie meant what he said, or whether he was attempting irony. I chose to think he meant it. I never hired a suite in a hotel, I seldom hired a limousine, yet I spent thousands and thousands of Liberty's dollars in other ways, and spent them with never a qualm.

I spent $5,000 to get one article for the magazine. That was a story about diamonds, how they are cut and polished, how they are sold in the marts of Paris and London, how they are smuggled into the United States.

Mildred and Jack accompanied me abroad on this trip. Eddie Junior, fearing he might miss a grade in school, stayed at home. We spent Thanksgiving Day in London, Christmas in Paris, New Year's Day in Amsterdam, and most of January and February in the south of France and the north of Italy.

That was Liberty Magazine. All the time a man needed to get a story. All the money he required. Write the stuff at your leisure. Put in your expense account whenever you got around to it.

I wrote articles and fiction stories. I wrote the life of the actress, Jeanne Eagels, which was later published as a book under the title of The Rain Girl. I wrote serials. They were written to order—and so practically sold before I began them.

"Eddie, I have a swell idea for a story. There's a penthouse on the roof of a New York skyscraper. A private elevator runs up to it. Maybe there's a gambling club up there, or a gilded speakeasy. That's your story. Stick in a heroine—from a small town. She comes to New York and gets a job of some kind in the penthouse. Maybe she's a singer. She's surrounded by racketeers—and don't paint them subtly, Eddie. Paint the villain black and the hero and heroine white as snow. The small-town boy comes to save her. I want a serial. A book. A murder mystery."

Every week I wrote an installment of five or six thousand words, working at home. Loren Palmer, the fiction editor, told me to alter this situation, omit that, build up this scene, strengthen a bit of dialogue. Every week he asked, "How's it going to end?" I had one stock answer: "I don't know. I thought it would be a good idea not to know. If I don't know how everything's going to come out, neither will the reader."

I used the same method in writing The Diamond Eye, groping in mental darkness toward the right goal.

It was a lousy method.

I wrote the serials at my home in Larchmont, going into the office only to deliver a manuscript, or to receive another assignment. My hours were my own. If I wanted to take a day off and putter about the garden, that was all right with me. I was my own boss—and quite an indulgent one.

YET Captain Patterson was even nicer to me than I was to myself. "Eddie, would you mind going to Europe again? I want to know if they're selling liquor on the United States Lines ships. Suppose you hop the Leviathan, drink your way across the Atlantic, and drink it back on the same ship.

"Thousands of Americans are going abroad on foreign ships, simply because they know they can get all the drinks they want. Naturally our boats are losing money. Maybe we can help American shipping."

That meant four days and nights of wassail on the high seas, and thirty-six hours in Paris, drinking ironworkers' cocktails with "Buck" Buchanan of the Paris Herald. Then the damp trip home, setting them up for everybody until we reached the twelve-mile limit.

"Eddie, I think we ought to have a story showing how the Sicilian Mafia spawned many of our worst gangsters. You'd better go to Sicily, steep yourself in the atmosphere, get the feel of the story. Make a tour of Sicily. Hire a car and a chauffeur, and an interpreter and a guide. You might talk to Mussolini, if you care to. And be sure to drink some of that Lachryma Christi wine."

Jack Jim had returned from the Polyclinic Hospital after an operation to shorten the Achilles tendon. His right leg was in a heavy plaster cast. I couldn't take him with me. I couldn't take Mildred from him.

I spent a week in Sicily with my chauffeur and my interpreter and guide. Then I went to Rome.

Tom Morgan of the United Press helped me to obtain an audience with Mussolini. Il Duce autographed two pictures, talked to me half an hour, and—placing a friendly arm about my shoulders—told me everything I'd done since I landed in Italy. He even repeated bits of conversation I'd exchanged with various men.

I took the night train to Paris, and the first steamer home. As the liner nosed into her slip in New York I saw a boy in a leather coat walking up and down the pier. Walking! Could that be Jack Jim?

He saw me. He shouted to me.

"Hey, Ed! I can walk!"

The tears streamed down my cheeks. The miracle had happened. He could walk without a brace.

"God," I murmured, "from the bottom of my hoodlum soul I thank You."

Patterson greeted me cheerily when I came into the office, and asked two questions: "Did you have a good time? Did you like that Lachryma Christi wine?"

The life was too good to last. On April Fools' Day, 1931, Patterson called us into his office, the editors and the staff writers. He was grave and unsmiling.

"I asked you here," he said, "to tell you that Liberty has made a deal with the Macfadden Publications. They'll take over Liberty, and we'll take over their paper in Detroit. We can't make a go of the magazine. We've lost thirteen million dollars on it. Bernarr Macfadden can't make a go of the Detroit Mirror. It just shows we're not magazine men, and they are; we're newspapermen, and they aren't.

"I'm sorry to say good-by to all of you. But there's nothing else I can do. I'm not worried about you, though. You'll get other jobs. What does worry me is what's to become of the other Liberty boys and girls. Will Macfadden take over our Miss Smith and Mr. Jones? I don't know. If he doesn't, I'll have to."

WHEN I went back to Liberty to say so-long to the gang, Patterson asked me to join the staff of the Daily News.

"Your salary will be the same. You'll write the life of Jimmy Walker."

Mildred read my first day's story on Walker and made no comments.

"You don't like it?" I asked.

She sat down on the rug and gazed

Just one thing comes between 'em!

SO often these days, you'll see Dad and Son helping themselves from the same big red tin of Union Leader. Dad tamping it into his favorite pipe. Son rolling it into crisp, fresh cigarettes.

Dad's tried 'em all . . . but for sheer, downright mellowness and soul-satisfying flavor, he always comes back to Union Leader's hill-grown Kentucky Burley! Son, though he's new to smoking, likes the bland mildness and freedom from bite that are due to Union Leader's long-aging and special processing.

Well, they're *both* right! Union Leader *is* packed with flavor . . . yet tolerant to your tongue. Try a tin today and see how one small dime can bring you today's biggest tobacco value!

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FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTE

into the fire in the grate. She didn't speak for a long time.

Then she said, "Do you remember the butterfly story you wrote for the Tribune, after we came back from Mexico?"

She went into my study, found an old scrapbook, and returned to me. "You didn't sign this story and everybody in Chicago wanted to know who wrote it. Fred Pasley, who was then running the Line o' Type column in the Trib, told them the next day. Do you remember that?" She began to read:

"'A red fleet sailed over Chicago yesterday, a fleet of butterflies, live airplanes, dipping, slipping, sliding, gliding, skimming, swimming everywhere. . . .'"

She read on, about the "red-winged ships" dancing over the South Side, over the West Side, over the Loop on a Sunday in early autumn. And when she had finished, she looked up at me with tears in her eyes.

"I'd give my soul if I could write like that," she whispered. "But you—you've forgotten."

I started to put my arms about her. She sprang up and stood looking down at me, her face angry and troubled.

"That was the real Eddie Doherty writing," she said, her voice rising a little. "What's happened to him? Why doesn't he still write like that?"

I couldn't answer.

"I'll tell you what's happened to him," she went on. "He's got fatheaded. He's spoiled. Too much money. Too much leisure. Too much praise. He doesn't have to do anything any more. Everybody kowtows to him. He's the great Eddie Doherty, isn't he? He can't do anything wrong. Good reporters look up to him in awe—and so do good editors. They don't know he's forgotten how to write. He doesn't know it himself."

Suddenly she was down on the rug again, crying on my shoulder.

"Forgive me, Eddie. I didn't want to say it. But I had to. It's been bottled up too long. I know I'm all wrong. I know I'm going crazy, and you know it too. Don't pay any attention to me, darling. I'm a fool."

"No," I said. "You're right. I can't write like that any more. At least I don't seem to be doing it. I am a fathead. I am spoiled. But what can I do?"

"Quit," she said.

"Quit Patterson?"

"Yes. Go to Hearst, where even your best friends won't tell you when they're going to shove the knife into your back. They'll put you at the meanest kind of work. Maybe they'll make a man out of you, Eddie. Maybe you'll learn to write again, as you used to write. The hard way's your way—but, damn you, nobody makes it hard for you."

"O. K., honey," I said. "I'll quit. As soon as I finish the Walker story, I'll quit."

Her mind was troubled at this time, had been troubled ever since her operation. She believed everybody was saying bitter things about her. She believed she had only one friend in the world: Me. And she was convinced she was hurting me.

She had stayed two hours and a half on the operating table. They found a twelve-pound cyst. They found tumors. They found adhesions.

"She won't be normal for two years or more," one of the doctors told me. "Watch her carefully. The shock to her nervous system—she's such a highly strung woman—will be terrific. Her mind may give way."

Yes, her mind was troubled. She had tried several times to kill herself. But on this night of which I write there was nothing wrong with her. I wasn't humoring her when I said I'd quit the News.

"You've diagnosed the case, Dr. Doherty," I said. "And you've written the prescription. Your medicine is vile but I'll take it."

"It'll do you good," she said. "And I don't care if they give you only thirty dollars a week. We can live on that. We've done it before."

But I didn't go to the Journal.

New jobs, new joys, new griefs; Hollywood again, and the return to Liberty. Events move swiftly in the final chapter of an ace reporter's enthralling story of his own life. Read next week of the part he played in the Lindbergh case, of his amazing bargain with Father Coughlin, and of the sorrow that came to him in the hills of California.

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AUTOMATIC TOASTER

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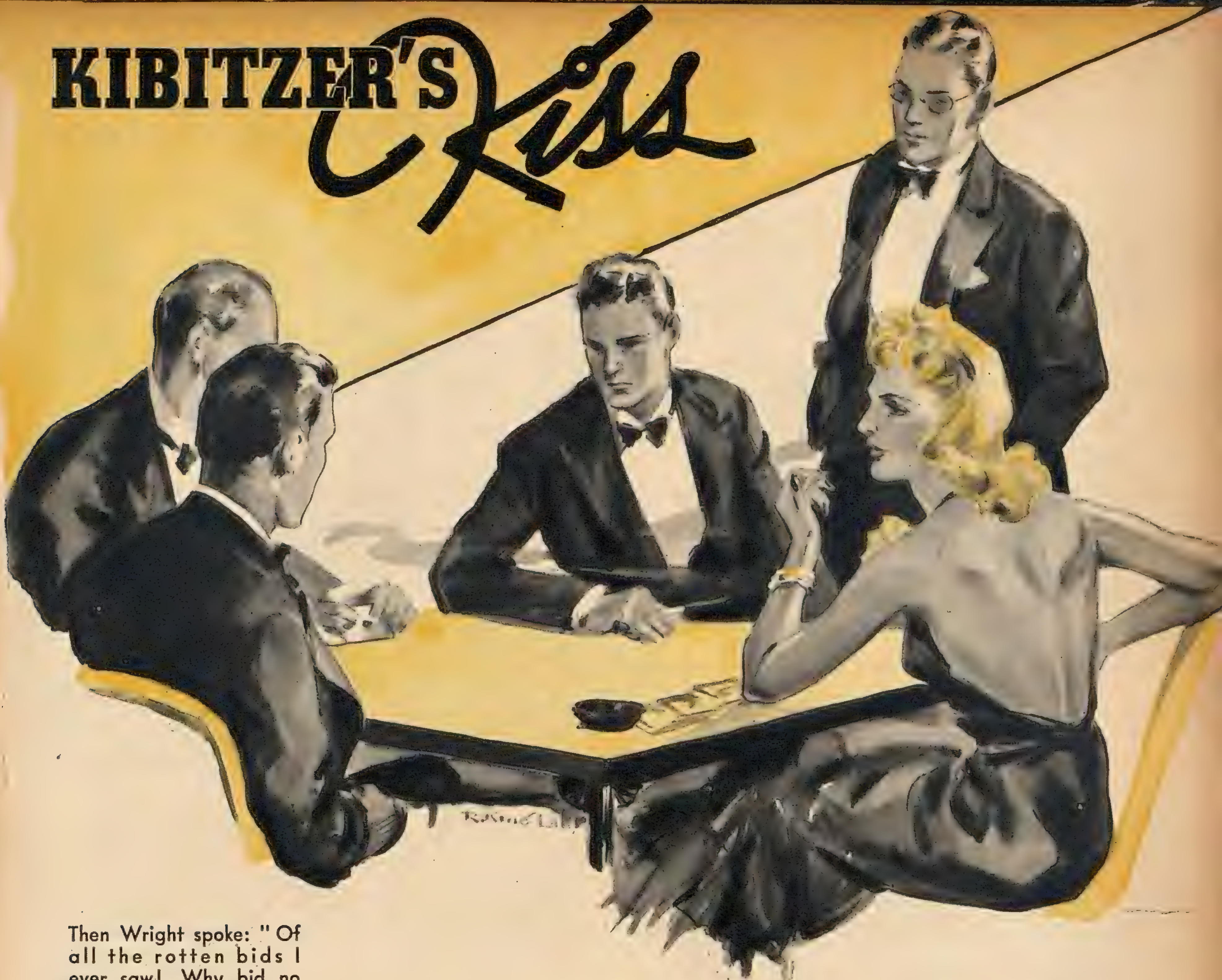
KIBITZER'S Kiss



Then Wright spoke: "Of all the rotten bids I ever saw! Why bid no trump on such a hand?"

For bridge fans and lovers: Here's how to be lucky at cards—without playing!

By the famous bridge maestro

SIDNEY S. LENZ

ILLUSTRATED BY R. KING LAHR

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 32 SECONDS

WHEN two young men are robust, rich, and romantic, even a nice girl like Barbara Hudson should make up her mind which one she is going to marry.

Stuyvesant Wright and Ellsworth Mandeville were probably the two most eligible bachelors in town. It required but a look from either of them to start a girl's heart fluttering; but against Barbara their technique was useless. She liked them both equally well.

Barbara was an excellent bridge player and consistently won at their numerous sessions of play, but she steadfastly refused to adjudicate their squabbles on one particular moot point.

For a number of years the experts had been unable to decide whether the more important thing in bridge was the bidding or the play. Wright and Mandeville, however, had determined the issue to their own satisfaction. Wright maintained that the more important thing was the bidding, and Mandeville was just as certain it was the play.

Seated in the cardroom at their club one day, Stuyvesant was struck with a brilliant idea.

"Ellsworth," he said, "it's no use kidding ourselves. We are both daffy about Barbara and she can't choose between us because we are two pretty fair hombres. Why not put our bridge argument up to her and abide by her decision? If she says bidding is the more important point in bridge, you are out of it. However, if she rules that it's play, I will resign."

"It's all right with me," acquiesced Ellsworth.

When the matter was broached to Barbara, she agreed. "But," she added, "it is quite possible that I might be influenced by a—er—slight preference in my regard for one of you, so I suggest that we ask one of the real experts to act as referee. Let's get the great master, Harold Wilkinson. He is a good friend of dad."

It was a pleasant dinner at the Hudson home and bridge was taboo until they were seated in the cardroom.

John Arrington Smith, Mr. Hudson's secretary, was asked to cut in the game, but he declined on the ground that his bridge was hardly good enough. He would be glad, however, to remain as scorekeeper and kibitzer.

It was agreed that five rubbers

(Continued on page 44)

Angelo J. Rossi is one of the really great municipal executives of our time. The Mayor of San Francisco says, "Liberty's articles on national and international affairs are always interesting, and well worth every minute I spend reading them."

Ernest Ingold is one of the largest Chevrolet dealers in the country, sold over 4,000 cars in 1937. An enthusiastic reader of Liberty, he says "I read Liberty thoroughly—from Mr. Macfadden's editorial in the front clear through to Editor Oursler's page in the back."

Ernie Smith, sports commentator, is a former champion swimmer, Olympic water polo man, and ace sports writer for the San Francisco Examiner. His voice is known wherever fans listen to baseball and football. Ernie Smith says, "Liberty moves fast—it has plenty of punch, whether it's sports or world affairs."

Felix S. McGinnis is vice-president in charge of all passenger traffic for the Southern Pacific Company—both railroad and steamship lines. Through his familiar signature, which appears on all Southern Pacific tickets, he is known to millions of travelers all over the world; and by reputation to all railroaders and all San Francisco. "My time for reading magazines is limited," says Mr. McGinnis. "But Liberty's varied bill of fare, and posting of reading times for each article, makes it interesting and convenient for me to read."

Dan E. London is manager of the St. Francis Hotel, one of the most famous in the world, ranking with the Plaza, Claridge's and Shepherd's. Mr. London likes Liberty for "the human interest stories like *The Boy Who Shot His Father*—

Frank J. (Lefty) O'Doul, ex-major league baseball star, now manages the San Francisco Seals—the club that gave the Yankees Joe DiMaggio. Says the mighty Lefty, "Any sports fan worthy of the name can't ignore Liberty's brilliant sports articles—particularly those

Looking down San Francisco's Mon
gomery Street, Wall Street of the We
© Californians, Inc.

A Chapter in the Life of SAN FRANCISCO

DESCRIBING San Francisco is like trying to paragraph Paris, New York, or London. San Francisco is another "world city"—a place of intense local character coupled with a natural cosmopolitan air. People who travel much are instantly at home in this city by the Golden Gate. It has that feeling of freedom and well-being found only in those fortunate cities whose culture has been created and tempered by contact with many lands.

San Francisco is moulded of many times and peoples. A romantic past colors even the everyday present: The Nob Hill cable car pushed round the turntable with the passengers helping. The glow of headlights on the great red bridges that sweep across the Bay and the sunset Gate. The whistles of white liners coasting in under a slow bell. The smell of low tide and spices along the Embarcadero; the lift of waves on the western boundary beach. Quarter-tones of Chinese talk before a gilded goddess. The sound of music in the Bohemian Club as San Francisco Symphony men drift in and tune up, to play informally for sheer love of music.

It isn't size that makes a city big, it is *manner*—the way its people live their lives. Californians advertise, "The Chapter in Your Life Entitled San Francisco," but it would take a bookshelf to encompass the varied life of this great city.

These words and pictures, to paraphrase the Californians, make but one chapter in the life of San Francisco. This is also a chapter in the life of Liberty. For here are some of the people who stand for this city and who read this magazine.

Liberty is proud to point to San Francisco as a measure of its own significance, its own vitality. It is no coincidence that wherever people are free to live fully, Liberty's ratio of readers to population stands high. This is the kind of living Liberty stands for; this is the kind of magazine San Francisco likes.

rank Barrett, of Barrett & Help, is one of the big-
est construction engineers on the Pacific coast. Two
his firm's masterpieces are the Golden Gate Bridge
d the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge—world's
ngest. A regular reader of Liberty, Mr. Barrett says
like to relax with Liberty, with stories like that *I*
ew in the Spanish War, and some of those swell de-
ctive yarns you regularly publish."

William M. Coffman is Pacific States Manager of Underwood-Elliott-Fisher Company. Widely known in San Francisco, he is a past Potentate of Islam Temple (Shriners), and Managing Director of the Shrine (East-West) Football Game, played in San Francisco each New Year's Day. "Traveling two-thirds of my time," says Mr. Coffman, "makes Liberty even more necessary to me. Its content always appeals to me."

Fred W. Pabst is North California Manager of Don Lee, Inc., exclusive Cadillac-LaSalle distributors for California, and owners of the Don Lee radio network. Mr. Pabst, identified with many San Francisco activities, is past president of the Automobile Dealers' Association and director of the Chamber of Commerce. In Liberty, he finds "a great range and variety of editorial content—timely, and packed with interest."

Leland Cutler is president of the Golden Gate International Exposition, president of the board of trustees of Stanford University, and active head of his own insurance business. "I like Liberty," says Mr. Cutler, "because it gives me fresh and readable interpretations of the changing American scene in convenient form. I like it for its unbiased editorial policy, and its generally sound position on national affairs."

Hon. Florence P. Kahn, congresswoman, took up where her famous husband, Julius Kahn, left off when he died. Mrs. Kahn is widely known throughout the West as a civic leader, and stateswoman. "Naturally, I read Liberty's political articles," she says. "But I'm just as interested in the short stories."

John O. Gantner is president of Gantner & Mattern, creators of "Wikies" swim trunks. Known to thousands all over the world through his product, Mr. Gantner is no stranger to San Francisco—where he is a prominent figure in business and social circles. Of Liberty, which he regularly reads, he says "It's a magazine for clear-thinking people—filled with interest, and the good common sense so badly needed these days."

Pierre Kocel, proprietor of Pierre's—famous San Francisco restaurant. Pierre is famous for his Clam Gourmet and French pancakes, and to cafe society his is one of the really great restaurants of the world. Pierre says "Like my Clam Gourmet, Liberty can't be beat—I always read the inside stories about famous celebrities."

Edwin Grabhorn needs no introduction to collectors of first editions. One of the country's foremost printers and designers of fine books, he has received more awards from the American Institute of Graphic Arts than any living printer. Mr. Grabhorn says, "There's always something that catches me in Liberty—like those Ernest Lindley articles on President Roosevelt."

cene of the 1939 Golden Gate International Exposition is Treas-
re Island, which will later be converted into a permanent air-
ort close to the city. That's the approach to San Francisco-
)akland Bay Bridge strung across the foreground of the photo.

Photo Roberts & Roberts

This Oriental Tea Garden is the gift of an emperor. San Francisco is made up of 30 nations, has the largest Chinese population outside the Orient.

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for Liberty Magazine
by Ansel Adams

Joseph S. Thompson is past president of the Bohemian Club, one of America's most famous men's clubs. Brother of Kathleen Norris, Mr. Thompson is well-known in literary circles, and is a famous toastmaster. "I like many things about Liberty, but one which always gets my interest is *Twenty Questions.*"

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(Continued from page 41)

would be played, with Wilkinson giving credits and debits on all bids and plays that he considered sufficiently important.

"I will play with Barbara," said Wilkinson, "against you two gentlemen. That will permit me to review, without prejudice, all points that will assist me in rendering a fair and impartial decision."

When the final rubber was being played, the demerits were about evenly distributed.

Then came the hand of the evening:

WRIGHT
♠ K 7
♡ 10 5
◇ A K J
♣ A K Q J 7 4

N.

W. E.

S.

♠ Q 9 8 6 5 4 2
♡ A Q 4
◇ 7 2
♣ 8
WILKINSON

♠ A J 3
♡ 9 8 7 6 3 2
◇ 8 5
♣ 9 3
BARBARA

♠ 10
♡ K J
◇ Q 10 9 6 4 3
♣ 10 6 5 2
MANDEVILLE

Wright had the deal on the rubber game, and started with one club. Barbara passed, Mandeville bid a no trump, and Wilkinson two spades. Wright assisted with two no trumps, Barbara again passed, and Mandeville now declared three diamonds. Wilkinson passed, and Wright bid three no trumps, which was passed all around.

Wilkinson led the six of spades and as Wright laid down the dummy hand, he remarked:

"My hand looks good for nine tricks, but I have my doubts about a slam."

Mandeville hesitated on his play to the first trick before he put up the king. Barbara won with the ace, returned the jack, which Wilkinson overtook with the queen and returned—the deuce. Barbara was forced to take this trick with the three. For a moment she hesitated, but the exposed dummy gave her the clue. She led the six of hearts, and from that point nothing mattered.

All thirteen tricks were won *against* the declaration of three no trumps.

For a moment all was quiet, then Wright spoke:

"Of all the rotten bids I ever saw! Why did you bid no trump on such a hand?"

"I had a proper no-trump response," said Mandeville. "Besides, I warned you afterward by bidding the diamonds. Anyway, they played the hand out of sight, and I made a mistake in going up with the king of spades."

"No," replied Wilkinson, "that play did not make any difference. On the rule of eleven my lead of the six showed but five cards out that were higher. Two of them were in the dummy and my partner held two, so but one card higher could be in your hand. That card could not be the queen, because if I had held the ten, nine, and eight, my correct lead would have been the top of my sequence, the ten. If you had played low, my partner would have finessed the jack, with the same result."

"Well," said Wright, "at least that clinches my case. Bidding is the preeminent factor in bridge."

Wilkinson pondered a moment.

"Mr. Wright," he asked, "what would you say if your partner had bid one no trump on a hand and the bidding had stopped there, notwithstanding which, he took in all thirteen tricks?"

"I would say it was terrible bidding," Wright replied. "It does not seem possible that you can stop short of game on a grand-slam hand."

"Well," said Wilkinson, "on the deal just played, a curious phenomenon is apparent. You and your partner, holding exactly the cards you actually held, would have scored all thirteen tricks if but a single one of the opposing cards were transposed. If I had held the ace of spades, the king in dummy would have taken the first trick, and you had six clubs and six diamonds for a grand slam."

"But," asked the bewildered Wright, "if neither bidding nor play is the essential point of bridge, will you tell me what—"

"Distribution." Kibitzer Smith had spoken! He was agitated at his temerity in doing so, and as he removed his dark glasses, Wilkinson irrelevantly thought, He has nice eyes.

"You have something there," smiled Wilkinson, and he said to Barbara, "Shall we discuss my decision in the library?"

In the other room, Wilkinson patted Barbara's hand as he asked quizzically:

"Well, my dear, which one have you decided to marry?"

Barbara put her arms around Wilkinson's neck and whispered in his ear.

He seemed surprised.

"Sure nuf?" he asked.

"Sure nuf," she answered.

"Let's go," said Wilkinson. "I'll break the glad tidings."

Back at the battlefield, the warriors awaited the verdict with great anxiety.

"Gentlemen," said Wilkinson, "I hardly need tell you that the final deal was the decisive one in this interesting contest. While we were out of the room, I note that you have replaced the hands. Doubtless you wondered why I did not double the declaration or bid four spades, which I could have made. I did not bid four spades, because the vagaries of distribution cannot be fathomed by even the greatest of experts. If I had doubled the declaration, you could have escaped with a bid of four clubs, a contract that is makable, and you would have scored a hundred points additional for honors.

"In summing up, Barbara agrees with me that the outstanding point in bridge is—distribution. She will now seal that verdict with a kiss. She will marry—John Arrington Smith."

THE END

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PART EIGHT—CONCLUSION

LIVINGSTONE L. PARDEE was twenty-one. He was also very boiled. He knew that he had a great grievance against Dr. Thorpe, because the rumor had been spread through the college, by the boy in the bathrobe hurrying down the time-worn stairs of Thorpe's building, that the doctor had nabbed a blonde in the moonlight and taken her to his rooms.

This, at first, had caused Livvy deep humiliation; but after a day or so it had come to him that he had had a close shave. His father would undoubtedly have failed to provide. He, Livvy, the playboy of Princeton, would have had to knuckle down and go to work. His fine young love for Diana had always been tempered by an even finer young love for himself. But now he found himself cast in a role of such dramatic possibilities that he pretended all over again to himself that he was mortally stricken. A vast accumulation of rum Collinses made this easy. As he looked at Thorpe he not only saw red—he saw red, white, and blue.

"You puppety-pup!" he said again.

"Odd, isn't it," said Carlotta, thoroughly enjoying herself, "how all Diana's boy friends make funny noises?"

Livvy bowed to her. He bowed so low that a waiter near by instinctively held out his hands to catch him. Then he straightened.

"Oh, well done!" said Carlotta. "Well done!"

"Learned that trick from a fella," said Livvy. "File your heels—"

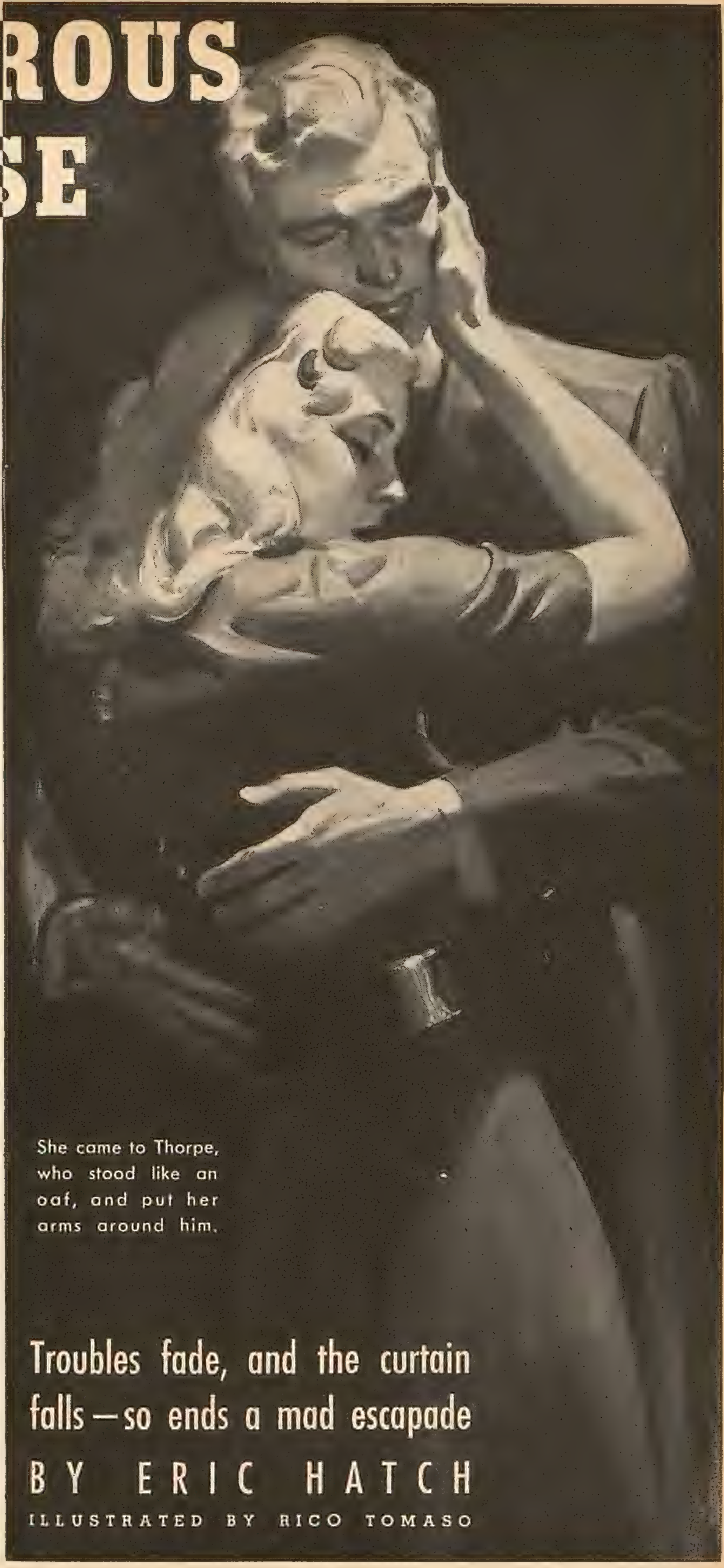
"Damned if I will," said Carlotta.

"Of shoes," said Livvy, "to a point. Dig 'em in the ground—so. Then bow. They act like cleats."

He bowed again. This time he overdid it and lit on his face. Thorpe laughed. It occurred to him that the more ill at ease he could make the Pardee, the less ill at ease he himself would be. Livvy scrambled to his feet.

"Didn't work like cleats that time, sorry, miss." He noticed Thorpe's laughter. "You got nothing to laugh at. Who're you to laugh? I've *caught* you—with your pants down!"

Involuntarily Thorpe glanced at his trousers, and realized with shame that every one in the vicinity was glancing at them for the same reason.



She came to Thorpe, who stood like an oaf, and put her arms around him.

Troubles fade, and the curtain falls—so ends a mad escapade

BY ERIC HATCH

ILLUSTRATED BY RICO TOMASO

Thorpe gathered himself for an effort.

"Pardee," he said, "you've gone too far."

"*You*'ve gone too far," said Livvy.

Diana thought the whole thing had gone too far.

"Livvy"—she crooked her finger at him and beckoned in a gesture that once upon a time had raised him to ecstasy. He shook his head.

"Leaves me cold," he said. "Cold as mutton. Leaves me cold as cold mutton." He glared at Thorpe. "I s'pose *you* think it's cute when she does that." He laughed boisterously and addressed the world. "He thinks it's cute when she does that. The great 'matical flosphical prexy thinks it's cute when she does that. It leaves me cold as cold as cold as cold *mutton!* That's what it leaves me. *He* thinks it's cute!"

"*Will* you go away?" said Diana. "Please, Livvy—dear—I—I'll meet you later."

"She wants to meet me later!" shouted Pardee. "Besides, I'm twice the man he is. Ho, ho, ho, she leaves *me*"—here he pounded his chest—"to run off with an old windbag old enough to be her father!"

Carlotta leaned close to Thorpe. "Doctor," she said, "I'm afraid you're going to have to sock him."

Thorpe was a slow angerer. He hated scenes, too. But he felt now that he was beginning to hate his tormentor more than he had ever hated anything in his whole life. He got to his feet. For a second he turned to Diana.

"Diana," he said, "I'm most awfully—terribly sorry."

Then, with the old speed he'd shown in the triplex, he was around the table and after Pardee. The boy for a fleeting instant stood transfixed with surprise; then he moved. With the same amazing dexterity he'd used in his bowing, he moved right up to the nearest of the very valuable trees, swinging himself to a branch and skinning the cat on it, then climbing like mad. Thorpe stopped at the foot of the tree. Then, without dexterity but with great determination, he too swung himself to the lower branch and, though he hadn't skinned the cat in years, hooked his heels over the limb and began slowly to haul the rest of himself up to it.

IT was just such a thing as this that the plain man with the Irish face was waiting for. Though his view of the proceedings had been superb, he had been out of earshot; and when he suddenly saw Thorpe, Richard, professor, wanted for mental examination, start skinning the cat on one of the exclusive Turf and Field Club's exclusive trees, he needed no more. Before Thorpe had the cat more than half skinned, Riley had a firm hand on his shoulder.

"You're under arrest," he said. "Come quiet."

Riley's face and Thorpe's face were on a level. Thorpe had to look at Riley's face upside down, but even inverted that way there was no mistaking either his calling or his strength of purpose. All the fight went out of Thorpe as he unwound himself and dropped to the ground. Immediately the triplexers began making Riley's life a living hell. It was Thorpe who quieted them.

"Don't start a fight, fellows," he said. "It'll just make things worse."

"We gotta use tact," said Swazey, reaching for his hip pocket. "Cheez, you're our pal, Dick, no kiddin'."

Thorpe smiled. He felt old, and felt that he had made a great fool of himself. He had tried to run along a primrose path when he hadn't yet learned to walk on one. He shook his head.

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"Thanks, fellows," he said, "but it isn't any use." He smiled again, crookedly. "You see, I know so much more about some things than—anybody, but I don't really know enough to be let out without a leash. I . . ." He stopped. He had suddenly noticed that Diana wasn't with the others. He glanced toward the table. She wasn't there either. The last drop of bravado left him. He nodded to the detective.

"I suppose," he said, "it's for killing . . ."

"Ixnay!" yelled Swazey.

"For striking that policeman."

Riley's eyes widened. He lost no time at all in hustling Thorpe to a police car that was waiting by the clubhouse gate.

THERE was another moon in Princeton, child of the moon that had lighted Thorpe's elopement. It was busying itself this night, in addition to its routine work on the spires of Holder Hall, with silvering a large trailer parked in the driveway of Dean Gear's house. The trailer was packed and ready for a morning start. Inside the house the dean was sipping a nightcap and thinking about his vacation. Presently his trick doorbell made a great clattering. He cocked his head in surprise. A moment later, Robert, wearing a sweater and slacks, ushered Diana Bedford into the study. The dean scarcely bothered to look and see if she had his Revolutionary bell knob in her hand. Ever since Thorpe had broken it, it had come off whenever it was overeagerly used. Instead, he held out his hand for it as he rose to greet her and said, "The knob, please, my dear."

Diana looked at the knob in confusion.

"Oh!" she said. "I'm sorry. I—I guess I must have broken it."

The dean smiled.

"No," he said. "A madman came here one night about a month ago and wrung it from its fastenings. It hasn't been the same since. Neither have I." He looked at her now closely. It was too easy. "Are you a—dancing girl?" he asked.

"If you mean," said Diana, "did I run away with Dr. Thorpe, yes."

"Sit down!" said the dean. "Here." He fixed her a modest highball. "Well, well, well. Peculiar bird, our Dr. Thorpe, isn't he!"

"No," said Diana.

"Don't see how you happened to do it. I enjoy talking to him, of course, but I should think he'd bore you stiff."

"No," said Diana again. "He—he made me mad sometimes, but he never bored me."

"Did you—marry him?"

Diana bit her lip and looked away.

"I'm sorry," said the dean. "I'd rather hoped you would. Thought if you did he might go to work and discover something really useful—like a way to hatch babies out of eggs."

DIANA turned on him.

"That's just exactly the sort of thing he *would* try and discover," she said. "D-damn him!"

"Oh," said Gear. "So it's like that."

"It's sort of like that, yes," said Diana. "But he's in a jam, and the whole thing's my fault—he was perfectly happy in his dumb way until I came along and upset everything—and you've got to help him."

"Naturally," said the dean. "Where is he?"

"He—he's in jail."

Diana was surprised a second later to find the dean roaring with laughter. He had forgotten that colossus among jokes that that colossus among intellects, Einstein, had played upon his colleague. Now, remembering it, he was again delighted with it. He stopped laughing only when Diana said, "I think it's pretty rotten of you to laugh at him when he's down after you've taken the best years of his life."

The dean wiped his eyes.

"I didn't take them," he said. "Besides, I doubt very much if they are the best years of his life—the worst, I should say, certainly the dullest—and you really can't blame me for laughing."

"I can and I do. There's nothing funny about Dick being in jail. It's awful. And he didn't hit the cop."

The dean's mouth was still twitching, but he covered it and said, "Did you? I can't believe it. You're much too—too dainty to have hit a cop. Still, one never knows."

"Swa . . . ." Loyalty stopped her. "The burglar hit him."

"Now," said the dean, "you're way ahead of me. I don't know anything about a burglar. I know a policeman here in the town was knocked out, presumably by Thorpe. I know it wasn't serious, because I gave him fifty dollars to make it well and the hurt seemed to heal instantaneously. I happen to know—and this is why I was laughing—that because of certain strange things that happened around Princeton, presumably perpetrated by Thorpe the night"—he paused and made her a little bow with his head—"the night you brought the youth music into his life, a warrant for Dr. Thorpe's arrest was issued. He was to be held for mental observation and, of course, will have to pass a sanity test. It was Einstein's idea."

HE waited for her to laugh with him. She didn't laugh. Instead, to his complete astonishment, her eyes widened as though she had had a shock, and then grew troubled. Her expression reminded the dean of the look undergraduates' mothers wore when they came to him sometimes to plead that their sons be reinstated after being suspended for breaking a window, and were told that the real reason their wee one was in wrong was because he'd been found dead drunk in the gutter on Nassau Street. It was the look they wore when they realized it was going to take some mighty fancy work to get the wee one in the clear again.

"But, Mr. Gear"—her voice was husky with intentness—"Dick couldn't possibly pass a sanity test. You've got to get him out of it. You've simply got to!"

Gear stared at her.

"You're joking, of course," he said.

"No." There was a sort of desperateness about her. "No, I'm not joking. A—a sanity test's made to show whether a person's normal, and Dick isn't normal, so of course he couldn't pass it. They'd ask him some questions like did he know what day of the week it was, and he'd say no, and they'd look at him funny, and

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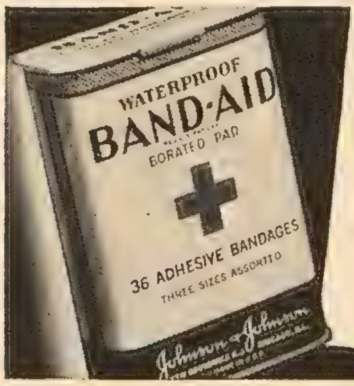

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he'd explain that the day of the week didn't matter because it was only a name people had given that day and didn't really have anything to do with time—he told *me* that—and then they'd simply put him away."

The dean smiled at her. He was sorry Thorpe wasn't there to watch her pleading for him. He had an idea that if Thorpe could see the look in those eyes he might not, after all, try and discover a way of hatching babies out of eggs. Then he said, "But, my dear, Thorpe's my most distinguished—my most learned professor."

"And," said Diana, "when they put him away it'll most certainly make you look a fine chump!"

The dean hadn't thought of this. It hadn't occurred to him that his joke could backfire. Without hesitation he stood up.

"I think," he said, "perhaps I'd better do a little telephoning." He started for the door. Halfway there he stopped. "By the way," he said, "any time you'd like a job around the college—teaching—or dancing—or something, you can have it." Again he made her a bow. "My gratitude is unbounded."

Five minutes later he came back.

"Now," he said, "I'd like you to tell me all about it."

Diana felt relaxed and cozy and not at all as though only that afternoon she had broken an elopement—which, of course, is much worse than breaking an engagement. She didn't, in fact, feel as though the elopement were over and Thorpe had taken his vagueness and his kindness and his provokingness out of her life for good. She was, after all, even now still involved with problems concerning him. She began her saga. When she had described the triplexers and Swazey, the dean interrupted her. He said he wanted to telephone again.

WHEN Detective Riley got him to the city, Thorpe not only had waived extradition, he had welcomed it. He wanted above everything else to get back to Princeton. When it was politely explained to him that his being held was for his own good as much as for the good of the community, he had agreed so enthusiastically that he wasn't fit to be at large that his captors had thought of strait jackets and padded places. He had, in due course, been transported to Trenton, where, owing to his prominence, he had been lodged in a hospital room, the door locked, bars on the windows, and a county policeman on a stool outside the door. His hearing was set for morning.

Here, as the evening passed into night, he sat and thought. Most of his thoughts were about Diana. He felt, when he stopped to reason it out, that he had lost her, first, because he'd treated her as something fragile whereas she had probably wanted to be treated like a woman, and then because he'd been so hurt that he'd been brutal. He didn't blame her. He only blamed himself and the providence that had ever let him see her and know for such a little while the thrilling sweetness of being near her. It had, he admitted, heavy water and the Pharmegan theory stung a mile for sheer pleasurable excitement. He didn't think it was at all better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. He thought it was horrible. Naturally, he tortured himself with it, going over everything they had said and done and felt together, and pretending it was to do again with a different ending. Then for perhaps ten minutes he would just gloom, telling himself he was licked, telling himself that now he'd lost the new life, and had lost the old life too because Diana'd shown him how empty it was. He hoped he could find a way to fill it, like discovering a way to create life in a test tube. He was in one of the deepest of his glooms when from outside the door he heard a familiar noise:

"*Psssst*—hey, doc!"

His heart bounced. He went to the door.

"Doc—is dat you?"

In his surprise and excitement, he forgot all about not especially caring whether he was rescued or not, and he forgot too that he had said it was better for the community as a whole for him not to be at large.

"Yes!" he whispered. "Oh, Swazey!"

THEY had come. Maybe Diana had come too. Maybe the two double Martinis had made him imagine she'd told him in her own way that everything was in the ash can with the lid on it.

"Oh," he said, "I've been a brute! I've been a louse!"

"Hey, doc!" Swazey sounded frantic. "Whatsa matter? You got a woman there?"

"No," said Thorpe.

"Dat's de way guys talks to women," said Swazey.

"I was talking to myself," said Thorpe.

"Dat's anudder horse's color," said Swazey. "I'm right wid you." There was a slight rasping noise. "I got Payton. He's wid you too."

A second later there was a sharp click, the door swung open, and Harris Payton, followed by Swazey, came into the room. To Thorpe's complete amazement, both of them were dressed in the white coats and trousers of internes.

All three of them shook hands with emotion.

"This is—this is pretty fine of you," said Thorpe.

"We had to," said Payton.

"Soit'nly," said Swazey. "How could we enjoy our wealt'—how could we have any pleasures wid our country estate an' our fine polo hosses an' our bloodied dogs wid you, our benefactor, languaging in jail?"

Thorpe appreciated that motives of sincere friendship must have been very strong to enable Swazey to say all that at one time, but his mind was dreaming again. He had dared to hope.

"Harris," he said, "who—who came with you?"

"Mary and Carlotta."

"Then she isn't . . ."

Payton looked down. "We haven't seen her," he said, making it bitter on purpose, "since she saw you were in trouble."

Thorpe nodded. Then he threw back his shoulders.

"Well," he said, "I've got you folks, anyway—and my work—and—and some memories. That's what I set out to get, after all—memories."

Swazey didn't like this. It made him feel bad and spongy inside.

"Say, doc," he said, "how'd you like my work wid dat door? Hot stuff, eh?"

"Yes," said Thorpe. "It was fine."

"De disguises too, eh? Boy, did we fox 'em!"

Suddenly Swazey's lower jaw dropped. His eyes bulged and he looked as though he were going to faint. Payton and Thorpe glanced in the direction of his stricken gaze. A policeman, a large county policeman, was standing in the doorway watching them. And he was smiling.

"I sorta hate to do it," he said, "but it's a point of honor. You didn't fool nobody, 'cause, for one thing, internes don't wear brown shoes." He paused, allowing Swazey and Payton to look at their feet. "You see, we got orders, 'bout an hour ago, that if a ham-faced guy who thought he was a burglar an' another guy showed up, they was to be allowed to spring you. You was going to be released anyways."

"Well, I'm damned!" said Payton.

"Seems the dean of Princeton thought it'd be nice that way." He looked at Swazey. "Usin' a nail file on a lock," he said. "You ain't no burglar!"

"Why!" said Swazey. "You double-crossin' rat, I'll . . ."

"*Please* stop it," said Thorpe. "I—I want to go home."

Payton looked at him in surprise.

"But you're going with us."

Thorpe shook his head.

"No, Harris," he said. "I'm going back to college." He smiled the twisted smile. "Maybe I'll really graduate some day."

As they reached the front door the policeman spoke:

"The dean said you was to go to his house so soon as your out-of-date pal here sprung you."

LIKE a man in a dream, Thorpe got out of the station wagon and walked up the steps to the dean's front door. He was thinking, of course, the trite thoughts that lovers shorn of their idols always think on moonlit nights. He reached for the bell knob, and when he saw it wasn't there, felt awful. It reminded him too poignantly of the last time he had come there. He knocked on the door. Almost too quickly it was opened by Robert.

"The dean's in the study, sir," he said. "Have a nice trip?"

"Oh, fine," said Thorpe. "Oh, yes."

He wasn't quite sure, but he thought the butler echoed his "Oh, yes," pronouncing it "yeah." It wouldn't be like him; but then, this was vacation time.

He walked, feeling like one of the undergraduates who has been found in the gutter, to the familiar room that Gear always referred to as his brown study, in spite of the fact that all the deep leather furniture in it was dark blue.

When he got there, he might never have left. The dean was sitting in the same chair, what might have been the same weak highball was in his hand, and the brass bell knob that General Mercer used perhaps in the Battle of Princeton was on an end table by his side. The dean stood up and shook hands with him warmly. Thorpe felt a little less like an undergraduate.

"Well, Dick," he said. "Tell me about it!" He gave Thorpe a highball. "It's only fair, you know."

So for half an hour, while the triplexers stood thirstily outside with their noses pressed to the study windows wondering when they'd be asked in for a snort, Thorpe talked. At the end, when he told about what losing Diana meant to him, his voice broke. His simple sincerity was pathetically convincing.

"And so," he said, "I'm going back to my work. I have an idea—I may be able to get interested in it—an

MARRIAGE CAN STAY ROMANTIC
IF, THROUGH THE YEARS, YOU GUARD AGAINST DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
I KNOW HOW I'D FEEL IF I WERE A MAN... AND MY WIFE LET HER SKIN GET DRY, LIFELESS AND OLD-LOOKING! THAT'S WHY I'M SO CAREFUL ABOUT MY COMPLEXION AND NEVER USE ANY SOAP EXCEPT PALMOLIVE!
WELL YOUR MARRIAGE CERTAINLY HAS STAYED ROMANTIC, AND I'VE NEVER SEEN A LOVELIER COMPLEXION! BUT WHY IS PALMOLIVE SO GOOD FOR GUARDING AGAINST DRY SKIN?
BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS. THAT'S WHY ITS LATHER IS SO DIFFERENT, SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN! IT CLEANSES SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY THAT IT LEAVES SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH...COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!
THANKS FOR THE GOOD ADVICE, DARLING! FROM NOW ON THIS LITTLE BRIDE IS GOING TO USE PALMOLIVE REGULARLY, AND START KEEPING HER MARRIAGE ROMANTIC!
MADE WITH OLIVE OIL! THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR KEEPING SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!
PALMOLIVE

idea for actually creating life in a test tube. Of course it's a long way off."

"That's good," said the dean. "I mean—I'm glad it's a long way off." He saw that this didn't sound exactly like what a man of his position should say. "I mean—give you something to do and all that." He coughed loudly, and looked over his shoulder toward the door that led to the garden. He saw a curtain there move. "By the way," he said, "heard any of that gypsy music lately?"

"No," said Thorpe. He laughed bitterly.

"That's odd," said the dean. "I've been hearing it all evening."

He bent over and looked very hard at the bell knob.

"I hope," he said, "after you've just finished telling a girl how much you love her, that you haven't gone and loused everything by telling her your silly plans for the future."

He continued to stare at the bell knob as Diana came in from the garden.

She was smiling. She came to Thorpe, who had risen and stood there like an oaf, and put her arms around him.

"And now," said the dean, "if you think you can take him off my hands for a while, Robert and I would *like* to start on our vacation."

He went out of the room. Thorpe's tired brain did one final mathematical calculation, and he discovered, to his everlasting surprise, that one and one make one!

THE END

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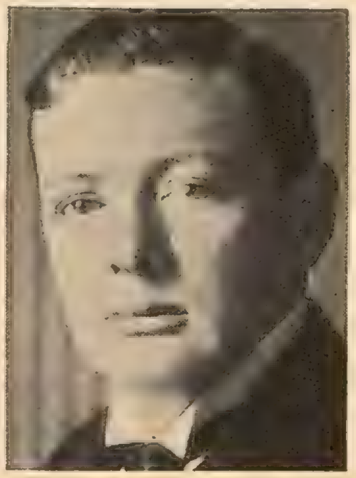
20 QUESTIONS



1—A soldier and statesman, this Englishman had an American mother. Early in September he was again appointed to the same post he held at the beginning of the World War in 1914. He is as famous as a writer and prophet as he is as a statesman. This picture was taken when he was elected to Parliament for the first time. Who is he?

2—What spectacular Wall Street failure caused the financial ruin of a former President of the United States?

3—When these grow up, what are they called: grilse and cygnet?

4—In what current motion picture are all of the following calamities: rain, earthquake, flood, fever, and fire?

5—Which of these were American political parties: Know-Nothings, Greenbackers, and Mugwumps?

6—In what sport are these the names of classes: Star, Comet, and Snipe?

7—During what war did Francis Scott Key write The Star-Spangled Banner?

8—How does the height of the stratosphere vary between the equator and the poles?

9—What is it that never asks questions yet requires many answers?

10—Who was the founder of the American Red Cross?

11—How many feet does each of the following amount to: half a kilometer, five fathoms, two furlongs?

12—What is the television equivalent of the verb *broadcast?*

13—What official position is held by John Buchan, author of the book and movie The Thirty-nine Steps?

14—Are Presidential nominees selected by a majority or by a two-thirds vote of the party conventions?

15—For what predominant crop of Cuba is the United States one of the principal customers?

16—What are the endings of these penny proverbs: "In for a penny —"; "A penny saved —"; "Penny wise —"?

17—What countries have common borders with Rumania?

18—Who recently won the Thompson Trophy air race for the third time?

19—What is the principal natural resource of the Saar Basin?

20—Who is director of the Department of Justice bureau that investigates crime?

(Answers will be found on page 57)

"TELL ME ANOTHER" Says KLEENEX*

AND WIN $5.00 FOR EVERYONE PUBLISHED...HERE ARE 3 NEW KLEENEX TRUE CONFESSION WINNERS......MAIL YOURS TO KLEENEX...919 N. MICHIGAN AVE. CHICAGO.

AH-AH HANKIES FOR SHOW KLEENEX FOR BLOW

NOW MY BOY FRIEND USES KLEENEX—'CAUSE IT SOOTHES A SORE NOSE DURING COLDS. AND IT'S STRONG —NOT LIKE FLIMSY TISSUES THAT 'GIVE WAY' TO SNEEZES.

(*from a letter by* J. C. C., Glen Ellyn, Ill.)

MAMMA GOT THE BRONX CHEER...

BECAUSE BABY WAS TEETHING—AND SPITTING—WHICH MEANT HER CLOTHES BECAME SOGGY, HER SKIN CHAPPED. BUT NOW SOFT, DRY BIBS OF KLEENEX PROTECT HER.

(*from a letter by* B. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.)

OH FUDGE!

EVER TRY TO STUFF A HEAVY BATH TOWEL INSIDE YOUR EARS AFTER A BATH? KLEENEX IS THE PERFECT SOLUTION!

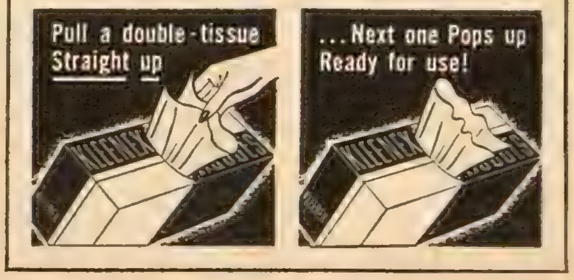
(*from a letter by* A. P. G., Moorestown, N. J.)

● During colds especially, Kleenex soothes your nose, saves money, reduces handkerchief washing. You use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.

Adopt the habit of using Kleenex in the Serv-a-Tissue Box that ends waste and mess . . . now *both* 500-sheet and 200-sheet Kleenex comes in the Serv-a-Tissue Box. Keep one in every room in your home, one in your office, another in your car.

NOW 500 SHEET ECONOMY KLEENEX* ALSO IN THE SERV-A-TISSUE BOX

it Saves as it Serves—one double tissue at a time



Pull a double-tissue Straight up
...Next one Pops up Ready for use!

KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES

(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

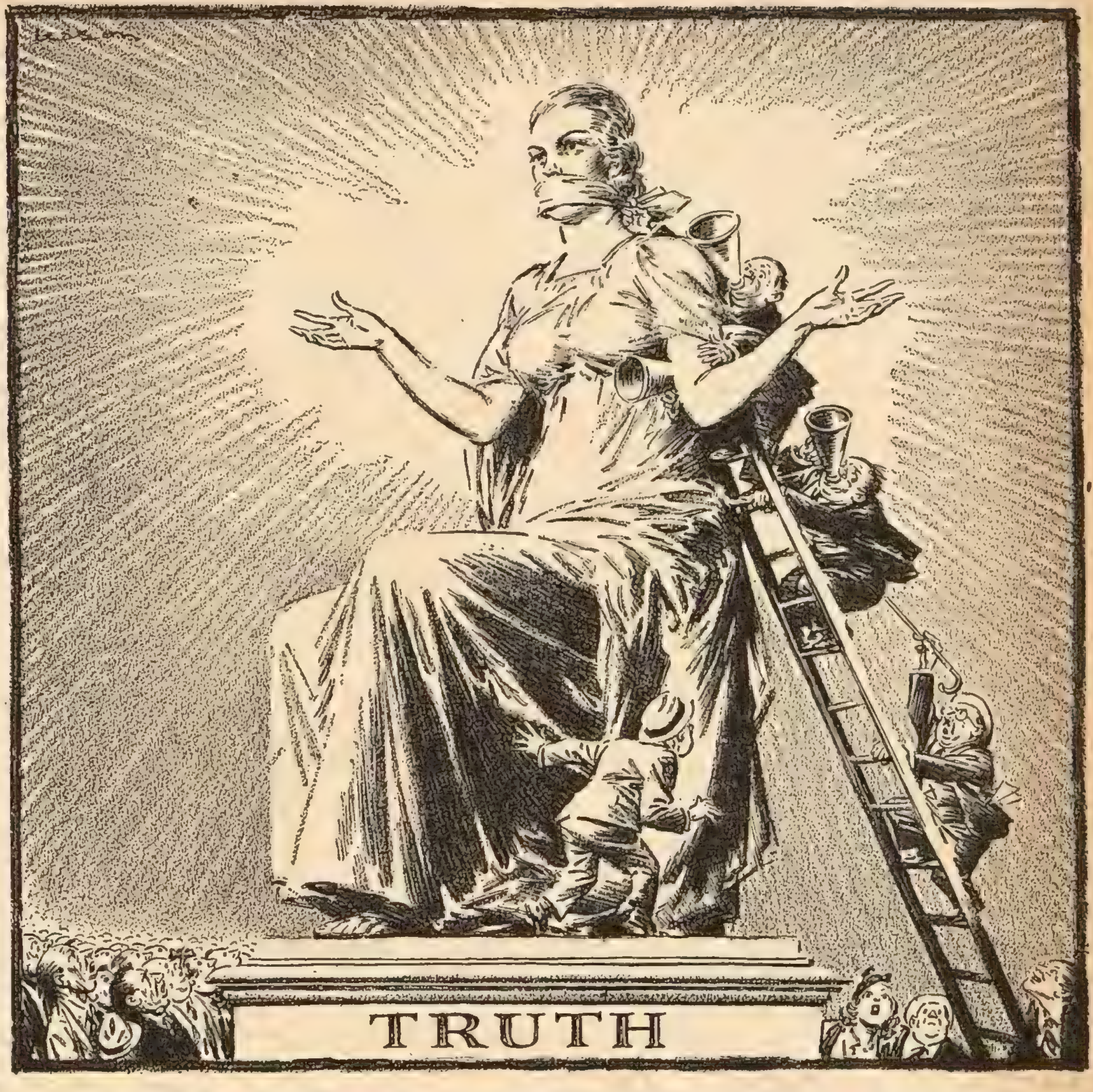
HOW FOREIGN NATIONS POISON OUR MINDS

BE YOUR OWN LIE DETECTOR

A wartime warning—Will we be wiser today than we were before?

BY WILL IRWIN

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 35 SECONDS



Crackbrained " domestic " factions are plying us with propaganda.

WHILE I was writing this series about propaganda in an old war, Europe plunged into a new one which may spread until it embraces the whole world. The bombardment of propaganda directed against the United States has already begun. Already the news from Europe comes to us confused with lies, half-lies, and appeals to prejudice. There was some lumpy work in the beginning, as when the Germans, who palpably torpedoed the Athenia without warning, tried to persuade the world that the British sank this boatload of Canadians and Americans in order to lay the act to Germans and bring the United States into the war. The British and French are apparently holding most of their fire. That is good policy. Polls of public opinion have proved the overwhelming sympathy of our citizens for the cause of the democracies. Propaganda might have a back-kick just now; better leave well enough alone!

But the polls show another thing. We are equally strong for keeping the United States out of this war. If it goes on to its ghastly end, both sides will want our active or passive support as ardently as they did in 1916, and the propagandists will open up all their guns.

The art of mass propaganda was new in 1914. Much of the work now seems experimental, awkward, and obvious. It has been vastly improved since that time. We may expect subtle methods—propaganda which carefully avoids mention of its real objects. In the years preceding this new war, German polluters of the mind were already following this policy among us. They did not mention Germany. They did not tell us, as they tell their own people, that the new German system is eternally right and that democracy is "unnatural and horrible." No; they stirred up anti-Semitism in the hope that the more the Gentile majority in the United States hated Jews, the more they would love the nation that is pushing Jews around.

True, crackbrained "domestic" factions are plying us with propaganda based on formulas just as phony. But, alone among the nations, we have had a free press and free speech since our very beginnings; we have developed considerable healthy skepticism concerning sensational printed matter touching on domestic politics. Moreover, we know our own country, and American shrewdness combined with individual experience helps us to sort out the truth from the lies.

But when it comes to foreign affairs, that average American who is the strength of our democracy has no such guides. Few of us know Europe or Asia firsthand except perhaps as tourists interested only in cafés or curiosities. So, when a propagandist lies to us, we cannot apply intimate knowledge and experience and say, as we might about a lie concerning our own country, "I don't believe it; such things don't happen!" And many of us, growing weary of trying to think it out, take sides in the end through motives as inconsequential and trivial as those of a certain little English boy who shocked his family by going pro-German in the World War because he admired the spikes on the Prussian helmets.

But how are we to know propaganda when we see it? Well, men and women whose business demands an understanding of foreign affairs—such as editorial writers, diplomats, and international traders — have rough but tried and true methods of sorting truth from commercialized falsehood. If the American people in general could be persuaded to follow their simplest rules, we could make ourselves in a year pretty well propaganda-proof. Here are some of them:

First, remember that the main hold of any propagandist who is trying to influence the American people is the news. We like to think that we make up our minds from the facts; and, to a greater extent than most realize, we do.

Here is where the American people are in luck, if they only knew it. In our two great news bureaus, the Associated Press and the United Press, we have the most nearly perfect instruments for getting the facts about contemporary life, and transmitting them unsullied, that any nation has ever known. In foreign news, they take nothing secondhand; for they cover the outer world with their own reporters and editors. From the day they enter their trade, the subordinates of these bureaus go through special intensive training in what Roy Howard once called "honest-to-God objective reporting." All the gold in that government cache down in Kentucky wouldn't be enough to buy them. The character of their organizations furnishes a kind of insurance against corruption by personal influence and individual prejudice. The Associated Press is a co-operative company, formed of all the newspapers which it serves. These express, editorially, every shade of political opinion except Communism or out-and-out Fascism. If the bureau began to slant or suppress the news in favor of any faction, newspapers of the other factions would bring it to time. Although the United Press is run nominally for profit, it stands practically in the same position and is equally reliable.

Best of all, our government does not mess in. The administration in power has practically no more influence with these agencies than the faction out of power. There lies their chief advantage over the European press bureaus. In the totalitarian states—Germany, Italy, Russia—the news bureau is an integral part of the national propaganda. The French and British bureaus are nominally free. Actually, the government has its hand on them—either by an arrangement amounting to subsidy or the unexpressed threat of withholding news if they do not play the game.

Propagandists for the extreme right and the extreme left, both of which factions believe in a censored press and doctored news, unite in abominating these American agencies. Before Russia and Germany formed their odd alliance, every day the Communist press called these agencies "servants of Fascism," and the Nazi pamphleteers, "tools of the democratic-Communist plot." In trying to sift truth from falsehood they make their slips and their bad guesses now and then; for they are human institutions and men are not perfect. Their correspondents in those countries where censorship exists in both peace and war must compromise here and there in order to forfend their own expulsion. In war, censorship becomes universal. Often they cannot transmit the most important news. But very often they get over the general impression which they meant to convey.

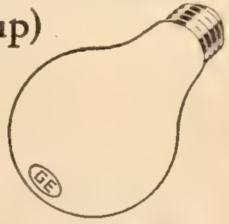
Of course, they often have to transmit official lies. In the first month of this war, a German air squadron attacked a fleet of British warships. Dr. Goebbels in Berlin announced that an airplane carrier had been destroyed and a battleship badly damaged. Mr. Churchill in London replied that no British ship had been so much as touched, and that the Germans had lost several airplanes. Palpably, some one was lying. Our reporters had no way of getting at the truth, but they must needs telegraph these statements or ignore the news.

Seeing the world through the Associated Press and the United Press is like using a field glass with slight flaws in the lens. Seeing it through many other mediums, including all of the European press bureaus, is like trying to use the bottom of a beer bottle. The vision is distorted, colored, and fogged. If the reader will watch for those little colophons UP and AP (combined) in the date lines of foreign dispatches and base his thinking on what they convey, he will begin his education in resisting propaganda.

The largest and richest of our individual newspapers maintain star foreign correspondents of their own and syndicate their copy to other newspapers. These men do not generally write "spot news." They look into larger situations and try to interpret them for the reader back home. In the character and intentions of these correspondents we have been both fortunate and unfortunate. Some look at the facts and interpret them in a large impersonal way. A few, however, are writing propa-

"CAN YOU REALLY BUY A GOOD LAMP BULB FOR 10¢?"
"YES, IF YOU MAKE SURE IT'S MADE BY GENERAL ELECTRIC JUST LOOK FOR THIS MARK: G·E"

Here's a real value for 10c! A special line of lamps, made to amazingly high standards, from excellent materials, and backed by General Electric Research. To distinguish them from G-E MAZDA lamps (at 15c and up) these 10c lamps are marked GE.



REMEMBER General Electric manufactures G-E MAZDA Lamps for all purposes.. the recognized standard of value. Marked with the famous GE monogram.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ganda, either on their own account or because of policy ordered from above. How are you, the reader, to distinguish the genuine from the phony? Here is one safe rule: distrust "editorialized" news. When a reporter—as distinguished from a columnist—gives the effect of searching the dictionary for hot adjectives to blast a man or an institution, instead of telling you what is happening and letting you draw your own conclusions, usually he is either biased or somebody's propagandist.

By the same token, look with suspicion on any newspaper which habitually editorializes the news. The best newspapers confine their opinions to the editorial page or to that corner where the columnists hold forth.

Don't take your news from circulars, small cheap-looking periodicals distributed free, or mimeographed sheets from some society with a pretentious name of which you never heard before. Such matter chokes the mails nowadays. Most of it proceeds on the assumption that the established agencies for transmitting news are in the hands of a sinister force—like the "Jewish plotters," the "international bankers," or the "Wall Street money devils"—which is suppressing the real news. That assumed, imagination can have its fling.

Here is an example from recent times: In the period before Stalin and Hitler appalled the world by joining hands, a stock theme of the German propagandist was anti-Semitism interwoven with anti-Communism. Hence the shivery, melodramatic story of the "Illuminati," as set forth in various pamphlets and spread by thousands of innocent but credulous accomplices. According to this tale, these Illuminati, a secret malignant society of Europeans and Americans now almost entirely controlled by Jews, really govern—or misgovern—this modern world. For a century they have been undermining our white man's civilization; and for no apparent reason except inherent deviltry. Communism is only one of their poisoned weapons. The sure shield against them is—well, the writers avoid the words "Fascism" and "National Socialism" but they manage to convey that meaning.

This conspiracy, the authors would have us believe, has gone on for at least a century. In its nature it is a wicked proceeding. By the law of human probabilities, again and again, in all this time, some principal or subordinate would have felt a prick of conscience and told his story to the police, the government, or his clergyman; from which source it would have reached the general press or the courts. The only conspiracy which ever keeps its secrets is one with a short-time objective and involving only a few persons—like the plot to assassinate Lincoln. We Americans have had a parallel to these hypothetical Illuminati in our criminal gangs. The law was a long time getting at such master gangsters as Capone and Luciano; but for years before they went to jail the newspapers and magazines had informed us on their operations and described, with proofs, the system behind them.

IN short, stuff like this does not make sense. Probably it is not intended to do so. However, Adolf Hitler has laid down the principle that the most effective propaganda does not appeal to the intellect but to the emotions. If you rouse a man's hatred, his fears, his affections, or even his sense of wonder to white heat, he ceases to weigh facts.

Shut your ears to rumors. Good advice at any time, this is particularly good just now. As I have shown by documents in previous articles of this series, the modern propagandist makes potent use of the irresponsible reports carried by word of mouth. He thinks up a sensational, gossipy tale. A few good mixers in every center of population tell it industriously for two or three days. That is enough. Innocent accomplices, inspired by no motive more sinister than attracting attention with an "inside story," spread it everywhere.

Be open-minded but skeptical when you read atrocity stories. The European propagandist of the first World War learned that we are the most humanitarian of nations. Sidney Rogerson, British expert, has remarked in print that ours is "one of the few countries where 'atrocity propaganda' will still be operative." War itself is an

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LUSTROUS, HANDSOME HAIR gives a man pride in his appearance. And it helps him make a good impression on others . . . wins him admiration and respect. Because well-groomed hair *is* an aid to social and business success, thousands of men use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" every day.

Keep your hair looking its best! Apply Vitalis to the scalp with a brisk massage. You feel a tingle as circulation quickens. Your scalp becomes more supple. Loose dandruff is routed. Your hair takes on a rich lustre as the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supplement natural scalp oils. And it combs easily into place, stays in place with no "patent-leather" look.

Get a bottle of Vitalis from your druggist today. Begin your "60-Second Workouts" and have good-looking, well-groomed hair!

Ask Your Barber
He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in sanitary Sealtubes. Be sure to insist on Vitalis Sealtubes!

1 **50 Seconds to Rub**—Circulation of the scalp quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased—your hair takes on a rich, new lustre.

2 **10 Seconds to Comb**—Your hair has a well-groomed, attractive lustre—without a single trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

VITALIS

HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

atrocity, today more than ever. The first month of this war brought an odd development: the Germans tried to get the jump with the atrocity stuff. In the lightning thrust across Poland, their army, as admitted by their own publicity, shot thousands of civilians, including a few women and adolescent boys. Berlin loaded the wires with stories about universal sniping on the part of Polish civilians and massacres of resident Germans. They represented the executions as stern justice against a barbarous people. To back this up, they showed neutral reporters rows of civilian dead—professedly Germans killed by the Poles, although they might very well have been the Poles admittedly killed by the German army.

Somehow this effort proved a dud. Have the atrocities of the Spanish and Chinese wars hardened us, or did American shrewdness smell a mouse in this story? Believe atrocity stories only when backed by the testimony of reputable American reporters; form your judgment on them only when they seem to express a deliberate policy of the government. One or two brutal acts by an individual or a small group do not condemn a nation. Look with special skepticism on horror stories circulated in pamphlets.

Finally, there is radio. Often, listening in of an evening, I have heard a radio announcer give forth in his vibrant voice a piece of news about the international situation, have gone to bed highly impressed with the importance of the event, and, when next morning I read the story in print expressed with the same words, have realized that it had very little importance, after all. That applies to the big stations and those owned by newspapers which dispense reliable news gathered by the press bureaus. But those semiprivate stations created for the use of extremists or fakers trying to implant some violent and unsound doctrine—they too profess to give forth news. It consists often in statements of world-shaking "facts" suppressed by the "Jewish-Communist conspiracy" or by the "capitalist class." Pause here, as the bridge columns say, and analyze the hand. Recent events have proved the Jewish-Communist conspiracy a myth; and the capitalist control is an influence not strong enough to suppress for very long an important piece of news. The freedom of the American press is such that eventually some one prints it.

And these lone news gatherers constantly dispense "exclusive" stories of such nature that a newspaper or a bureau, even starting to run them down, would have to employ a corps of experienced men and tens of thousands of dollars in incidental expenses. To an experienced journalist, the absurd thing about the ravings of these gentry is not their mendacity—often unconscious—but the impertinence of the pretensions as news gatherers.

Don't let these warnings make you radio-shy. The ether is a new and valuable channel for keeping a democracy in touch with the times. But remember its special power, and try to listen with your mind rather than with your emotions. Thus you may guard yourself from being stampeded. That is the process toward which the propagandists of the radio are working.

Final warning: Propaganda of all kinds, whether written or spoken, appeals not only to the emotions of hate and love but also to that primal ignoble emotion, fear. In the period—it seems so long ago—when Fascists and Communists were brawling with each other, the Reds told us that the Fascists were taking over the country and that the only hope lay in the dictatorship of the proletariat, while the Brown Shirts gave us exactly the same story in reverse. Fear is the mother of unreason, violence, and cruelty. In these times the Republic needs strong hearts, stanch minds, and steady nerves.

Summon your mental and moral courage and prepare yourself to play the man.

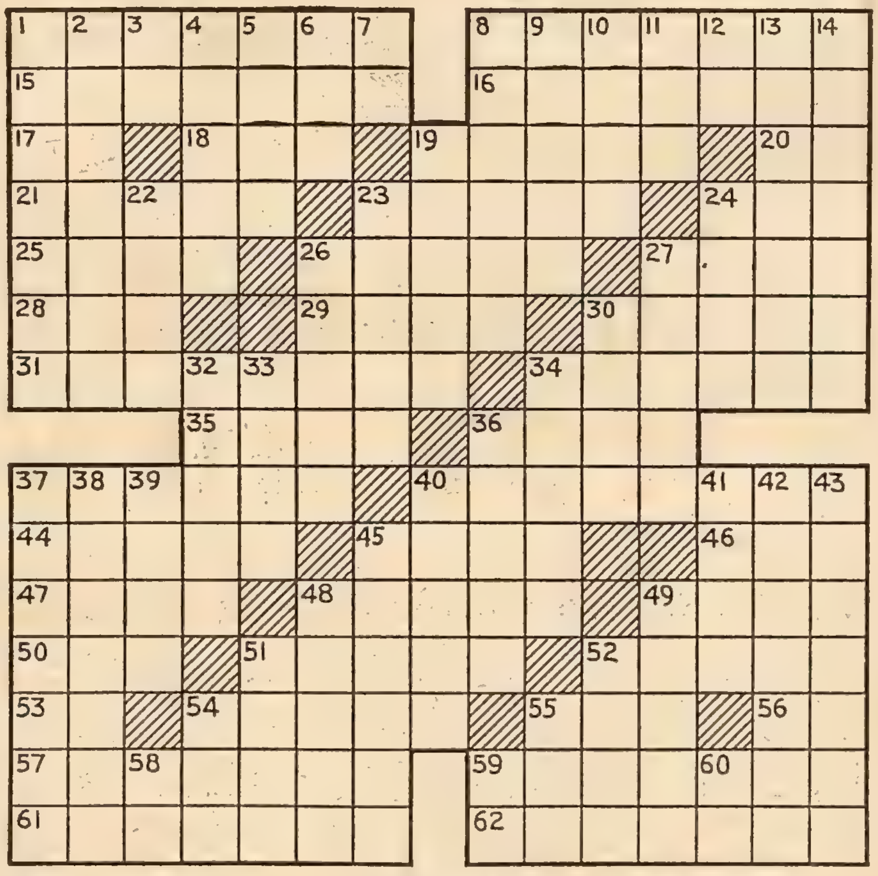
And in general—well, a simple Colorado freighter gave me the proper advice when I was ten years old. I had repeated to him some wild rumor about a neighbor.

"Kid," said he, kindly and yet cynically, "it's a good rule not to believe all you hear—or more'n half of what you see!"

THE END

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane

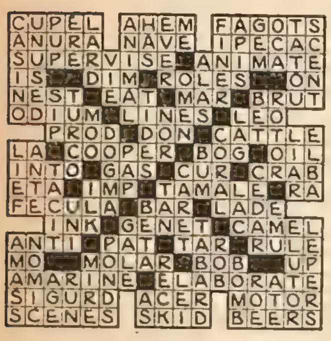


HORIZONTAL

1 The Daily Midget, published exclusively for small-minded people
8 Hot-air marshal (Ger.)
15 Land of Zig-Zog
16 Happy daze
17 Tanked Corps (abbr.)
18 This is perfectly beautiful—in a pig's eye!
19 Merkle, Allen, and the Great (pl.)
20 No Relief! (abbr.)
21 What is a trunk salesman with only his trunk?
23 Heals holes
24 Press tulips in the dark
25 High in the middle with wheels at either end
26 Nudes seen in the first row at the Follies
27 Who can today?
28 Dutch uncle
29 Leave it stand!
30 Four-legged hay-burner with a sideswipe
31 Gumshoed
34 The World's Fair before Whalen (poss.)
35 You can cure their dropsy by dunking them in mashed potatoes
36 The more you take away from it, the bigger it grows
37 This saw war
40 Toughest line of the year to crack
44 Abdul the Bulbul
45 This gets the South out of the dumps
46 A sweet dispenser
47 It's always late and exorbitant
48 Overcharges (slang)
49 Gil
50 Sign on an actor's dream world (abbr.)
51 Nonmusical harps
52 They always face the music
53 Call for Toots
54 Only thing to hold a man and woman together (pl.)
55 What we owe our little gray home in the west to (abbr.)
56 Opposite of 53
57 Scary two-footed crane
59 What pay checks do and bills don't
61 They hang around your girl friends
62 You can blame them for the kind of life you're living

VERTICAL

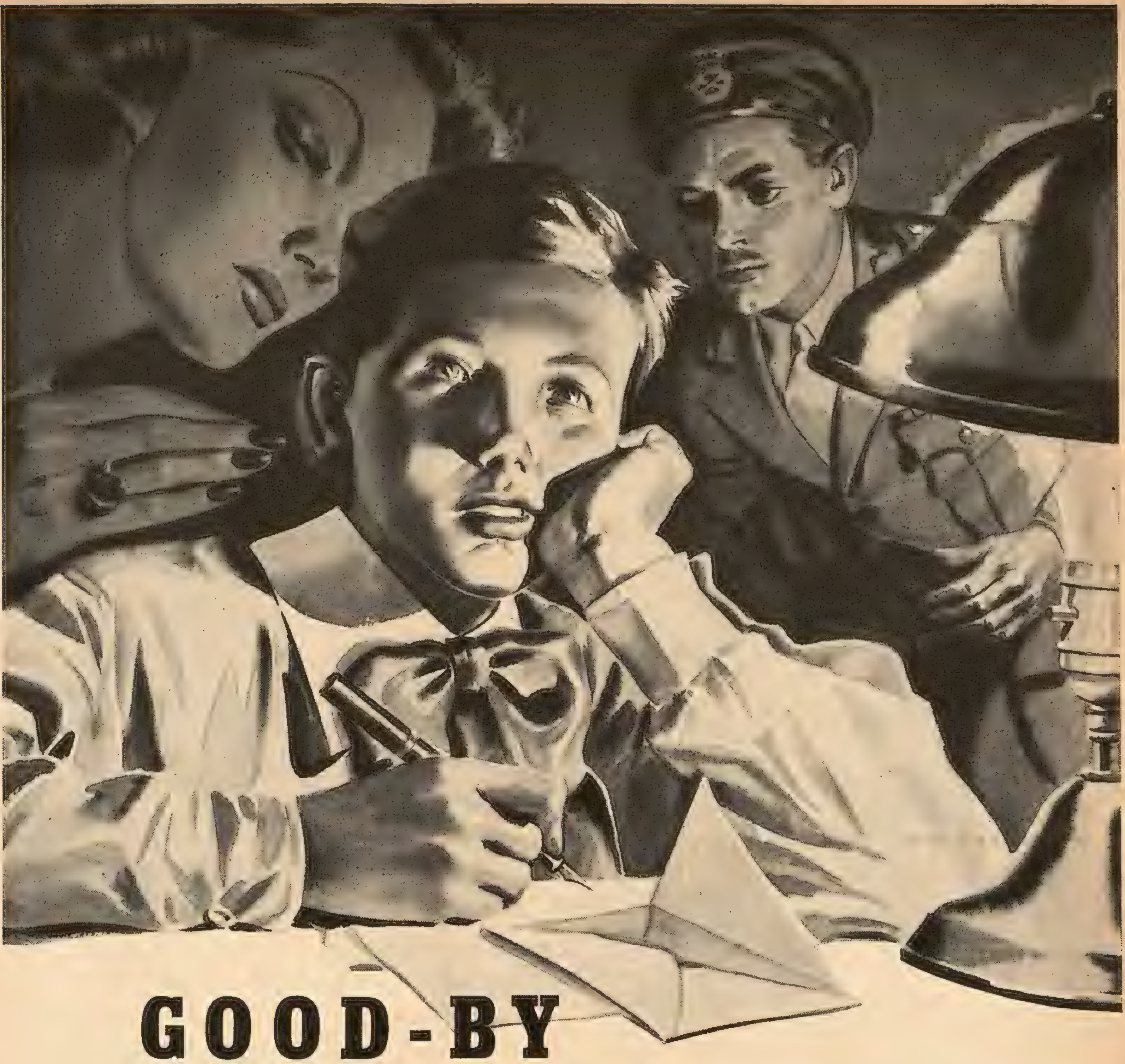
1 Entries in a sailor's address book (poss.)
2 It's dangerous when mixed with gasoline
3 They bring food from heaven
4 Gene Autry's manila pretzel
5 Two prepositions in one
6 Independent Idiots of Yorkville (abbr.)
7 Dewey (abbr.)
8 It's on the house
9 Black cats
10 Divinely shapely things
11 A Latin thing
12 Ain't not
13 This always comes with an old Tyre
14 Snappy holdings (fem.)
19 Lotted
22 J. Frost's whiskers
23 What men like with peaches
24 What a married man does and d. and d.
26 Grandmother's nuts!
27 Wolf in she's clothing
30 My favorite season
32 Poland licking Hitler or maybe Hitler licking the Allies
33 An old shed
34 Victim of the first blackout
36 What the handy burglar does for himself
37 Bang-bang on the rolling main
38 There're only a few of her kind left in the world
39 City of the Great Divide
40 Sounds from the bawlroom
41 No tea on this table
42 A bomb way to destroy Der Fuehrer
43 Pupil torture (pl.)
45 Drips carmine
48 The big upset in the French and Indian Wars
49 A Gay Nineties dash cutter
51 Desert (but not from the army)
52 To shake a duster
54 Wooden baby pacifier
55 Cal's rival
58 Hitler's Nice (oh, yeah?) (abbr.)
59 Goering's Peaceful (what's that?) (abbr.)
60 Daladier's Nervous? (No!) (abbr.)



CUPEL AHEM FAGOTS
ANURA NAVE IPECAC
SUPERVISE ANIMATE
IS DIM ROLES ON
NEST EAT MAR BRUT
ODIUM LINES LEO
PROD DON CATTLE
LA COOPER BOG OIL
INTO GAS CUR CRAB
ETA IMP TAMALE RA
FECULA BAR LADE
INK GENET CAMEL
ANTI PAT TAR RULE
MO MOLAR BOB UP
AMARINE ELABORATE
SIGURD ACER MOTOR
SCENES SKID BEERS

Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



Dear Mother: I have seen Father. He has to go to fight in the war.

GOOD-BY FOR NOW

A story of history's way with one small boy in 1939

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

DEAR Mother:

I miss you terribly already. I know you don't want me to say things like that and I won't any more. Only I just wanted you to know this once.

Everything at school is very different. My roommate is named Edward Latimer. I am the only American in the school, but they have not hazed me very much. Ned says that it is because my father is English. All the boys talk like Freddie Bartholomew in the movies. They think I talk funny.

The school buildings are very old. Most of the fellows in my form are quite nice. Did you know they call them forms here and not grades? Isn't that funny?

Father has come to take me out every afternoon. That is because regular classes have not started yet. It seems funny to be with Father and not have you with us. It was like at first when Father went away and it did not seem right without him. I guess I will get used to it in a year. It is almost like a year since you said good-by to me at the hotel, though it is only three days. I just remembered you don't want me to say things like that. I haven't got an eraser or I would erase it.

Father has taken me around to see

BY EVELYN EDWARDS and FAY MITCHELL

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES BRYSON

London. We went to Buckingham Palace and watched them change the guard. The guards look kind of like the doorman in front of our apartment house in New York. We also saw the Tower of London where they used to cut off all the people's heads. And Parliament, which is the same as Congress in Washington.

Father also took me to see a building. There were quite a few people in front of it looking at it. I did not tell Father so, but I did not see very much to look at. Father says it is a very important building, that history is being made in it. You might have heard of it. It is on a street called Downing Street.

They have just put the lights out in the younger boys' hall across the way and they will turn ours out in a few minutes. So I had better finish up. I don't like it very much when they put the lights out. That is when I miss you most. Good-by for now.

Your loving son,
TOMMY.

P. S. I know you must still be in Paris and that your boat does not sail back to New York for another week. But I am writing you all the letters so they will be waiting for you when you get back.

DEAR Mother:

There is such a lot to tell you and I really haven't much time to write it all. You see, we are being evacuated from school. That means that they are taking us out of London to the country because there is going to be a war here. But you are not to worry, Mother, because that is why they are taking us away so that we will not be in the way when the men are fighting. Lots of the fellows here at St. Swithin's are sorry. They say we would surely see some of the fighting if we stayed here. But I don't mind. I bet they would not let us see much anyway. And I shall be glad to be going out to the country. Don't worry about my not liking St. Swithin's, Mother. I do really. But it is such a big sort of damp place, didn't you think?

We all learned to spell evacuate this morning in class. Also, Mother, I forgot to tell you that they gave us gas masks. Do you know what they are? Nobody had them at home in New York. Well, we have to practice how to use them in case the enemy sends over planes to send down bombs on London. But of course we will soon be out of London in the country where they don't send down bombs, so please don't worry.

Another thing, Mother, every one I heard talking when I was out with Father all talked about how the Germans would do anything that Hitler told them to do and how they believed he was so wonderful. That's funny, isn't it? Because do you remember the German people we know in New York, Mr. and Mrs. Bergstein, and that other German violin player you said had to leave Germany, they didn't seem to believe in Hitler.

Well, they are calling us now and Ned says we have got to go to the refectory, that is the dining room. I will write soon. Good-by for now.

TOMMY.

DEAR Mother:

Here I am on the train and they told us we could write letters if we wanted to, so I am writing you. We marched to the train and got on. And all the way along the streets and at the station, ladies kept coming up and kissing and hugging some of the boys and crying. I thought these ladies must be their mothers. But finally some of them kissed me too, so I guess it was just their way of saying good-by to us. You know, like Great-Aunt Laura who always wants to kiss me when we go to visit her in Connecticut.

There are a lot of children on this train from other schools besides St. Swithin's. There are quite a good many girls too. And some of them are crying. They gave the crying ones bars of chocolate. And Ned my roommate from St. Swithin's says maybe we ought to try crying too. The train seems to stop quite often at stations, and each time it does ladies come through the car and look at us and some of them give us hot milk to drink. I have had three cups already. The paper cups kind of melt because the milk is pretty hot and you have to drink it down quickly. Harvey Barrett, another boy from St. Swithin's, let his cup melt up and he spilled his milk all over himself and had to be taken out to the washroom by one of the ladies who are taking us to the country. He said she took him into the ladies' side and wiped off his jacket with paper towels. He is eleven years old, too!

They tied little tags on our jackets with our names and the name of our school on them. Also they tied a post card on each of us with our family's name and address on it and when we get to the country we are to write home on the other side of the card. Mine is addressed to Father in London. So he will know where I am staying in the country. And by the time you get home, I will write you and tell you too. It is kind of hard to write on a train because it jiggles, so I will stop. Good-by for now.

Your son,
TOMMY.

DEAR Mother:

I got your letter today. Mr. Warde, the farmer who owns the farm where we are living, brought it back to me from the village. They do not have postmen out here. I am sorry you were worried about me and that you hurried back to London to get me out of school. In your letter you said you wanted to take me home to America with you because of the war. But, Mother, don't I have to stay here in England with Father for one year? I thought that is what the divorce meant. You know I would like to be with you again, but you said it was only fair to Father to be with him for his time. I would like to see you though for even a little while.

I am not homesick really, so do not worry about me. This is a very nice place where we are staying. There are six of us all from St. Swithin's here, my roommate Ned and Harvey Barrett and three other kids. We help Mr. Warde quite a bit. He was in the World War and he lost his arm up to the elbow. His son Jim is grown up and he does most of the work in the fields. He lets me milk the cow because I told him how I learned to do it in Wyoming when we were there. Of course we go to school but only in the mornings because there is just one school, a little country one. And lots of kids have to go to it. The Wardes are very nice to us. There is a grandmother too. She is very old. Mr. Warde tells us stories about when he was in the other war, but Mrs. Warde comes out in the yard and stops him all the time.

They make us carry our gas masks with us even if we just go out to the pump in the school yard for a drink of water. We do not think there will be any air raids down here. Mrs. Warde is calling us to tea. Tea is not just a drink in England. It is a whole supper, with toast and jam and milk. And sometimes we have soft-boiled eggs, only harder than soft-boiled eggs at home. I have to go to eat my tea, so good-by for now.

TOMMY.

DEAR Mother:

I have just seen Father. He came to see me because he has to go to fight in the war. I guess when you are a reserve in the Royal Air Force, like Father, you are pretty important and they need you right away. He looked very nice in his uniform, like the picture you have of him on the dresser in your room. He could not stay very long because some men were waiting for him in a car. But we had a walk across the pasture to behind the barn. I showed him the colt with the star on its forehead. The colt has a sore foot where the bull in the meadow butted him. Father says that is why men go to war. Because a bull in the meadow butts them until they can't stand it any more. Then they have to fight back.

Father kissed me before he went away and told me to be a good boy. Do you think Father knows I am ten years old? Jim Warde went away yesterday too. We kids try to help Mr. Warde a lot because there is more work to do. Mr. Warde doesn't tell us stories about the war any more. Well that is all, so good-by for now.

TOMMY.

P. S. Father borrowed a pen and paper and wrote you a note. He asked me to send it to you with my next letter. Here it is.

Dear Edith:

There isn't much to say. I tried to get Tommy out before I left, so that I could send him back to New York. But it was impossible. There is too much confusion here. And I did not wish to risk taking him back to

London. At least in the country he is safe.

It sounds hollow now to say I am sorry I insisted you bring him over for his year with me. I had no idea things would become so serious. I wanted to see him so badly. Edith, I am sorry about a lot of things. The immensity of all this has made me realize how petty our small differences were. Maybe when this is all over . . .

Your son and I love you very much.

HUGH.

DEAR Mother:

I have kind of been expecting to get a letter from you any day now. You ought to be home in New York pretty soon. I wonder if everything is the same at the apartment, and if you have seen any of the kids from my old school. If you see David would you tell him I will write to him soon?

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 50

1—Winston Churchill.
2—The firm of Grant & Ward, of which U. S. Grant was a partner.
3—Salmon and swan.
4—The Rains Came.
5—The Know-Nothings and the Greenbackers. The Mugwumps were independents.
6—Small-boat racing.
7—The War of 1812.
8—It begins about ten miles up at the equator and probably less than seven at the poles.
9—A telephone.
10—Clara Barton.
11—1,640.4 feet; 30 feet; 1,320 feet.
12—Telecast.
13—Governor General of Canada, Lord Tweedsmuir.
14—By majority vote.
15—Sugar.
16—"In for a pound"; "is a penny earned"; "pound foolish."
17—U. S. S. R., Poland, Czecho-Slovakia (or Germany), Hungary, Yugoslavia, and Bulgaria.
18—Colonel Roscoe Turner.
19—Coal.
20— J. Edgar Hoover

There isn't much to tell you. There are some new kids staying at the farm. They have been evacuated too.

At school we had air-raid practice. It was just like a fire drill at home, only we stayed inside and went down in the cellar instead of going outside. The cellar is not very nice. But Mrs. Warde says they are going to fix it up with folding cots and a stove and lights. Right now it is pretty cold and dark. I did not like it down there very well. I hope we will not have to stay down in the cellar very long. Good-by for now.

TOMMY.

DEAR Mother:

I am sure that I will have a letter from you by the time you read this one. Maybe you did not get my letters and you think I am not thinking of you. I am. And I love you very much.

Some planes flew over this morning, and we all went down into the cellar like we practiced. The master forgot to bring the matches and we stayed there in the dark. Then some one came down and got us. It was only a British squadron flying over. Maybe Father was in it. Good-by for now.

TOMMY.

DEAR Father:

I was glad to get your letter with the address on it, because I have been wanting to write you. I have been waiting to hear from Mother and I have not gotten a letter yet. I know you are busy fighting, Father, but could you maybe find out about when she got home? It is hard for me to find out anything down here in the country.

Maybe I will get a letter from her by the time you get this. If I do, I am sorry I bothered you. I hope the war will be over soon. Good-by for now.

Your loving son,
TOMMY.

P. S. I guess you remember the name of the boat Mother was on. It is the Athenia.

THE END

WHAT'S THE GOOD OF MY NEW DRESS, MOTHER —WHEN MY FACE LOOKS LIKE THIS?

ADOLESCENT PIMPLES can spoil YOUR girl's or boy's good times...

MANY young people are made unhappy by pimples. Mother—learn *now* two important reasons these ugly blemishes are so troublesome between the ages of 13 and 25.

FIRST—During these years the skin is highly sensitive. Then sluggish intestines may cause pimples to appear.

SECOND—Your girl or boy may not get enough Vitamin A—the vitamin that is so important in helping to keep the skin free from blemishes.

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Why not get *your* girl or boy with poor skin to try eating 2 cakes *every* day—one ½ hour before breakfast or lunch, one ½ hour before supper. Many greatly benefited in 30 days or less!

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*name on request

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New HIGH-VITAMIN YEAST helps this skin trouble even more!

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He got away from it all! The true story of one man's city-to-wilderness experiment in living

HOW TO RETIRE ON $500

BY CLARK RICHARDSON

Above, left: The coast line of the Strait of Georgia; the author's house, and (in circle) the author.

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

FIVE years ago I drove up to the Canadian Customs and Immigration office at Blaine, on the Vancouver-Seattle highway. I went in and announced to the two officials, "I'm going into Canada as a settler."

"How much money have you?"

"About $500."

"Do you have a job lined up?"

"No. I'm going to buy some land, put up a house, and have my own garden. I won't have to work."

The two men looked at each other. Oho, a Yankee nut, they must have thought. But they were very nice about it, and questioned me as though I were normal.

"Where is this land?"

I dived into a suitcase. "Here," I said, "is a blueprint of a district of crown grant land to be obtained directly from the government. I intend to get three acres for around $150." I made another dive into the suitcase.

"Here," I explained, unfolding a bundle of papers, "are the plans for the house. It is to be made of logs, cedar shakes, and secondhand windows. I have the windows with me. The house will cost almost nothing."

"Are you a carpenter?"

"No," I admitted, "but I have books here telling just what to do."

"Ever do any farming?"

I bent again and came up with a sheaf of pamphlets.

"No," I said. "But here are some booklets I got from the Department of Agriculture at Victoria. They tell everything I need to know."

They were plainly undecided regarding my application to enter Canada as a settler. "We have our own unemployed to protect," they told me. "We can't take a chance on letting others in who might need jobs."

When they withdrew to discuss the problem, I feared all my plans were going haywire. Possessed of an education, but never of a decent job, I had decided to become a pioneer. And now—wasn't I even to be accepted?

The men came back finally and said, "We'll take a chance on you, son."

In Vancouver I took a fish boat that deposited me somewhere near the district marked on the blueprint. When I got there I selected a lot of three and one half acres.

Once again in Vancouver, I metamorphosed into a tightfisted pinchpenny. Every purchase was made only after long and painful haggling. I picked up used tools at a third of their original selling price, and bought lumber from a church that was being wrecked. When my supplies were finally assembled, I went aboard the boat again, and the next day, at high tide, I was unloaded on a rock. In front of me lay the Strait of Georgia, island-studded, myriad-armed, stretching away to the Land of the Midnight Sun. Behind me, dense and majestic, rose a wilderness of firs and cedars, sweeping up the slopes. Across the strait, the cones of Vancouver Island glowed dully, like live volcanoes.

Before the magnificent sunset I found myself dwindling to a mere speck in the scheme of things. But that feeling of helplessness soon dispelled itself, and I turned to the task of preparing for a new dawn.

The summer days were long. My clearing in the wilderness took shape.

The buckbrush was cut away, windfalls sawed and rolled to one side, trees felled, shakes made from straight-grained cedars. I reared a house, and dug out stumps and cleared land, and piled up firewood for the winter. I spent very little money, a few cents a month for a coal-oil lamp, and a few cents more for store goods. I bought a whole gunny-sackful of mixed vegetables from a homesteader for sixty cents, and the water in front furnished fish. All around, in season, there were grouse, trout, deer, ducks, and wild blackberries.

And so I have lived, and five years have passed. I came as a refugee temporarily fleeing before the depression. But the *genius loci* of the place has crept into my bones and being. New doors of interest and entertainment have been opened, yet none of the old ones closed. For fifty cents, by fish boat, I can journey to Vancouver and indulge in all the diversions that civilization in the herd has to offer. Almost at my door, however, I find pleasures sufficient unto the new desires. My cedar dugout, purchased for two dollars, gives me more entertainment than an automobile, and at no cost. The cinema of the city has been replaced by the dramas of nature, stories in sound and color that unroll in endless variety.

I suppose some day I'll return to civilization. But I know I'll never regret these years of my life that have widened the sky and muted the strident clamor of the city to the silence and calm of the wilderness.

THE END

WAR FEVER

With bombs, U-boats, and spies three new films reflect the spirit of the times

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 23 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★½ DISPUTED PASSAGE

THE PLAYERS: Dorothy Lamour, Akim Tamiroff, John Howard, Gordon Jones, Victor Varconi, Judith Barrett, William Collier, Sr., Elisabeth Risdon, Kaye Luke. Screen play by Anthony Veiller and Sheridan Gibney, based on a novel by Lloyd C. Douglas. Directed by Frank Borzage. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 97 minutes.

LLOYD DOUGLAS seems to have the fiction-film formula of success. Anyway, his last five successful novels have been filmed—and filmed expensively. In each, Douglas presents a pleasant message. And America loves messages sugar-coated with fiction.

Here he pits two philosophies in medicine against each other. There is a famous surgeon, cold, factual, unbelieving in anything save bone and flesh. His apt pupil tries to follow in his calculated footsteps but finds something missing. It's love and faith in God and it takes an old country doctor and his ward, a girl raised in China, to teach him. The action swings into China's battle against an unnamed foe. And—in the militant war spirit of the day—you see defenseless natives bombed with ruthlessness and savagery.

Akim Tamiroff is the unbelieving surgeon, John Howard is his young assistant, Dorothy Lamour is the girl. Tamiroff easily steals the film. In fact, here is a remarkable characterization, one of the big performances of 1939. Tamiroff is the aloof, material surgeon to the life. It is a superbly detailed performance.

VITAL STATISTICS: Akim Tamiroff is a conscientious actor. For his study of the surgeon he had doctors and nurses show him all the right ways. Then he worked for forty-three days perfecting smoothness, and at the end, Mrs. Akim was nearly worn out. She had to slap instruments into his hands with exactness and be the victim of bandages while Akim practiced. He became so professional that he helped Ray Milland perform a film operation in his next picture, Untamed. In this Akim is a Northwest trapper. Tamiroff went around to visit John Howard at Queen of the Angels Hospital after the film was shot. John had undergone a tonsillectomy. Later the nurse asked about Akim's dialect. "It's pidgin Sam Goldwyn," said John. . . . Sloe-eyed Dotty Lamour wants it understood she isn't Oriental or Malayan, not even remotely. Comes of four generations of Americans in New Orleans. Start cheering: She returns to a sarong in her next film, Typhoon. . . . John Howard didn't have time to grow a mustache for his role. So the facial foliage is phony. . . . Frank Borzage has to have a pipe in his mouth to direct a love scene. . . . Two sisters of Anna May Wong, Loo and Liuheung, made their film debuts in the shots showing the hospital bombing. . . . Lee Ya-ching, one of China's pioneer women flyers, appears in a scene or two. . . . Author Lloyd Douglas says there's a tinge of irony in the film adaptation of his novel. The movies changed the ending to take the characters to China. That was his original

Dorothy Lamour and John Howard in a scene from Disputed Passage.

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Call us Indian-giver. We promised a column on "Gone With The Wind" and we're taking it all back.

★ ★ ★ ★

The Rhett Butler-Scarlett O'Hara saga will not be released until we start writing the date with a '40. Our roar will appear somewhat before then.

★ ★ ★ ★

So Happy New Year.

★ ★ ★ ★

Meanwhile we're telling about "Babes in Arms".

★ ★ ★ ★

"Telling" did we say? We mean shouting!

★ ★ ★ ★

"Babes" is a new high in musical entertainments.

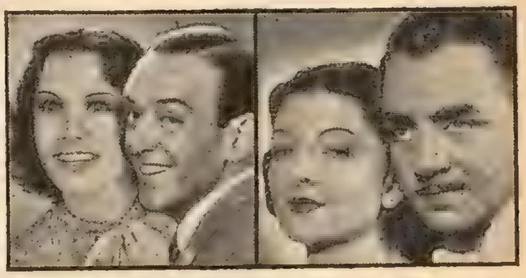
★ ★ ★ ★

By "new high" we mean higher than anything you've ever hummed to before, not excluding even "The Great Ziegfeld".

★ ★ ★ ★

Mickey and Judy, the Rooney and the Garland, sing, swing, and fling themselves through a rigadoon of riot that will bring callouses to your palms.

And to add to the musical tinge of the autumn there's "Balalaika", starring thrushes Nelson Eddy and Ilona Massey. And there's the "Broadway Melody of 1940" with none other than Eleanor Powell and Fred Astaire who got rhythm.



Oh what a Fall there is my countrymen.

★ ★ ★ ★

Particularly when we think of "Another Thin Man", starring William Powell and Myrna Loy. We can't wait to be mystified.

★ ★ ★ ★

So let us all together sing these duets: Rooney-Garland . . . Eddy-Massey . . . Powell-Astaire . . . Powell-Loy . . .

★ ★ ★ ★

Presented by

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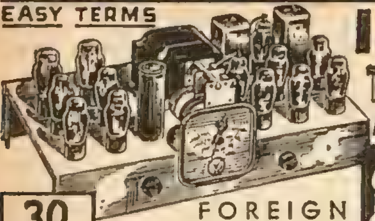

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—
Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

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ending. But when a popular magazine published the yarn serially, this denouement was rejected by the editors.

★ ★ ★ THUNDER AFLOAT

THE PLAYERS: Wallace Beery, Chester Morris, Virginia Grey, Douglass Dumbrille, Carl Esmond, Clem Bevans, John Qualen, Regis Toomey, Charles Lane, Phillip Terry, Henry Victor, Addison Richards, Hans Joby, Henry Hunter, Jonathan Hale. Screen play by Wells Root and Commander Harvey Haislip, from a story by Ralph Wheelwright and Commander Haislip. Directed by George B. Seitz. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 94 minutes.

THE wartime flavor—plus U-boats. This, as did Twentieth Century-Fox's Submarine Patrol, deals with Uncle Sam's use of tiny 110-foot subchasers in fighting German submarines off the Atlantic coast in the first World War. Time, 1918.

The film formula is familiar. Wallace Beery and Chester Morris are hard-boiled tugboat masters mustered into the war. And Morris comes to love horny-handed Beery's pretty daughter. The big moment comes when Morris commands an old Gloucester fishing schooner used as a decoy to get a U-boat to the surface.

Wallace Beery is the untidy captain of the Susan H. who enlists to take on the German navy singlehanded. Chester Morris is the rival barge captain. And Virginia Grey is the charming cause of their bitterness and their ultimate reconciliation.

In the sinister mood of the day.

VITAL STATISTICS: Remember the U-boats in 1918? One of them actually rained shot on Orleans, a tiny Cape Cod hamlet near Falmouth, on July 2, 1918. Twelve old subchasers were located for the film; six were reconditioned for use. A camera crew made shots of them in the Atlantic. Four reproductions were built at the studio and floated in studio-lot tanks. Matching scenes were done off the Coronado Islands with the U. S. S. Sturgeon, one of the nation's submarines. . . . The old Gloucester schooner We're Here, which carried Spencer Tracy to an Academy award in Captains Courageous, plays the decoy ship, the Phinie G., in this film. After the Kipling picture, it sailed thousands of sea miles to Long Beach, where it has anchored, awaiting another role. Beery's own tug, the Susan H., is done by the same tug that costarred with Marie Dressler and Beery in the unforgettable Tugboat Annie. . . . As a child Virginia Grey knew Wallie Beery. Her father, Roy Grey, was a director and the Greys lived close by the Beerys, near the old Mack Sennett studios on Glendale Boulevard. Grey died in 1925 when Virginia was seven, and her mother went to work as a film cutter. That year Virginia did her first role, Little Eva, in a Universal filming of Uncle Tom's Cabin. More child roles. Then Virginia started to grow up, and a year ago she began trying to find a place in films all over again. Restarted in Idiot's Delight as one of Gable's Les Blondes.

★ ★ ★ ESPIONAGE AGENT

THE PLAYERS: Joel McCrea, Brenda Marshall, Jeffrey Lynn, George Bancroft, Stanley Ridges, James Stephenson, Howard Hickman, Martin Kosleck, Nana Bryant, Robert O. David, Hans von Twardowsky, Lucien Prival, Edwin Stanley, Addison Richards, Granville Bates, Grace Hayle, Egon Brecher, Emmet Vogan. Screen play by Warren Duff, Michael Fessier, and Frank Donoghue from a story by Robert Henry Buckner. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 83 minutes.

GIVE the Warners an inch of newspaper headline and they'll make a mile of movie any day. In production this underwent topical changes. Chaos broke loose overseas and the producers saw their chance to make a hot news melodrama of the moment.

Espionage Agent first was to be called Career Man. It was to show how Uncle Sam trained his diplomats for service in foreign lands. After all, the movies have detailed the education of firemen, policemen, and even G-men, why not diplomats? And the method is interesting. But, as war broke, the producers accentuated the melodramatic plot, detailing how espionage and undercover agents of foreign governments honeycomb our daily life, how spy rings watch everything we do, think, or plan. There is no mistaking the homeland of this particular spy set-up. It's just east of the Siegfried Line.

The result has a hasty flavor but it is interesting and frequently quite absorbing. Joel McCrea plays the young career man who falls in love with a girl who turns out to be a lady spy. This lure for diplomats is done by a newcomer, Brenda Marshall.

VITAL STATISTICS: Brenda Marshall is another film "find" in a year of film finds. She's Danish, real cognomen Ardis Ankerson, hails from San Antonio and Texas State College for Women but she was born on a Pacific isle, Negris, in the Philippine group. Had a real sugar daddy, Otto Peter Ankerson, sugar-plantation owner. Back of Espionage Agent are just two stage jobs, in stock and in a Federal Theater play, On the Rocks. Twentieth Century-Fox, Metro, and Paramount made tests—but Warners hired her. Brenda flew West on May 4, was playing opposite Joel McCrea on the 10th. That's speed. Maria Ouspenskaya has been giving Brenda special instruction and there she is —a "find." In private life Brenda is married to Richard Gaines, who has been playing Lincoln in the Broadway play, Abe Lincoln in Illinois, since Raymond Massey went West to do the film version. Brenda weighs only 103. . . . Martin Kosleck, who plays the spy-ring chief, was Goebbels in Confessions of a Nazi Spy. He was known on the Continental stage as Nicolai Yoshkin. . . . This is another step in George Bancroft's comeback. Remember him as a star? Ill, he was off the screen two years. Now he's doing important roles again. Says George: "It isn't the past that counts. It's the present—and the future."

★ ★ HERO FOR A DAY
(Universal)

Charles Grapewin as the business failure and favorite football hero of a small Western college, returns to bask in the warmth of forgotten glories of his youth on the day of the big game. (70 minutes.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Rulers of the Sea, The Real Glory, The Women, The Rains Came, The Wizard of Oz, Stanley and Livingstone, Goodbye Mr. Chips, Only Angels Have Wings, Union Pacific, Juarez.

★★★½—Golden Boy, Young Mr. Lincoln, Wuthering Heights.

★★★—Honeymoon in Bali, The Cat and the Canary, Nurse Edith Cavell, Dust Be My Destiny, The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, The Under-Pup, The Star Maker, Fifth Avenue Girl, Lady of the Tropics, When Tomorrow Comes, The Old Maid, In Name Only, What a Life, Each Dawn I Die, Winter Carnival, Beau Geste, They Shall Have Music, On Borrowed Time, Bachelor Mother, Five Came Back, Daughters Courageous, Man About Town, Jamaica Inn, Four Feathers, Blind Alley, Invitation to Happiness, Rose of Washington Square, It's a Wonderful World, Confessions of a Nazi Spy, For Love or Money, Back Door to Heaven, East Side of Heaven, The Hardys Ride High, The Story of Alexander Graham Bell, Man of Conquest, Dodge City.

FAITH

Liberty's Short Short

BY HAROLD CHANNING WIRE

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

PEDRO DE SOTO came up the riverbank carefully, hugging the basket to his great chest and feeling the way with his big feet in light that was not yet full dawn. His dark face had worried lines creased in it and his eyes were set in deep hollows of fatigue and hunger. All of this night Pedro de Soto and his wife Lucita had lain awake, talking; it was not until the morning star had come blazing up out of the Rio Grande, that she had told him what they must do.

As he climbed he shook his head and wished that his faith was as strong as hers. His heart was heavy.

At the top of the riverbank he turned and waited while she came laboriously up behind. He frowned, troubled for her. They had eaten no breakfast. And she was too heavy for the effort of climbing, in spite of all the washing and cooking—when they had food to cook—and being mother to eight children.

A green shawl covered her head and wrapped around her body to her broad waist. Beneath that hung a black skirt, very full and so long that it almost hid the sandals Pedro had made for her out of strips of an automobile tire. He was proud of her sandals. Even now he glanced at them and thought, Me, I am good with my hands!

She leaned over the basket in his arms and gently raised a black goat-fleece covering. She did not speak.

Pedro looked down. The baby still slept. If it had been awake and had smiled at him . . . Crying babies sometimes drove him from the house. But smiling ones—!

He lifted a pleading gaze from the brown face so small and quiet. Whispering, he said, "Lucita. One more day, if we wait—" She scowled him into silence. She was crying.

Pedro stared on past her. Below them he could see the mounded clay roof of their adobe in the river willows, and all seven children standing against the wall, watching. For once they were hushed. On across the river he saw El Paso beginning to stir and rumble. Here around him Juarez still slumbered.

Then his eyes picked out the tall chimneys of the El Paso smelter. He glanced down, whispering, "Lucita, tomorrow the smelter will start—who knows? And I will have work and money, plenty of money. Lucita—"

She put the goat fleece into place, bent her head over the basket, then straightened, avoiding his eyes.

"You go now!" he heard her say. "You go, Pedro."

Feeling heavy and tired and saying to himself, "I know we cannot wait for any more tomorrows when now there is no food," he obeyed and moved on.

With the basket hugged against him, he shuffled along through crooked streets toward the church. He knew how sheltered and well fed the baby would be there. Stoutly he tried to believe that this was better than anything else.

A black car leaped at him suddenly, coming too fast down the winding street. He crowded against the adobe wall, protecting the basket with hunched shoulders. Then his eyes hardened. He turned and bared clenched teeth at the car.

"*Cabrones!*" he said under his breath. "Offspring of goats! You having your all-night parties when we have no food!" For in the machine he had seen a man driving, and in the back seat, although curtains were drawn at the sides, a girl in fine dark furs.

Shuffling on, he repeated silent curses, thinking how the money those people drank up in one night would keep his family for a month.

But here was the side of the church now, and ahead the recessed gate under the high arch of brick fencing. And the niche. . . .

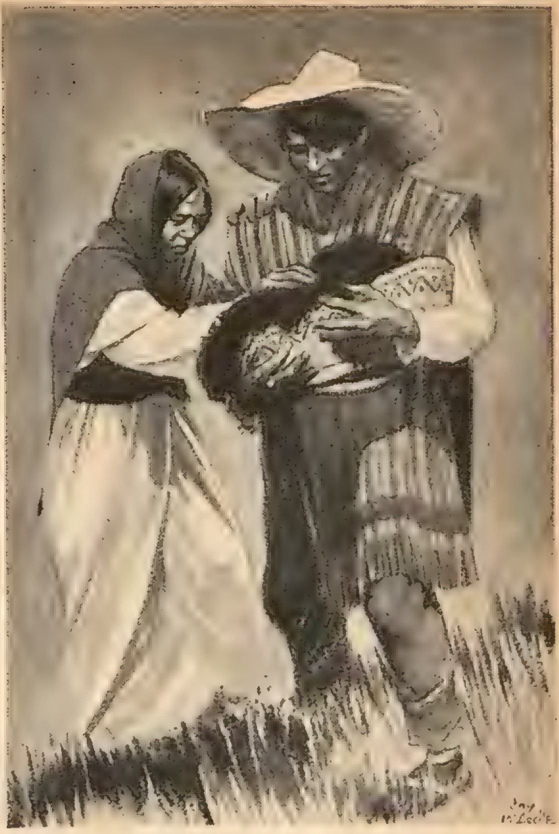
Pedro halted. His mouth gaped.

A basket was already in the niche!

And then, before his wits were half gathered, he heard the sound that never failed in its effect upon him—a baby making happy noises. Not his baby. His still slept. He bent to his knees, put down his own basket, and looked into the other. Bright brown eyes looked up, smiling. The face was like an angel's above the edge of a soft blue quilt. A boy!

Pedro put his finger out and stroked the tiny chin. The baby opened his mouth. Pedro grinned. He touched a cheek. Again the little mouth opened, like a bird expecting food.

There was a scuffing step on the other side of the locked gate. Metal jingled. A key grated. Pedro's heart jumped. Swiftly he put his own baby in with the new one, covered them both with the blue quilt, leaped up, and ran with the double burden.



It was not until he had crossed the plaza and was headed toward his house below the riverbank that his senses cleared. What had he done? And what would he do now? He couldn't go back. Something would not let him turn around.

Lucita was speechless. But she was not angry, as he had dreaded. She only stood and gazed at the basket's two babies.

Quickly he said, "Look!" and touched the new one's nose.

Its mouth opened and Pedro roared with sudden laughter. He did not know why he felt so happy. Ysabel and Rose came running in to see what was going on, and behind them the first twins and the second twins and little Roberto.

Then the baby began to cry.

"You donkey!" Lucita scolded. "You have frightened him." She bent, and cradling both bundles in her big arms, she lifted them up.

Pedro took a step. "Lucita!" He was pointing down. "Lucita!" On the basket's pad lay a sheaf of paper money—more pesos than he had ever seen at one time in all his life. His jaw sagged and his mind was blank. But not the woman's. Lucita laid her bundles on the bed. She gathered the money and put it in a bowl beneath her saint. She stood there a moment. Her lips moved.

Pedro swallowed. "You mean, Lucita, we will keep it? And both of these?"

She faced him. "We prayed—and money has been given." She shook her head but smiled. "You . . . so little faith you had!"

He hugged her, thinking what a wonderful woman for a man like him to have; while behind them Ysabel and Rose, the first twins and second twins and little Roberto ran screeching out to tell the neighbors they didn't have just one new brother any more . . . they had two!

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

WHY I AM AN AMERICAN

Ourselves as others see us—A stirring confession of faith from one who chose this country for his own

BY RABBI LOUIS M. LEVITSKY

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Louis M. Levitsky.

I AM one of the fifteen million foreign-born American citizens. I became an American by choice. This makes it possible for me to explain why I am an American and to provide an objective estimate of American life and civilization.

The first subject I had to study when I came to "the States" from Canada to begin my college education was American history. What particularly impressed me was the fact that in the short span of 150 years a small group of less than four million "rebels" was able to develop into the most powerful people in the world, numbering more than 130,000,000 souls and covering the vast stretch now known as continental United States, in addition to other territories and possessions.

I realized that the growth of this American people is not due to mere territorial expansion. Russia, China, and Canada are each vaster in territory. It is not due to the wealth of its people. Each of the heads of several provinces in India is richer than the richest of our Americans. It is not due to numbers. Russia, India, and China have larger populations.

I found that the greatness of America lies rather in the intangible reality which we call *the American life.* This American life is unique in the fact that it asks no one who comes to these shores to turn his back upon his past and to give up his ancestry. America makes only one demand upon an immigrant. It is that he bring the richest and the best that is his heritage, distilled in the crucible of his personal experience, and through him transmitted to this land. Because of this, there were brought to these shores the essence of the rich cultures, the cream of the spiritual wealth, of all the peoples of the world.

I believe it was an Englishman, Israel Zangwill, who after a short visit to this country misnamed America the "Melting Pot." Nothing is further from the truth. We are not a melting pot. We are not all put into a huge caldron and poured into identical molds.

I would rather regard America as the new world symphony. This symphony, like every other symphony, is played on a large number of instruments varying in size, in shape, and in the sounds they emit. Yet all this seemingly incongruous mass of instruments produces the kind of harmony which thrills the soul of man and raises him as close to the divine as he will ever reach.

This rich result is made possible by the fact that every instrument maintains its individuality. Each player contributes his part in accordance with a carefully laid out plan.

This is precisely the way in which I conceive this unique American life of which I speak. The 130,000,000 inhabitants are made up of a great variety of peoples, coming from all parts of the earth, each representing the latest of a long heritage. This same variety extends also to the field of religion. Yet all live in harmony. Every movement which has attempted to persecute minorities has been short-lived and inconsequential while it lasted. Somehow, instinctively, the American life refuses to absorb the temporary arrogance of one group or another, or to tolerate for long the mealymouthed orators who utilize the instrument of religion or racial consciousness to destroy the harmony of the symphony.

In the light of this view of American life, we can easily understand how the great variety of cultures and religions tends to the enrichment of all of life. Here is a Jew who has an uninterrupted recorded heritage of more than thirty centuries. During the first half of this period his ancestors gave to the world those bases for civilization which are accepted by every people in the world, and religious leaders whose teachings still dominate civilized mankind. In the second half of this long existence, the Jew has been buffeted about on the most stormy seas. He was driven from pillar to post, exiled from many lands, pogromized and butchered—and yet here he is today larger in numbers than ever before and serving the cause of democracy and human freedom by his very existence.

When the Jew brings this will to live and this object lesson of the survival of the spiritual to these shores, does he not thereby bring to America a spark of immortality?

If, on the other hand, the Jew were to be asked to forget his past, would not this country be the great loser by it?

I live in a section of Pennsylvania which has one of the largest Welsh settlements in the world outside of Wales. These people come from a country which has produced in its people a love for God's teachings and a happy manner of expressing it in song. They still maintain as they did in the old country, their annual music festivals which bring together hearts filled with song.

Wouldn't we all be the poorer if all this personality were to be obliterated and these people were to become just another batch of immigrants?

Another large element in our community are the Polish people. One who has had occasion to see some of the pageants presented annually by the Kosciusko Foundation cannot help but realize how much this strain of Polish endeavor has helped in the development of America from the days of the Revolution to our own day. Such a group, if completely suppressed culturally, would soon become aimless wanderers, without benefit to themselves or to America. The same holds true of the Swedes and Norwegians whose sturdy north European culture finds expression in some parts of Pennsylvania and in sections of the Middle West; the Italians, with their love for song and color and cheer; and all the other elements that represent the different instruments in this new world symphony. Each, in his own fashion, is offering America the richest gifts within his power. This is how America has grown spiritually, endowed with the finest of cultures drawn from the whole world.

I, as a Jew, feel that I have an opportunity to add another instrument to the orchestra of the new world symphony, thereby further enriching everything and everybody around me, and by co-operation with them, in turn further enriching my own soul. In short, I am called upon by America to be true to my own self, to the long heritage within me. More than that I cannot do. Less than that I dare not do if I am to be a useful citizen in this land. This is why I am an American.

THE END

You Still Can Enter and Win in Liberty's

WORDS Within Words

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. APP'LD FOR

$2,000 CASH PRIZE CONTEST

Start an Entry from This Page

HERE is another chance to get into the Words Within Words game if you have not already started—or, if your entry is completed up to this point, another interesting step toward the prize awards. If you have not already started your claim to a share of the prize money, you can get into the game direct from this page. Begin by reading the brief Rules carefully. They explain exactly what to do in order to win a cash prize.

Briefly, the object of the game is to build horizontal words in the diagram, one word for each letter in the key word, using only letters that appear in the key word and using no letter more times in any word than it appears in the key word.

Your score is computed by numbering each letter in its own horizontal sequence. Thus, in the space above a letter the first time it appears mark down 1; the next time it appears place 2 above it; the third time mark it 3, etc. When you have given each letter its proper value, add up the total for each horizontal line and then add these for the total of your diagram. Another diagram will be published next week.

THE RULES

1. The contest will run for ten weeks, ending in the issue of Liberty dated December 16, 1939.

2. Each week a diagram will be printed providing a key word and seven horizontal squares for each letter constituting the key word.

3. To compete, insert on each horizontal line a single word of not more than eight nor less than two letters; the letter of the key word in any line to be the first letter of the word you fill in. Each word used must consist entirely of letters appearing in the key word. Funk & Wagnalls' New Unabridged Standard Dictionary is the official reference authority for this contest. Any English word, including proper nouns, appearing in this dictionary under the letters A to Z inclusive may be used, provided no letter appears therein more often than it appears in the key word; i. e., if T appears in the key word three times, it may be used not more than three times in any horizontal word. Combining and other variable forms not specifically appearing as complete words in the above-mentioned section will not be considered. Tables of whatever nature in the appendix are not authority for this contest.

4. Method of scoring: Each letter in the finished diagram, including the letters of the key word, counts one point the first time it is used and increases in value by one point upon each successive use In filling in spaces, place letters below and their values above the slanted lines. Thus, above the first letter of the key word put the figure 1. Place 2 above this letter the next time it appears and 3 above it the next time it appears, etc. Your completed diagram will show a score number above each letter of each word. Then add up the total of all numbers in the diagram and enter it on the line provided below.

5. Clip and save all coupons until your set of ten is complete at the end of the contest. Upon the final diagram a space will be provided for you to enter the grand total of all the diagrams in your entry. Then send them to WORDS WITHIN WORDS EDITOR, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Mail flat by first-class postage.

6 The entry with the largest grand total will be considered the best and will be awarded the $500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence other entries will receive: Second Prize, $200; Third Prize, $100; Twenty Prizes, each $10; 200 Prizes, each $5. Neatness will count. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

7. The closing date of this contest is Friday, December 29, 1939, and entries received after that date will not be considered.

8. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence with any competitor. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

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TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS LATE-ENTRY OFFER

If you missed the first three diagrams you can obtain reprints upon written request to the address in Rule 5, enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. Upon each late-entry reprint will be reproduced a completely worked-out Words Within Words diagram illustrating how to fill in the horizontal words and compute the score.

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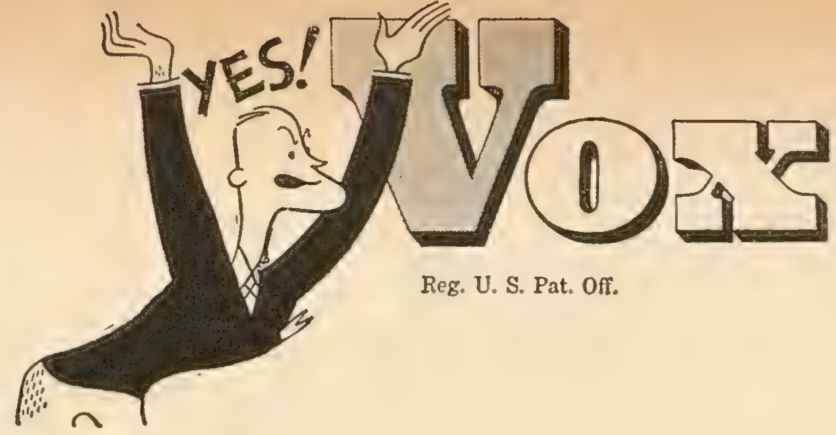

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE Y. M. C. A. BOMB SHELTER IN CHUNGKING

TUCUMCARI, N. M.—I note in Hell in the Heavenly Kingdom, by Carl Crow (September 9 Liberty), that one of our so-called " Christian " associations is taking the Chinese for the same mercenary ride it took the A. E. F. for some twenty years ago.

Evidently the Chinese so unfortunate as not to have the necessary price of admission to the bomb shelter are permitted to stay outside.

Just another reason, perhaps, why China is slow to accept Christianity as superior to its own religion.

Four hundred million Chinamen may not be entirely wrong.—*V. Bachelor.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In September 9 Liberty your reporter in China makes a reference to the Y. M. C. A. in Chungking which carries, however unintentionally, unfavorable and unfair implications. He writes:

U.S. MAIL
U.S. MAIL

" I have not yet visited the Y. M. C. A. dugout, which is a very large one and distinguished by the fact that it is the only one in Chungking at which admission tickets are sold. They say that this arrangement was not eminently successful, for when the bombs began dropping, a great many people crashed the gate. For fear that I may be equally rude under similar provocation, I intend to buy a ticket at the earliest opportunity."

This paragraph is easily misleading unless supplemented by such facts as those reflected in the following extracts from an NEA Service syndicated story from Chungking dated July 19, 1939:

> The Chungking Y. M. C. A. is unique even among these besieged " Y " centers in a besieged country. It has become one of the most important organs for home front spiritual mobilization in the new western capital of China. There a movie operates all day and evening. The only public library in the city operates there. More than 350,000 took advantage of its swimming pool in 1938.
>
> Close co-operation is maintained with the Red Cross, whose members live within the compound and serve a thousand wounded a day in five hospitals. The National Health Administration and the National Relief Commission found shelter here after their own offices had been bombed, and a student hostel for girl students is being built. . . .
>
> Beneath all this, hewn from the rock on which the buildings stand, is a bombproof shelter capable of holding 1,200 people. The expense of building this electrically lighted " dugout de luxe " was shared by 1,000 subscribers, who were rewarded with tickets admitting them when any raid comes off. . . .
>
> American contributions helped establish the Chungking " Y," but since the opening of the original building the entire support of the work has come from the people of Chungking.

Writing from Chungking on July 28, 1939, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek has this to say about the work which the Y. M. C. A. is doing in Chungking, his provisional capital, and in other parts of war-stricken China:

" During this period of our bitter resistance, the Young Men's Christian Association has set in motion its organizations to participate in all kinds of relief work. Its courage and its earnestness have won the admiration of both our people and our soldiers. Its activities have fortified our belief that righteousness does not stand alone."—*Eugene E. Barnett, Executive Secretary, the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations of the United States and Canada.*

HOT ONION POULTICE

WEST PITTSTON, PA.—Physician's Wife (September 23 Vox Pop) is both right and wrong.

I agree on not publicizing mistakes of doctors and hospitals. After all, we are all human and all err.

A very prominent local physician, now deceased, told me about two years ago of using hot onion poultice with excellent success on a patient with a very bad case of double pneumonia. Don't let anybody " kid " you that this as well as many other old-timers are olden-day superstitions. A vast majority are worth their weight in gold.—*J. D. Earnest.*

DOHERTY'S TYPING SPEED

CHICAGO, ILL.—In September 23 Liberty, Edward Doherty breaks down and confesses that he typed 1,100 words in five minutes, an average of 220 words per minute. The world's record for typing is less than 150 words per minute.

Now what I want to know is, where has this man Doherty been during all the speed contests?—*Anne Bird.*

DIES COMMITTEE REPORT AND COMRADE X

EL PASO, TEX.—If Mr. Thomas J. Pettit (September 16 Vox Pop) is still inclined to doubt Comrade X's statements and to minimize the dangers of Communism, I would suggest that he read the report of the Dies Committee. His congressman can get it for him, or it will be furnished for a nominal charge by the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, in Washington. It is House Report No. 2, 76th Congress, 1st Session.

I have checked Comrade X's story against this report and, with one or two minor exceptions, it checks pretty closely with the facts developed by Mr. Dies and his committee. I expect to also check I Joined the Bund against this report.

With the Communists and the Nazis joining forces, as will probably occur in the near future, in view of recent developments in Europe, it behooves real Americans to wake up to the dangers that confront them. Liberty is certainly entitled to a lot of praise for sounding these alarms.—*A. B. C.*

SPELLBINDER ERIC HATCH

GLOUCESTER, MASS.—Have just read the first installment of Dangerous Impulse, by Eric Hatch (September 16 Liberty), and wish to say that, in my opinion, Eric is a top-notcher who holds one spellbound to the last word.

Most everything in Liberty is well worth reading, although occasionally some one or another of the fiction stories sure " gets your goat " —one paragraph of same being sufficient for the purpose. —*William W. Stanwood.*

EXPOSE THE INSIDE CORPORATION BANDIT!

SAGINAW, MICH.—Why not write an article on the Inside Corporation Bandit and expose him—the man (or group of men) who consistently exploits the minority in his company for his own benefit, giving himself bonuses or excessive salaries, leaving nothing for the rest of the stockholders. There are thousands of these bandits in business. —*C. H. Kretschmer.*

HOW TO AVOID A SHYSTER

MIAMI, OKLA.—Some people secure the services of a shyster lawyer, and from dealing with him form the opinion that all lawyers are dishonest. Such was the case of Eunice J. Nichols, author of A Widow in the Courts (September 23 Liberty). If more people would take the time to find out just what kind of lawyer they were hiring and settle things out of court instead of trying to " get even " with some one, the world would be much better off.

One way to avoid hiring a shyster lawyer is to find what his legal rating is, just as the retail merchant finds what your credit rating is when you start a charge account in some store. There is a directory of United States lawyers (Martindale) from which one can obtain vital information concerning any lawyer in any city and state in the United States. If you pick one with an A. V. rating, you may be sure he won't be a shyster!—*Jane Tuthill.*

MR. MACFADDEN 100 PER CENT CORRECT

PORTLAND, ORE.—While I have never been a regular subscriber to Liberty, yet for the past several years it has always found its way into my home each week, and I enjoy its frankness, its candid way of ripping the mask from subversive influences, throwing the searchlight of truth and reason into dark places, and especially the editorials of Bernarr Macfadden. To my mind, he has been practically 100 per cent correct.—*E. E. Hanyen.*

EPISCOPAL CHURCH FOUNDED IN 1534

VERMILLION, S. D.—A Lover of Accuracy (September 23 Vox Pop) writes, " He will find that the Episcopal Church goes back to Apostolic days."

Macaulay and his fellow English Protestant historians —as well as other historians —state the Episcopal Church was founded in 1534 by King Henry VIII, who because the Pope would not sanction his divorce set himself up as the head of the Church of England and the Episcopal Church.—*F. Long.*

MORE THAN FAIR

DANBURY, CONN.—While not a subscriber to Liberty, I have it delivered to me every week by a very courteous little " business man " and read it from cover to cover, as do most of the family.

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I have never seen a publication that met with the approval of *all* its readers, but believe that Liberty comes very close to achieving that position.

The Vox Pop section appears to me to be more than fair, and I am sure that those whom Liberty pleases are in numbers sufficient to assure us the pleasure of reading it for the remainder of our sojourn here below.

Thanks for a clean and entertaining visitor.—*" E " Sturdevant.*

GOLD BARS UNDER WATER

HABANA, CUBA—In the Isle of Pines (Treasure Island) there is a yellow marble cave covering a hidden lake. The yellow marble at times reflects light as if there were gold bars under the water. Often men dive in this lake with their clothes on, to be sure they are not dreaming. Pirates used to bury treasures in this island.

In this poor world gold is god and Wall Street its prophet.—*P. R. de Yrizar.*

THE WAY THE GOVERNMENT TREATS ITS INDIANS

MONTEREY, IND.—Regarding Mr. Billy Buckley's letter (August 19 Vox Pop), he evidently thinks there are no Indians in Indiana. He is mistaken. The government isn't doing very much for them, either.

According to Mr. John Collier, the Indian Commissioner, there are now 50,000 Navajos living in an area that could hardly support 5,000 persons.

The American Association of Indian Affairs says that large numbers of Indians are living at a bare subsistence level in small shack towns that have grown up near many of the agencies. These Indians have lost their lands through the inheritance laws. Also large areas are dominated by white interests which lease the lands from the Indians. Naturally, these whites are working entirely for their own pockets; and many of the Indians are dependent today on relief. What land they still own is very poor and a 1937 survey of 131 Indian jurisdictions shows that the average per capita income (including subsistence) was $161 a year.

Bare survival of the Indians depends on their being able to retain their land.—*Ruth Wheatley.*

THIS MUD-SLINGING AT MOVIE STARS!

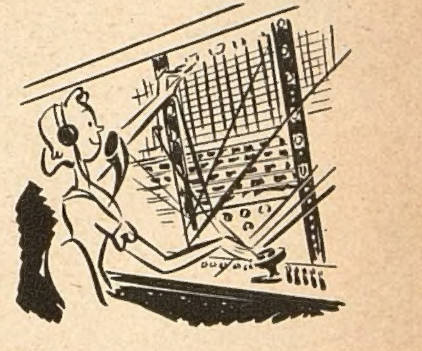
PAWTUCKET, R. I.—Have just finished Walter Wanger's article on movie critics, The Stars Call Them Leeches (September 9 Liberty).

Am glad some prominent producer has taken time to write such an article. It is about time something was done to stop all this mud-slinging at the stars.

Perhaps I don't write from personal contact, but I do write from knowledge of our American standards of living, and well realizing that stars have strenuous lives to live and they should be allowed the privacy of their own means of fun, whether an error of judgment or just a plain mistake. —*Ernest K. Pearson.*

BUT DO THE BOYS GET ALL THE BREAKS ?

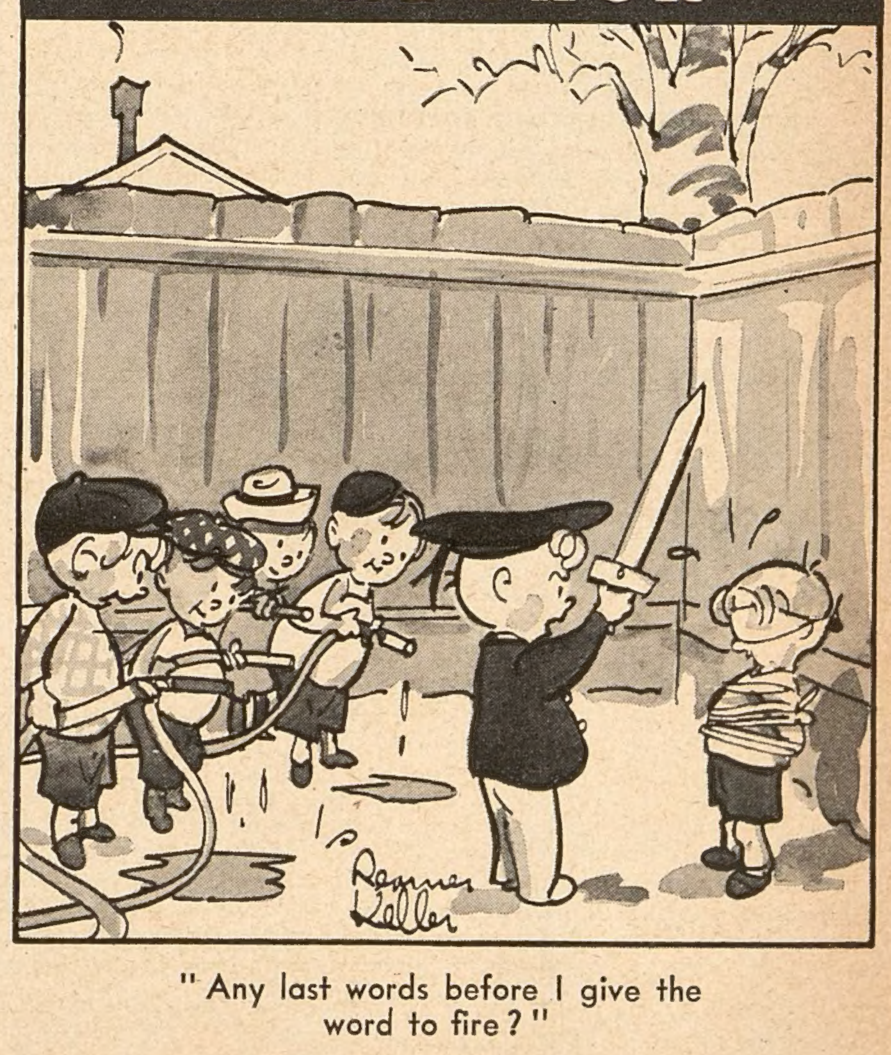
WASHINGTON, D. C.—Boys get all the breaks! The police in various cities are continually raising funds for boys' camps. The government has set up CCC camps for boys. Father Flanagan maintains his famous Boys Town for the homeless boys. And numerous other forces are absorbed in promoting the welfare of the male.



But what about the female? What about the older girls who go from one crowded employment agency to another without success, whose fathers grow more and more irked at having to support grown daughters on infinitesimal incomes?

Marriage is certainly not the solution, since economic conditions prevent early marriages. What are the unemployed girls to do in the long period between school days and marriage? Nobody seems to care.—*A Girl.*

"HARDTACK"



" Any last words before I give the word to fire ? "

Can Los Angeles Clean House?

FULTON OURSLER
© George Maillard Kesslere

AMERICANS take a special pride in Los Angeles. They think of it as a fair garden spot flowering from a desert, a bright symbol of American conquest over nature. They know it is not only beautiful, and blessed with a benign climate, but they know also that it is a metropolis where the arts, the sciences, and the crafts flourish, and where business and industry have made brilliant progress. They know that its citizenship takes its place in the front rank of Americanism. . . . The articles which Liberty will begin to publish next week, exposing the political corruption that has existed in Los Angeles, are in no sense an attack upon the integrity of the citizens of Los Angeles. Rather, these articles show a situation in the metropolis of southern California which also exists in greater or less degree in many American cities; and they further show that an aroused and indignant community can take effective action, as Los Angeles now is happily doing. . . . The foundation of democracy lies in decent local government. That foundation, not only in Los Angeles but all over the country, is being eaten away by the termites of political corruption—a combination of the underworld and law-enforcement agencies, of vice and crime and government. There is a meaning for the whole country in our new series, The Lid Off Los Angeles, which begins next week.

OTHER INTERESTING FEATURES will include two first-rate short stories, A Man of My Own, by Mildred Doherty, second heroine of Eddie Doherty's autobiography; Rendezvous with Davy Jones, by Paul Deresco Augsburg; Will War in Europe Save Roosevelt? by Frederick L. Collins; Graft—the New Landlord, by Walter Karig; Now It Can Be Told, by Berton Braley; another true detective story from the F. B. I. files by Frederick Lewis; installments from the current serials and many other features.

MAIL FROM AN EDITOR'S DESK: When America entered the great World War I was editing The Music Trades, a magazine devoted to the music industries. At that time there was a great hurrah being made about what were essential industries and what were nonessential, and there were those who argued that we needed guns, and could do without pianos, phonographs, and band instruments. But this silly idea was soon exploded with the discovery that the morale of a people at war is as important as its ammunition. Music was needed in wartime as never before. Perhaps something of this was in the mind of Mr. Meyer Davis, the orchestra leader, when he sent me the following lines, which he called:

MUSIC THE NECESSITY

In time of peace, Music is the joy of nations;
In time of war it is the safety valve.

Music is an expression of love, the tone of grief,
A solace for solitude, an antidote for aching hearts.

The pressure of mental strains finds relief in Music.

The tear-stained melodies of the Slav,
The song-told tragedies of Italy,
Olde England's merry madrigals,
The love-given joy of the French,
Make our lives happier and our sorrows easier to bear.

While we economize in other necessities,
We must be lavish with Music.

Take away Music and the soul of the universe is dead!

LADIES WHO WRITE TO EDITORS always seem to have something interesting to say, even though sometimes their remarks are impertinent to the point of being downright insulting. Take Vera Allen, for example, who lives on West Ninety-eighth Street in New York City. She makes the point that instead of rejection slips, editors should send aspiring authors a package of matches, a stick of chewing gum, or a ticket to the World's Fair as a consolation prize. Then she submits a poem to be used as a permanent rejection slip. It is called Dog Bites Editor (to be sung to the words and music of Joyce Kilmer's poem, Trees):

> "I wish that I could ever tell
> An editor to go to hell,
> For that would always be to me
> A poem lovely as a tree."

You see what I mean. . . . But on the other hand, I have another letter from Mrs. E. D. Neefus of Monroe County, New York, who says:

"I have had a wonderfully full and satisfactory life. I am this week eighty. Have crossed the continent ten times, been in every state of the Union except Texas; crossed the ocean eight times and lived various years abroad. I have had unusual and amusing experiences, friends everywhere, high and lowly, rich and poor. In addition, I still have a keen sense of humor, a good constitution, I am adaptable and I dearly love and understand people.

"My bankers say I have weathered these years of depression better than most men. Wow! I have! I resigned from clubs. I have no fear of saying 'I can't afford that.' Many would pity me if they dared. I laughingly whack any one who starts on that line.

"Last winter (I plan doing the same this winter) I remained down here in the country with my unmarried son, in one of our five-room cottages. He winter-proofed it. It is charmingly situated, looking down on a beautiful stretch of woods which we also own, and we have city conveniences and live within our reduced income, which appeals to me. He brings me six books from the library every two weeks, always one French book. I read 'Madame Curie' through in four days in French. I read instructive literature, mystery books, and magazines, and have a woman in to clean house once or twice a week.

"I once had a cook, maid, and nurse, but the quiet house is restful and I really like the aloneness. I get such entertainment out of everything that comes to me.

"Thank you for listening."

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty
for Liberals with Common Sense

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY NORMAN SAUNDERS

Will they always be as happy?

Will he always look at her with adoration in his eye . . . devotion in his heart? Or will he gradually grow indifferent as so many husbands do . . . kissing her as a duty, if at all? The answer lies almost entirely with her . . .

You may have it

There is nothing so hard to live with as a case of halitosis (bad breath). And because of modern habits, everyone probably offends at some time or other, *without knowing it.* That's the insidious thing about halitosis.

Sometimes it is due to systemic conditions but, usually and fortunately, it is caused, say some authorities, by fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth.

Don't let this offensive condition chill your romance. Don't let it frighten away your friends. Don't take unnecessary chances. Protect yourself by using Listerine Antiseptic. When you rinse your mouth with Listerine here is what happens.

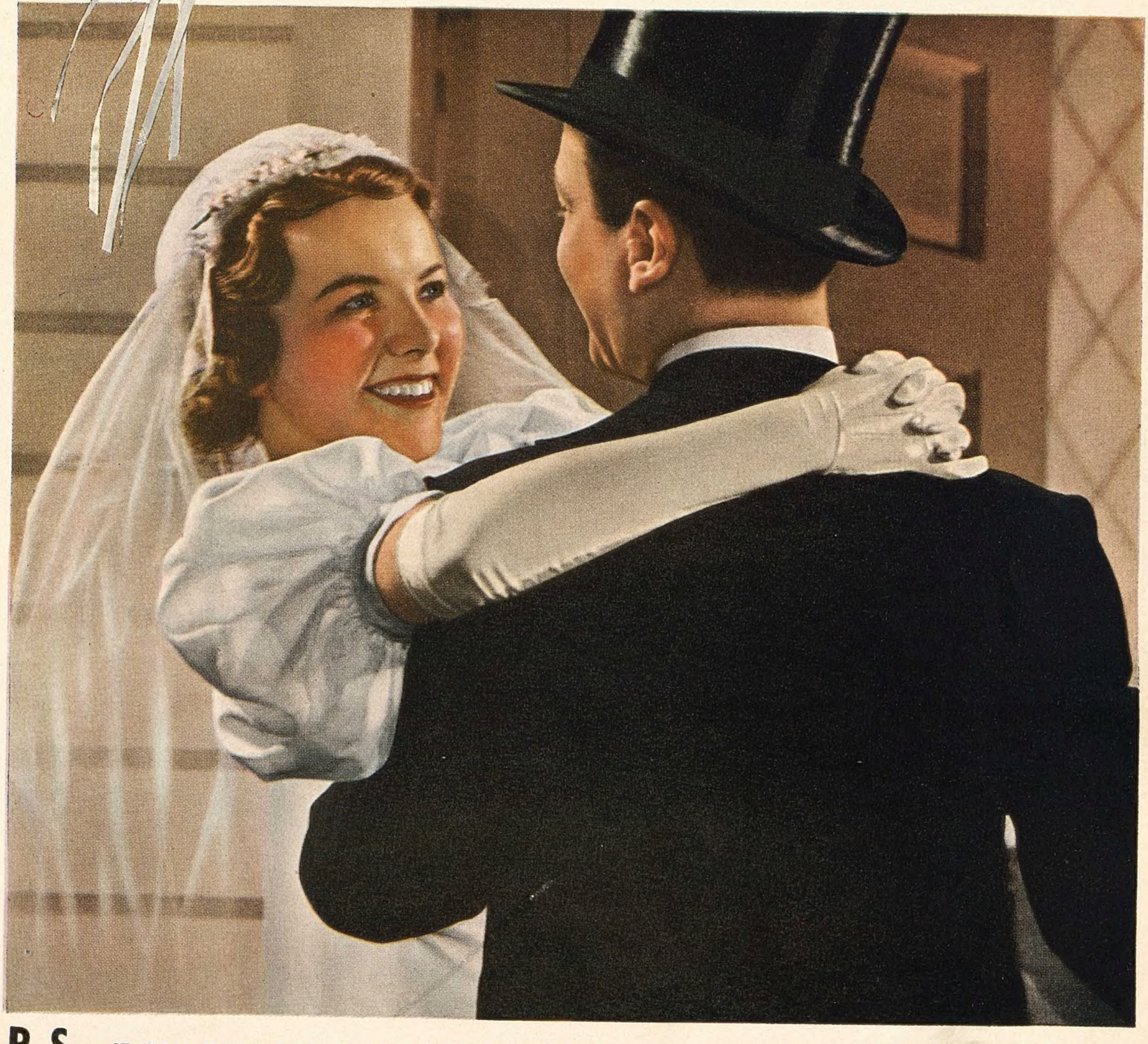
Three Benefits

1. **Millions of accessible bacteria are destroyed outright and thus fermentation of tiny food particles is quickly halted.**
2. **Decaying matter is swept from large areas on mouth, gum, and tooth surfaces.**
3. **The breath itself—indeed, the entire mouth—becomes fresher and sweeter.**

Don't Offend Needlessly

When you want such freshening and deodorizing effect just turn to Listerine Antiseptic. Rinse the mouth with it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements to guard against offending. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

FOR HALITOSIS (*Bad Breath*) *USE* LISTERINE



P. S.—IF YOU HAVE ANY EVIDENCE OF DANDRUFF USE LISTERINE • ITS RESULTS ARE AMAZING!

Famous Yachtsman calls Camels—"The best cigarette buy" "THEY BURN LONGER, COOLER, AND THAT'S IMPORTANT"

SAYS JOHN S. DICKERSON, JR.

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Whatever price you pay per pack, it's important to remember this fact: By burning 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them—CAMELS give a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Cigarettes were compared recently...sixteen of the largest-selling brands...under the searching tests of impartial laboratory scientists. Findings were announced as follows:

1 Camels were found to contain *more tobacco by weight* than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2 Camels burned *slower* than any other brand tested—25% slower than the average time of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of *5 extra smokes per pack!*

3 In the same tests, *Camels held their ash far longer* than the average time for all the other brands.

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF...
MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

PENNY FOR PENNY YOUR
BEST CIGARETTE BUY

NATURALLY, a cigarette noted for its generous content of better tobacco gives you better cigarette value, doesn't it? Especially when that same brand smokes longer, slower—gives *more* smoking—than the average of all the other 15 brands compared in laboratory tests! Yes, there *is* such a cigarette. Its name is Camel. Full details are told at right—the results of recent searching tests by impartial scientists. These tests confirm what many smokers have long observed for themselves. For instance, "Jack" Dickerson (*above, left*), prominent in yachting circles of the Eastern seaboard, says: "Yacht racing is one hobby of mine and you might call Camel cigarettes another. I turned to Camels because they burn longer, smoke milder. They go farther—give extra smoking and always have a fresh, appealing flavor." Camels are mellow, fragrant with the aroma of choice tobaccos in a matchless blend. Turn to Camels, the cigarette of costlier tobaccos, for more pleasure, more smoking.

Camels—*Long-Burning Costlier Tobaccos*